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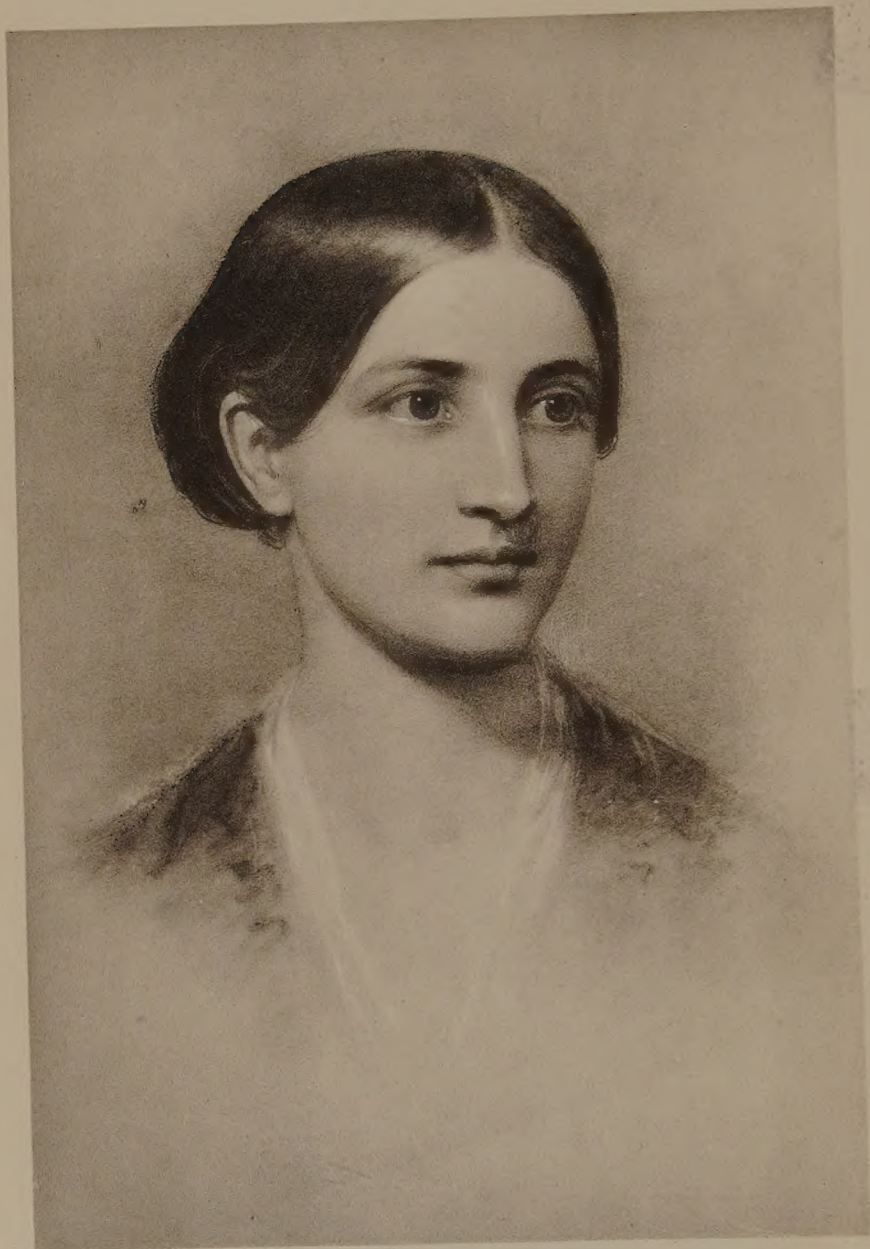


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*Ellen Dwight*  
*afterwards The Hon. Mrs. Edward Twisleton*



LETTERS OF THE  
HON. MRS. EDWARD TWISLETON

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LETTERS OF THE  
HON. MRS. EDWARD  
TWISLETON

WRITTEN TO HER FAMILY

1852—1862

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## PREFACE

THE letters in this volume were written by the Hon. Mrs. Edward Twisleton, formerly Miss Ellen Dwight, of Boston, to her sisters Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. S. Parkman, and Miss Elizabeth Dwight, later Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot.

In the winter of 1850 the Hon. Edward Twisleton came to Boston, and, like all Englishmen of that time, brought letters to Mr. George Ticknor, who was a litterateur, author of "A History of Spanish Literature" and other books. He had a large and handsome house at the top of Park Street which was an agreeable literary and social centre of the time, and any well-introduced stranger was sure to be welcomed there.

Mr. Ticknor at this moment had gone to Washington on a visit, with his wife and her niece Miss Ellen Dwight. Thither Mr. Twisleton followed him to present his letters, which he did the morning after his arrival. He was shown up to a sitting-room, but no one came, and after waiting impatiently, he knocked at a side door which was suddenly thrown open by a beautiful young woman, in a white peignoir, brushing her long dark hair! This was Miss Ellen Dwight, in whose company he dined that night, and going home

afterwards, he wrote on his blotting book, "Ellen Delight" "Ellen Delight"—the blotting book is still in existence.

He saw her constantly after that, and at the end of six weeks, with the impetuosity of a true Englishman, he offered himself, but not unnaturally was refused, and he returned to England at the end of June, 1850.

Mr. Twisleton was then forty-two years old, "a man of very remarkable intellect, memory and education, the companion of some of the cleverest men in England, intimate with Wordsworth, Manning, Carlyle, an early friend of Arthur Hallam and many others. A most delightful converser—thoroughly a gentleman, kind, considerate, delightful in many ways." His elder brother was Lord Saye and Sele of Broughton Castle. His cousin and intimate friend was Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh Abbey, with whom he had been brought up, when sent home from Ceylon at seven years of age. Lord Leigh died rather early and left his younger children as wards to Mr. Twisleton, and they were all devoted to "Cousin Edward." One of the younger daughters, the Hon. Georgina Leigh, became later Mrs. Twisleton's most devoted and intimate friend until her death. Mr. Twisleton was very fond of his family and cousins, but his tastes and friends were entirely apart from theirs—they were fashionable Conservatives, he was an intellectual Liberal.

Personally, Mr. Twisleton was "tall, of a good figure, clean shaven, with fresh complexion, a fine



forehead, an expressive curving mouth and a very deep dimple in his chin, light blue eyes, brilliant and sparkling, full of intelligence and kindliness.”

Miss Ellen Dwight was the daughter of Edmund Dwight, a prosperous merchant of Boston, who had died some years previously. She was twenty-one years old, living with her married sister, Mrs. Charles Mills, at 1 Park Street, Boston, with an unmarried sister, Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot, and an unmarried brother Edmund. The youngest of a large family, she had been brought up chiefly by her elder sister, Mary, with whom she was in the closest sympathy. Their mother, a most lovely saint, adored by her children, was a complete invalid for the last years of her life, and had died seven years before.

Ellen Dwight was a person gifted in many ways ; of an intensely loving nature, very intellectual, deeply religious, with a great love for Art and Nature, and vivid powers of expression. She had beauty of feature, an oval face, dark expressive eyes and dark hair. Her only defect was lack of height. Her sisters and brothers were very fond of her, and the family formed a group remarkable for their powers of affection, devotion to each other, and intellectual and artistic interests. Their home at 1 Park Street was a large, handsome house, overlooking Boston Common, where there was a constant flow of relations and friends and much hospitality.

She had grown up in the centre of Boston

society, which at that period consisted of an interesting group of people, such as no longer exists. There were certain large families of marked individual traits who entirely controlled the social life, each group having some special characteristic but all really homogeneous. One family would be purely fashionable, another of what was called "solid worth," one mercantile, another intellectual, literary, and connected with Harvard College. They all mingled, but each group retained its individuality. They lived decorous, orderly lives, and had very considerable wealth made in shipping or mills. They were high-minded, with a keen sense of duty and very intelligent.

On the outskirts of this social nucleus were certain persons commonly called "Come-outers," who held all sorts of advanced views and were often interesting and able, and these drew round them some of the less conventional social people. Such personalities as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Miss Elizabeth Peabody and Margaret Fuller, were anathema to some Boston groups, but always attracted others.

The circle in which Ellen Dwight had always moved was one of the most intelligent and intellectual groups of the conventional type. It was very social and enjoyed gay society, but at the same time was intellectual and interested in literature, books and Art. Through her uncle and aunts—Mr. Samuel Eliot, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Ticknor, Mrs. Guild, she met all the intelligent and agreeable people of the day—had various

devoted admirers among clever men, and friends in Baltimore, Washington and Newport from whom she acquired varied social knowledge, but before she met Mr. Twisleton she had never come closely into contact with a man of such commanding intellectual powers, combined with such a depth and intensity of feeling.

Mr. Twisleton returned to England in June, 1850, after his refusal, but before the winter set in it was quite evident to her sister Mary, Mrs. Parkman, "that Ellen's feelings were much engaged, Mr. Twisleton had made a much deeper mark than Ellen was aware of."

In March, 1851, he wrote again, renewing his offer, with the most devoted expressions of attachment, which filled her heart with joy and entire and complete satisfaction, but owing to her poor health the engagement did not actually take place till September, 1851, when he came over again and the family learnt to know him and love and admire him greatly. The sisters usually referred to him as "Mr. T.," sometimes as "Twisty," an English nickname of his.

For her elder sisters, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Parkman, it was of course a tremendous responsibility to let her go across the water to an unknown life, with a man, delightful as he was, who was so little known to them; but as her sister Mary wrote to her intimate friend Mrs. Cleveland, "it was instantly evident that Ellen's whole heart went out to him and that there was nothing for us to do but hope and pray, unless we chose to



take the unwarranted responsibility of disallowing such a feeling in such a woman as Ellen, without anything to say against him. You never saw any creature in such a radiant glory of hope and love as Ellen was."

It was thought best not to make a public announcement that autumn; Mr. Twisleton returned to England to arrange his affairs, and the engagement was kept a profound secret, except from her sisters and brothers, until it was announced just before Mr. Twisleton's return in April, 1852. The outside world and family felt considerable surprise that this lovely creature was so ready to confide herself to this unknown Englishman—for in 1852 there had been few marriages and comparatively little social intercourse between the two countries, except among literary people—but they soon saw how complete and satisfying a union it was and learned to admire him in every way.

They were married on May 23, 1852, and left in June for England. His family received her with great kindness and gradually came to know, appreciate and love her, and in after years tenderly cherished her memory.

The following letters to her family and especially to her beloved sister Elizabeth, tell the story of her life from her marriage to her death on May 18, 1862:—ten wonderful years. The later records are less full, partly because her health declined and she suffered much, and partly because her sister Elizabeth was with her in London for

two seasons, the first when she was still Miss Dwight, and the second after her marriage to Mr. Cabot.

Mr. Twisleton never recovered from the loss of his wife. After her death, he turned for consolation to her sister, Mrs. Parkman, and her two children, Henry and Ellen, who had come to England with her. At his earnest solicitation, Mrs. Parkman decided to remain in Europe and was there nearly three years, chiefly with Mr. Twisleton. He was devoted to the two children and poured out on them all his great powers of affection and intelligence, teaching them, inspiring them with all that is good,—a love of study and a love of poetry. His family and friends were most kind in receiving these little American children who made lifelong friends among them.

In the ensuing years Mr. Twisleton occupied his loneliness as far as possible, with writing of various kinds and published an elaborate work on the Letters of Junius, establishing, with the assistance of William Chabot, a handwriting expert, the identity of Junius,—but he was never the same man after his wife's death,—the spring seemed broken.

In 1872 Mrs. Parkman and her daughter Ellen spent a year of great pleasure in Europe, in Mr. Twisleton's company, with a season in London at his house. After their departure his spirits failed, loneliness overwhelmed him, and the end of the twelve years of separation from his

beloved came in September, 1874, with his death in France.

He lies in Broughton churchyard, by the side of his wife.

ELLEN TWISLETON VAUGHAN.

BOSTON.



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# LETTERS OF THE HON. MRS. EDWARD TWISLETON

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY YEARS—MARRIAGE—LONDON

ON arriving in London, June 29th, 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Twisleton went at once to stay with Lord Saye and Sele, his brother.

The letters begin on the steamer going to England.

Steamer "Asia," *Thursday*, June 24th, 1852.

This being an idle moment after tea, in the cabin, and pen, ink, and paper handy, like a true American I proceed to annex the same and write to you. I am well and have had two or three hours on deck. I have been as comfortable, in all ways, as it is possible to be. You heard what a comfortable stateroom we have and an excellent seat at the table. Two clever Scotchmen are returning after having spent many years at Charleston, S. C. Mr. Bligh is really entertaining and a character, forever running full tilt at anything American and enjoying the exercise. Miss Charlotte Cushman \* is on board and is a large,

\* A noted American actress.

masculine-looking woman, not pleasing when seen in this way. . . .

The passengers were all good-natured in passage and we certainly had a great deal to be thankful for in many ways. I saw very little of Miss Cushman. You will, however, be pleased to learn that Miss Cushman thinks me "Fanny Kemble without her temper" !

We reached the Adelphi at Liverpool very comfortably and we had a very pleasant parlor and bedrooms. It is singularly different from any possible parlor in an American hotel. The furniture is all old mahogany, which gives it a home-like look, covered with dark green. It is altogether, in every respect, a most excellent hotel. . . . We dined upstairs and my maid and I repacked the trunks pretty completely this morning in order that I might take only the large dress box and bonnet box with me tomorrow, as I did not care about carrying the whole sixteen at once to Lord Saye and Sele's. . . .

47 Upper Grosvenor Street, LONDON,  
*Tuesday, June 29th, 1852.*

We reached here yesterday afternoon before five o'clock, and to tell you what you most wish to hear in one word, nothing could be more agreeable than my reception, in every respect, and this morning I was as tranquil and thankful as can be imagined. The trip from Liverpool to London was most comfortable and, of course, exceedingly interesting to me. The day was showery and sunny, which only improved the



scenery and Mr. Twisleton requests me to state that I have seen blue sky in England ! and now I thoroughly comprehend that I am in England and that England is rich and beautiful. We found Lord Saye's carriage waiting for us at the station, a nice little carriage with the coronet outside, and two servants on the box—leaving Roberts to follow with the luggage. We did not find Lord Saye at home, as he had been obliged to go to the House of Lords, and it was quite as well, for I found myself trembling from head to foot as I got out of the carriage. We found many letters of business and congratulations awaiting Mr. Twisleton, and I a note from the young Lady Leigh, containing two invitations, one to a party tomorrow and the other to dinner on Monday, accompanied by an extremely pretty present of a gold necklace with a pendant of light blue enamel and pearls. Nothing could be more promptly and kindly polite than Lady Leigh's notes and attentions, I should say highly complimentary to Mr. Twisleton. This house at 47 Upper Grosvenor Street is crammed with pictures of all sorts and sizes, some very valuable.

. . . I should like to have the sorting and re-arranging of all this variety of possessions in so many large old-fashioned rooms. In my room, for instance, there are twenty-six engravings of one sort or another, some very beautiful proofs, a great curtained bed forty times as wide as I have ever seen before, proving to my mind conclusively that the unseen chambermaids belong to a race of giants. . . .

I want to say emphatically how much I like "my eldest brother, Lord Saye and Sele." He is wholly unlike Edward in every feature, and in the general effect, but the same tones of voice, to a wonderful degree. He is rather a handsome man, tho' not at all strikingly so, eminently gentlemanly in his appearance, and with an expression of remarkable gentleness and amiability. I should think there never lived a kinder-hearted, sweeter-tempered man, and this his manner and conversation show indubitably, tho' the first is sometimes a little hesitating, and the latter not brilliant nor especially fluent. I know I should grow very fond of him if I were to live with him long, and I am sure that I shall never have any "disagreeables" with him, and that I should be egregiously to blame if I were to have. Nothing could be kinder than his words and manner to me, and I esteem myself most fortunate in this first seen relation. . . . Today and tomorrow there are family dinner parties here and after Wednesday's dinner the party at Lady Leigh's, Thursday and Friday dinners at Edward's friends and at Mr. Charles Twisleton's.\* . . .

LONDON, *Thursday morning*, July 1st, 1852.  
47 Upper Grosvenor St.

Tuesday, after I had finished my letter to you, I wrote notes, ate luncheon (which means cold chicken, bread and butter, etc., served in the dining room at 2, which everyone goes to and takes, when they are ready) and then Edward went to call on Lady Leigh. . . . While he was gone, Mr.

\* A younger brother of Mr. Twisleton's.

and Mrs. Charles Twisleton were announced. I had no difficulty, for Mrs. T. is a very demonstrative, expressive sort of person, who received me with a kiss, and talked as fast as possible, and in a very sympathizing, inquiring, and affectionate manner—so I very soon found I had only to smile, and be an amiable listener. Mr. Charles Twisleton is a tall, handsome, graceful, gentlemanly man, with the same gentle manner and sweet-toned voice which seems to belong to the family. He was very kind and courteous, and in ten minutes Edward came in, and in ten more they departed. Then I put on bonnet and shawl, and went first to the Albany,\* where I found three as neat and comfortable rooms as any bachelor could desire, and attractive enough to make it a compliment to his wife, if he never feels homesick to get back there:—bookcases of bird's-eye maple, as simple as possible, nice writing tables and writing desks, some first-rate proof engravings from Raphael, and my picture in the third room. From the Albany we went to the House of Lords, entering through Westminster Hall, a superb room. Lord Saye was waiting for us, and took me in at once to a nice seat; which is a privilege, as there are no arrangements intended expressly for ladies. . . . The room is fitted up with seats with stuffed backs, covered with red morocco. We were fortunate enough to hear Lord Brougham † speak for an hour, and as I was told, in his best style. He spoke on some question connected with the proceedings

\* Famous bachelor apartments.

† (1778–1868.) Lord Chancellor. One of the founders of the “Edinburgh Review.” Attorney-General for Queen Caroline. A great orator.



of the County courts, with a great deal of energy and vivacity, and with wonderful fluency. He uses such frequent and violent action in speaking, (it seemed to me that he was in motion, most of the time, down to his knees!) that one would think it positively fatiguing, to a man over seventy. His voice is broken, but still has great distinctness and all-sufficient power. His face is that of an ugly man, certainly, but I do not think him hideous—he wouldn't look pretty in a lace bonnet and flowers exactly—he hasn't small features, or a delicate complexion—and he probably looks better now that his thick, grey hair has added the dignity of age to his appearance than he ever did before—it is a deeply-marked, powerful face, capable of so great variety of expression that I should never think it a disagreeable one. I heard Lord Derby, too, who is a fluent person, not handsome, and is quite like "Punch's" portraits—a heavy brow, small eyes, and curly, bushy black hair. Then Lord Montague, the Earl of Powis, the Earl of Desart, and one or two others; all spoke like educated, gentlemanly men, but nothing that was said struck me particularly. It was an active business day, and I saw Dukes, Earls and Marquises, young and old, in great profusion. Amongst the noble body were half a dozen hideously ugly men—I should say the Duke of Leeds and the Marquis of Clanricarde were about as ugly men, each in his own style, as one would be likely to meet,—but, as a whole, the appearance of the whole number was high-bred, handsome and gentlemanly. There seemed a kindly, quiet, courteous tone of manners among

the members, and they stood, and moved, and spoke, at their ease, and well. What struck me particularly was the calm, happy expression on most of the faces, rarely one marked with labour or anxiety. They looked like men who enjoyed the life they lived, "in that state to which Providence had called them"—and they may fairly look so, for the impression on my mind, at this moment, is strong, that no life in this world can be more agreeable than theirs—I should say an English peer, of good family, character, and fortune, was placed on "Fortune's crowning slope," as to the prospect of worldly peace and prosperity.

A great peculiarity in the House of Lords, to American eyes, is to see the Bishops, in silk robes and white lawn sleeves, come in and take their seats of political power—the Bishops of London \* and Oxford † were there, and both had occasion to speak—the first is an old man, and looks an ordinary one, an impression which nothing in his words or manner tended to contradict—the second, on the contrary, is a man of middle age, with a fine eye, and serious, good face, who spoke with great distinctness, well, and to the point, and whose whole manner and bearing were suited to his purpose and office, and altogether pleased me. Lord Redesdale, chairman of the Committees, Lord Monteagle, who was Mr. Spring Rice and long an active politician in the lower House, and Sir James Graham were introduced to me—the first

\* Charles James Blomfield (1786-1857).

† Samuel Wilberforce (1805-73), Bp. of Oxford, 1845-69; Bp. of Winchester, 1869. Killed by a fall from his horse.

an old country neighbor of the family, about Edward's age or a little older, was civil and polite—the second begged to “be introduced as an old friend”—the third was “most happy to make her acquaintance.” Of course I had but few words and formal ones with either.

We stayed at the House until half past six, dinner being between half past seven and eight, so that I reached home barely in time to dress. The party was small, several people who were asked having left town. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Twisleton, Mrs. Newcombe, a sister of his lordship's\* late wife, and a daughter of Viscount Powerscourt, with her daughter, Isabella, dined at the table, and this made the party. A thoroughly English thing was, that when dinner was announced, Lord Saye offered his arm to Mrs. Newcombe, instead of to me, for whom the dinner was made—she declined, and then he took me; she being the daughter of a Viscount, would, by right, take precedence, and must have the offer made, which she may waive in my favor, for politeness' sake. I sat by Lord Saye, of course, and Mr. Charles Twisleton at the other end of the table.

Wednesday morning we breakfasted at ten, which is the regular hour; I had a visit from Georgina and Edward Leigh and Mr. Charles Twisleton, a good deal to do in arranging my dress for the afternoon and evening; dressed for the Marchioness of Westminster's, where we went to see the Picture-gallery (invited thro' Lady Leigh,

\* Lord Saye and Sele had been a widower some years.



her daughter). Having been informed that the "best walking dress" was the thing for Lady Westminster's,\* took out my Potier,† with the mantelet to match, and the lace bonnet, and for the evening, my wedding-dress, for which I bought a wreath and "bouquet de corsage," of single white roses, with handsome green. At 11 Miss and Mr. Leigh were announced, and I had to change my dress as fast as possible, and go down without the vaguest idea of which of the brothers and sisters it might be, Mr. Twisleton having gone out to order a cardplate for me. It was Georgina and Edward, (the second son,) which I partly guessed, and partly found out afterwards, a very handsome couple. I don't think Mr. T. has at all done justice to the good looks of the family. They all have very nice complexions, very pretty figures, very white necks, and are decidedly above plain. Caroline is pretty with a sweet expression. Augusta is very different, tho' they are twin sisters; she is taller, with a very slight, graceful figure, prettier than any I know; very graceful, pliable, and easy; she has very regular features, is fair, with a bright colour; bright blue eyes and light brown hair, which she wears in three long, soft curls each side of her face; and in a white lace, low-necked dress, with a wreath of light blue velvet leaves, and bouquet to match, and a blue velvet of the same shade fastened around her throat, she is an actual beauty. Georgina has the same really beautiful figure and a very pretty face, tho' not as regularly or brilliantly handsome

\* Great-grandmother of the present Duke of Westminster.

† A famous French dressmaker of the time.

as her sister, and struck me from the first as a remarkably elegant and agreeable looking girl—that is what I should have called her in New York or Baltimore. She called in a flounced figured muslin, a worked muslin mantilla, and a straw bonnet lined and trimmed with white—the simplest possible morning dress—light gloves and parasol. She did not talk much, and her manner was so absolutely quiet and composed, that it struck me as almost nonchalant, but seeing her again I did not think so. Edward Leigh is a very handsome fellow of 21, with rich brown hair and eyes to match, a fair complexion and good figure, and a particularly frank, open, pleasant face. Altogether I was delighted with the looks of the two, and both were thoroughly well-bred and polite—lady and gentleman all over. . . . We drove to Grosvenor House, which is but a short distance from this; a superb stone building, with a broad semi-circular courtyard in front of it, round which the wings of the house extend; you enter by two gates of bronze or iron openwork, with the arms and motto in the centre, gates 20 feet high, while there are side entrances, smaller and lower, for private occasions and foot passengers. Nothing can be handsomer than this entrance, the house, and the gardens behind, it is really a palace and fits “the richest nobleman in England.” Lord Westminster owns almost the whole of Grosvenor Square and Grosvenor Streets, and receives what is called ground-rent on the whole. The houses are owned by the dwellers therein, but the land still belongs to him, and pays a certain tax yearly; it was all leased for several

hundred years, but in a few years the lease falls in, and will be renewed at an advantage, so that they say if the present Marquess has an income of 80,000 pounds, his son may very likely have one of 160,000 pounds, that the property will double in value.

The party at Lady Westminster's was a breakfast, i.e., a full dress assemblage, with bonnets on, at 4 o'clock, and the object, this time, to look at the pictures. The gallery consists of a suite of fine rooms, the two largest between 70 and 80 feet high, lighted exclusively from the top, and more magnificent than I can possibly represent them to you by a description. . . . If you will raise your ideas of what Grosvenor House and Gallery might be, to the highest point, if you will imagine brought together the great works of ancient Art, set off by the living presence of everything that taste and money combined can give, the greatest splendour consistently carried through every point of the arrangements, you would be only agreeably disappointed when you went as I did, the other morning.\* I am afraid you will think I exaggerate, but I cannot state too strongly the impression of magnificence it made on me. . . .

We went alone, Lady Leigh met us near the entrance. I was introduced to her, and then after a few words she said, "I must introduce you to mama," and took me up to the head of the next room where Lady Westminster stood. She

\* Grosvenor House was sold in the autumn of 1924 for about £500,000 by the Duke of Westminster, and was pulled down in 1927.



received me very civilly, made a few inquiries about my passage and arrival, etc., and then I stepped to one side to make room for the other people who were coming in. She was very simply dressed in an embroidered, flounced black silk, and a light French cap with ribbons, lace collar and sleeves. She is perhaps 50 or 52, still handsome and a very elegant looking woman, about the middle height, a good figure, and very excellent manners, gracious and graceful. Lady Leigh is not taller than I am, with a roundish face, high colour, brown eyes and hair, not exactly pretty, but with a very good little figure, and an expression of quiet good sense, which attracts you towards her.

Mrs. L. came up several times to speak, wished to introduce me to the Duchess of Northumberland, "the eldest daughter of the house, and a very dear friend of ours!" which I respectfully declined with many thanks, as I thought her sister should introduce if an introduction was the thing, and did not think Duchesses were particularly in my line, either. It could be of no use to me, you know, to be presented to the Duchess of Northumberland, except in the very best way, and under quite different circumstances. Lord Lansdowne\* very politely asked Mr. T. to introduce him, and spoke to me so very civilly twice over. Then Mr. T. introduced Lady Eastlake, who is two inches taller than he is and stout in proportion. She is a friend of Mme. Sontag's,

\* Henry Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquess of Lansdowne (1780–1863). Chancellor of Exchequer, 1806; Home Secretary, 1827. President of Council.

who is going to America in the autumn, to close her professional career, and wishes to take some letters with her. I told her I thought Jenny Lind had made a great mistake in not taking good letters, and if I see Mme. Sontag, will certainly give her my humble, decided opinion as to how a lady should manage the matter. . . .

. . . I have missed telling about my visit to the Carlyles, which was at three on Wednesday, and interested me exceedingly. Mrs. Carlyle is a very ugly woman, with a broad Scotch accent, and Mr. C. the same, but they are both overflowing with intelligence and stores of agreeable conversation. I sent you Mrs. C's note; she received me very cordially. In a few minutes she sent for her husband, and we stayed perhaps half an hour. Carlyle inquired after Mr. Emerson, and we passed therefrom to Miss Fuller, about whom he was very rich. We laughed over the "accepting the universe," and he wound up a page of first-rate talk about her, with a sentence so characteristic and so eminently satisfactory, that I have taken the greatest possible pains to remember it for you. "She made the impression upon me," he said, "of a strange, outlandish, wearisome, wondrous being, who had something great and heroic at heart, after all, in spite of all the freckled ugliness that was in herself and her writings,—but I could make nothing of her." Is not his selection of epithets delicious? He talked in the most interesting way possible, and I think it makes me believe in him, and pity him much more to see him. He had a face and manner of sad sincerity,

and it is impossible to consider his style as an affectation when you hear him talk in it, by the hour. He looks as though he does "accept the Universe," yet it weighs very heavily upon him—there is something dreary in both their faces, as if life were a terribly severe experiment, and they had fought against all its storms, but great firmness and depth of expression also. They live in Chelsea, in the most ordinary house and style imaginable—real poverty it is—and the most wretched neighborhood—but they have really "something heroic" about them, and interested me more than I can tell you. It had a wonderful effect upon my sensations, after passing so many days among extra well-bred, inoffensive, negative people, to come into such an atmosphere—and it did not exactly brace me up, to the interested performance of the remainder of my calls!

Friday was another very pleasant dinner. I sat between Mr. Charles Twisleton and Mr. Merivale,\* who is a very rapid and amusing talker, a little short, round, jolly looking man, who understands his dinner. He liked me very well, I think, and agreed to meet me on Wednesday at the National Gallery, which appointment I shall have to defer, as we are to go to the Bridgewater Gallery instead. Sir Francis Doyle † sat opposite and had a peculiarly agreeable face, of great refinement of expression. He is grey, but not

\* Merivale, Charles (1808–93), Dean of Ely 1869; historian; author of "History of Romans under the Empire."

† Doyle, Sir Francis (1810–88), poet, popular in Society. Professor of Poetry at Oxford for ten years. Best known for his heroic ballads.

Both these gentlemen were old friends of Mr. Twisleton's.

old, and with very prepossessing, gentlemanly manners.

LONDON, *Saturday morning*, July 3rd, 1852.

I have not told you a word about the ladies' dress at Lady Westminster's, which was so very different from anything we ever see at home. I told you I wore my "Potier" walking-dress and my lace bonnet; the hat was exactly the thing and the dress so handsome, in its own way, that no fault could be found with it, but if I had worn the dress I received in, and my white boa scarf, I should not have been over-dressed! Embroidered India muslins, pink and blue glacé silks flounced and embroidered, glacé silks with flounces of black-and-white lace, and lace shawls and scarfs of every kind, were the general style of costume. My little chené silk, if it had a high-necked waist, and the black lace mantilla, would have made another more suitable toilette. The Leighs were not so much dressed—two of the young ladies wore muslin dresses exactly like the flounced muslin I bought at Allen's, only stamped with purple instead of brown.

In the fifth room were ices and fruits of every description, tea, coffee, and chocolate and lemonade, and various other kinds of drinks, handed on silver waiters. The plates were almost all of glass, and the show of gold on the sideboard in vases and candelabra and salvers, was splendid. It was beautifully chased and burnished, and tho' gold is but gold, and not a thing that excites a fervent admiration, it was very showy and magnificent. I got home from this just in time



to dress for dinner, for which and Lady Leigh's party I dressed together, and wore my wedding dress with white flowers and lace berthe.

I had an excellent seat, and a great deal of good-natured talk with the Hon. John Fiennes,\* who is first-rate and whom I like very much. He is a tall, good-looking fellow of 21, very jolly and gentlemanly at the same time, and capable of carrying on, to any extent. Lady East was at the dinner and said Edward was more a brother than a cousin to them all, talked to me very kindly, and is a nice sensible woman of 56. . . . We went to Lady Leigh's about 11. I talked most with the young Misses Leighs, who were very pleasant. Lord Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Wallbanke Childers, Lady Guernsey, two Miss Percys, were all presented and I had just a few words with each, and Lady Westminster spoke to me civilly as she went away. She was superb in black velvet and diamonds, and is a particularly pleasing person in her appearance and manners. She has a look of thoro' refinement, which I do not think the most usual here, and looks as if one would like to have her for an intimate aunt. They say the origin of the word "drum" as applied to these little parties, between a dinner and a ball, is humdrum, and I thought this deserved the name. It was just a reception, with a light supper downstairs. There was not as much beauty as, nor more elegance than at the last of our Boston assemblies, except for the jewels of some of the peeresses. Lady Westminster wore a splendid band of diamonds

\* Father of the present Lord Saye and Sele.

around her head, and two diamond pendants from her necklace were each about an inch and a half long. We reached home about 12. The next day, after writing to you a little, I went to see some pictures at the British Institute, which is a collection founded on the principle of that of our Athenaeum, a place where gentlemen of the country send their best pictures for the London season. It was a very fine collection. . . .

We made a great many calls, but found no one in but Mrs. Drummond, a daughter of Conversation Sharp,\* widow of a gentleman who was officially connected with Irish politics † in some way and was a person of great ability, so that for their sakes, partly, her house is a resort of very agreeable people. She is quite an old friend of Mr. T's and invited us there to a party on Friday evening. . . . We dined at Mr. Charles Twisleton's on Hyde Park, York Terrace, a most beautiful situation, where I had a most amiable reception and very nice dinner. I forgot to tell you that Wednesday evening Sir James East, Mrs. Berkeley, Mrs. Twisleton, Caroline and Georgina Leigh, all separately and severally made their compliments to Mr. Twisleton respecting his wife, and as I agreed with him that one person might have said it to please him, but five would not have done so, I felt satisfied and gratified and not afraid to face the next family party. The two Miss Leighs took it out in staring, but not

\* Richard Sharp, 1789-1835. A friend of Johnson and Burns, called "Conversation Sharp" on account of his conversational abilities.

† Mr. Twisleton, before his marriage, lived in Dublin, for some time, as Poor Law Commissioner.

unamiably, only as if their curiosity was unbounded! I wore my pink brocade and pink roses in my hair and knew I looked well, and was quite at my ease with my two companions so that they could not have chosen a better time for staring as far as my comfort was concerned. After dinner we ladies were all excessively amiable to each other, upstairs—the young ladies begged to be considered cousins, and called Caroline and Emma and made me take off my glove to show them Mary's ring which was handed around the circle and deeply admired. We met there Mr. and Mrs. Wallbanke Childers with whom we are to dine on Thursday, Lady Wrixon-Becher with two daughters. She was Miss O'Neill, the famous actress, has still the remains of a good deal of beauty and a fine figure, a fair complexion and fair hair, which she sets off by dressing in black velvet and jet. All the ladies had been receiving information from Mrs. Kemble concerning the family, who had impressed them with a deep consciousness that my sister, Mrs. Parkman, was one of the most remarkable women who ever trod the earth, and Lady Wrixon-Becher rather implied that if I would have had the good sense and modesty to stay at home and send her, perhaps it would have been better! . . .

Friday morning I found myself too tired to do anything not absolutely necessary. I returned a few calls, therefore, after three o'clock, and then dressed in my beautiful lace and yellow dress with the wreath to dine at Mrs. Twisleton's again, with Sir Francis Doyle, Mr. Merivale, Mr. and

Mrs. Tufnell, Vaughan, and a Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Walpole, who were friends of our host and hostess. I must tell you that Mr. Twisleton admired my dress and wreath extremely and no longer ventured to insinuate either advice or remonstrance as to my costume, but has established himself on a rocky foundation of absolute reliance upon my taste, which he has discovered to be first-rate. The truth is that my dress is perfectly sufficient and successful, it is just as handsome here as it would have been in Boston, and shows more because every part of it is brought into full play the whole time. . . .

Friday's was another very pleasant dinner. Sir Francis Doyle sat opposite, and has a peculiarly agreeable face, of great refinement of expression, and very prepossessing, gentlemanly manners. I had just a little talk with him, but made up my mind pretty distinctly about him, on observation, and I rather thought he did the same by me. Vaughan \* sat next beyond Mr. Merivale. He has called three times and missed us, and we had a few words together before dinner. He is not a person to be overlooked when you hear him talk—he has a very calm, mild voice, and holds his own against an opponent, somewhat rattling and noisy in his style of argument, like Mr. Merivale, with great steadiness, quietness and success. He has plenty to say, and if he is shy, does not show it. There you have my first impressions which you must take for no more than they are worth. On the whole he decidedly pleased me. Mr. Tufnell

\* Henry Halford Vaughan (1811-1885), Professor of Modern History at Oxford,



is an older, larger, grey man, profoundly ignorant about America, so that he sympathized with Mr. Twisleton over my change of diet, in coming away from the land of Indian corn! This is the first touch of the sort that I have had, and it amused me mightily. At half past ten or a little later, we left for Mrs. Drummond's, Mr. Merivale with us. There we found Dean Milman\* and his wife, who were both introduced to me, Lord Monteagle, who presented his wife at once, Lord Lansdowne, with whom I had twenty minutes' conversation, Lady Chantrey, who invited us to a great dinner a week from Tuesday at Richmond, Sir Charles† and Lady Trevelyan, and one other Lady Somebody who was also introduced, with perhaps 30 people besides. Lord Lansdowne‡ was uncommonly kind and civil, and said he should be very glad if we would come to see him in August at Bowood, Wiltshire. The invitation was rather too general to be acted upon, but showed his good-will, I thought. Saturday we went with Mr. and Mrs. Charles and Miss Peel, a niece of the late Sir Robert, to Windsor. . . .

\* Henry H. Milman (1791-1868), Dean of St. Paul's, 1849. His fame rests on his historical writings, of which the chief is "The History of Latin Christianity."

† Trevelyan, Sir Charles (1807-86), an important Anglo-Indian official, Governor of Madras in 1859, author in 1853 of the report on "The Organization of the Permanent Civil Service," which is the basis of all subsequent civil service legislation. His wife was sister to Lord Macaulay, and their son is Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the famous historical writer.

‡ Lord Lansdowne became a warm friend of Mrs. Twisleton's, who later was often at Bowood.

## CHAPTER II

### LONDON SOCIETY

*Monday morning, July 5th, '52.*

This morning I have your beloved letters and thank you for them with all my heart. I reached home on Saturday just in time to dress for the American Minister's,\* where we went at 8, but did not sit down to dinner until 20 minutes of 9. I wore my yellow silk with the lace, which looks most beautifully, and the purple and white flowers, which I bought from Martelle. They were very becoming, and I am sure you would have approved my costume. They have a very fine house on Hyde Park, Piccadilly, and it was a very handsome dinner of 25. I went in with Mr. Lawrence, Mrs. Lawrence and the Netherlands Minister being directly opposite Mr. L. and myself, while beyond Mr. Gerard sat — Miss Florence Nightingale ! The Netherlands Minister is a good-natured, gentlemanly man and was introduced to both of us. Miss N. is tall, thin, between 30 and 40, not in the least handsome, graceful or brilliant, but with an air of good sense and principle, great repose of manner, and such a bearing as attracts your respect. I should think if Tom Appleton was in love with her, it was the

\* Mr. Abbott Lawrence.

attraction of his exact opposite. We did not get home till after twelve, and I was tired to death. . . .

We went to the Abbey at a little before 3, with Saye and Sele and Isabella, heard the Cathedral Service, and went afterwards to Mr. Monk's, Bishop of Gloucester, who lives near the Abbey and who is in some way connected with it.\*

To tea at the Carlyles' at 8. The Abbey I must see again, and quietly, before I shall myself receive any clear or just impression of it.

We reached home about 11 after a very agreeable evening. Mrs. Carlyle is a person I should like very much if she liked me, and she is evidently so fond of Mr. Twisleton that I think she will get along with me, at any rate. Carlyle talked in the most interesting manner about Frederick the Great (whose Life he is about to write), Cromwell, Hampden and their times, and I really think it the highest possible enjoyment to see these people so intimately and familiarly as I do. Mrs. Carlyle gave me an old stone casket, which was Dean Swift's Cash-box.

LONDON. *Wednesday, July 7th, 1852.*

Last night we dined quietly with Fiennes and Isabella, and started at 7.30 to hear Grisi,† in "Otello," at Covent Garden. She was admirably supported, and the size and decorations of the theatre, the arrangement of the scenes, the full

\* Rt. Rev. James Henry Monk, Prebendary of Westminster, and Bishop of Gloucester.

† The famous Italian prima donna (1811-69).

choruses, and the orchestra, which was first-rate, altogether made it very superior to any Opera I ever saw before. Grisi has the remains of splendid beauty and of a splendid voice, and enough of both remaining to be still very fine. She has grown too stout for an ideal Desdemona, and the upper notes of her voice are a little thin and sharp, and she evidently does not like to try them too far. She has a way of throwing up her voice and her arms together which is perfectly overwhelming. I felt as if the heavens would come down or the earth would open, or any other wonder she demanded take place! Her arms and hands are very white and exquisitely formed, and her motions admirable. Mario I did not hear, as he sang afterwards in the "Barber," and "Otello" was not over much before 12. I had had enough for once, and moreover the heat was most oppressive. . . .

*Thursday morning, July 8th.*

Yesterday, Wednesday, we breakfasted alone. After breakfast I wrote to you, dressed, received visits from Mrs. Horner and her daughter, Lady Lyell's mother and sister, the Countess of Darnley, with her daughters. The Ladies Bligh called, but were not admitted as the Carlyles were here, by appointment, to look at the pictures. They, the Carlyles, were again most agreeable. I talked to Mrs. chiefly, who greeted me with a kiss, and who is certainly one of the best lady talkers I have ever heard—she gives an account of a person or an event with great spirit and raciness and no exaggeration—she is somewhat caustic in her tone,



but excessively amusing. I forgot to say that before this we went to the Bridgewater Gallery, Lord Ellesmere's collection, which is just arranged in a splendid new house he has built in the Venetian style. It is as fine a collection as the one at Grosvenor House, and includes four of Raphael's Madonnas, which hang side by side in perfect beauty. . . . I do believe it is the highest enjoyment that I can have in this world, from anything external to my own heart and my friends, to see these pictures and find them equal and exceed my expectations. When I get to Heaven, if I ever do, and find the angels equal and exceed my imaginations of them the pleasure will only be the same in an intenser degree. Mr. Merivale went with us, and is a very bright, agreeable person who knows a good deal of pictures.

After the Carlyles' visit we made a few calls and dined alone at the Hon. Charles Twisleton's. It had grown cool and was very pleasant and we had a very nice dinner and ice, which I do miss inexpressibly in this heat. . . .

. . . Today, Friday, we had Dr. Cloughton \* to breakfast at 10, and he stayed till 12, he is a very amiable, refined gentleman, not forcible, not extensively and generally cultivated, and English and Church to the back-bone, saturated through and through with all the opinions and prejudices that would naturally beset such a person. He is just in the mental position that comes from being

\* Cloughton, Thomas, 1808-92, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and St. Albans. A very old friend and schoolfellow of Mr. Twisleton's.

a vicar of a parish for 13 years, having met no one who was not of his own opinions, and having on principle given up all reading and all occupations which did not tend to one point. We had also a call from Sir Edmund and Lady Head,\* who were agreeable, but nothing to rave about. Then we called upon Mrs. Archer Clive † (V) who invited us for Friday several days ago, which we declined, being engaged to Lord Monteagle, and upon the Countess of Darnley and the Ladies Bligh, her daughters. I really have not met with a cold word or look since I have been here, which should be remembered in favour of poor human nature, I think. . . .

LONDON. *Friday, July 9th, 1852.*

The dinner at Mrs. Wallbanke Childers' was very pleasant yesterday. I really had ice enough to cool the water there, for the first time during all this hot weather, which still continues.

We went to the British Museum, where I spent an hour and a half. The Elgin Marbles ‡ are perfectly wonderful, no drawing can give any impression of them, such as the first glance will do, which literally silenced me with admiration. It seems to me that it must be a most excellent thing for a nation to possess such a collection, for a person could scarcely avoid, who saw it, the idea

\* Head, Sir Edmund (1805–68), administrator and writer. Governor of Canada, 1854–61.

† Authoress of "Paul Ferroll," a famous novel of its day, also of a volume of poems. A charming, interesting woman.

‡ Brought from Greece by Thomas, 6th Earl of Elgin (1766–1841), who procured them during his residence as Ambassador-Extraordinary in Turkey.

of his own littleness and ignorance, and as a sort of necessary consequence, of God's greatness, and of the value of real science. Nothing has struck me since my arrival more than this Museum. . . .

I want so much to hear if my letters are tolerably satisfactory—I feel as if they might read very dry, but the truth is that I have not one moment's leisure in which to arrange or think over what I have to say—I always have to write as fast as I can—and under these circumstances it is difficult to do well. Vaughan has been here to lunch with us and is now conversing with Mr. T. downstairs, otherwise the last named gentleman would have various messages to send.

*Saturday morning, July 10, 1852.*

43 Grosvenor St., LONDON.

Happening by some strange coincidence, to have a little leisure, I begin again on this, one long letter to you, which gives a sort of unity to all my various novel occupations. I dressed for dinner at Lord Monteagle's in my yellow silk and white roses with claret leaves, which made an extremely pretty toilet. Lord M., as I believe I told you, was Mr. Spring Rice, raised to the peerage for political services, Lady M. was a Miss Marshall, a very old acquaintance of Mr. T's, who visited very often at her father's house before she was married. It was an agreeable dinner, and a very handsome house. I sat between Lord M. and Mr. Senior,\* the Political Economist. Lady M.

\* Senior, William Nassau (1790–1864), political writer and “prince of interviewers.” Professor of Political Economy at Oxford. His journals begin in 1848 and are of great interest.

was very gracious and affable to me, and I saw, after dinner, the first pictures by Collins and Landseer that I have met, and was delighted with both. . . . This morning I have not been out—at three we go to Chiswick, the Duke of Devonshire's place, to see the Conservatory and gardens, and at 7.30 dine with the Tufnells, where I intend to appear in my India muslin. And now I think I have gone through my robes thoroughly and that you will hereafter be thankful to me for saying nothing about them! I have really done it from a sense of duty and fear of what you would probably say to me if I did not, and not from the pure vanity which a fair-minded stranger would be apt to attribute to it! . . .

LONDON. *Tuesday morning, July 13th, 1852.*

. . . To Chiswick we went Saturday and found it an expedition well worth the trouble. The show of flowers in the Horticultural Exhibition was very fine, and the Duke of Devonshire's grounds, laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, most beautiful. The Heaths and the Orchideous plants were those that struck me most among the flowers, but there were lime-tree walks and 5 or 6 superb Cedars of Lebanon on the Duke's grounds, which were even more worth seeing. . . .

. . . Sunday I did not go out in the morning, but held service in my own room, and a part of the morning read some journals of Mr. Senior's written this year in Paris and Belgium and containing accounts of very interesting conversations with Cirecourt, Lamoricière, Grote, King Leopold,



etc. The one universal prediction is of an attack upon England, and this from all quarters, so that one is forced to pay some respect to the idea. Everyone seems to argue that the English Army and defences are very insufficient and that if there should be an attempt made, there would be a disaster. Of course no one thinks for a moment of Louis Napoleon's conquering the country, but they say he could inflict a very severe blow.\* In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's, which perfectly delighted me. To stand beneath that central dome and look straight up to the very top of the lantern, was a new pleasure. . . .

. . . We went to Hampstead Heath and to tea with Mr. Vaughan, who lives at Hampstead, in the evening. Hampstead Heath is really a most picturesque and beautiful place; the heath covered with gorse and ferns, had an aspect quite new to my eyes and from the hill which is covered with very fine Scotch firs, you have a fine view on one side of a beautiful farming country, and soft hills, and on the other, the whole of London, with St. Paul's showing finely. It seemed to me at first very odd to go to tea and spend the evening with Mr. Vaughan. I felt as if it would be intolerably new and strange to both the gentlemen, who had spent so many evenings there without me, and as if I should be completely a third party. However, as they made the arrangement and seemed highly satisfied with it, I put my pride

\* Louis Napoleon had made a *coup d'état* and formed a new constitution which made him President of France for ten years, in the previous December, and a year later, on Dec. 2nd, 1852, he was made Emperor.

and my doubts in my pocket and did not say a word, and was well rewarded, for I cannot tell you how much I like Mr. Vaughan, nor how thoroughly I understand Edward's affection for him, and why he has made him his most intimate friend.

Yesterday morning I went to Mr. T's three clubs, the Reform, the Oxford and Cambridge, and the Athenaeum, which are certainly wonderful arrangements for the comforts of bachelors. They are just like splendid houses, and have the most extraordinary home look. I don't wonder they are blamed for keeping gentlemen away from their homes, for unless he were an Earl, he could not have rooms like those here. Then the libraries are very fine, especially that of the Athenaeum, which is valued at 13,000 pounds. We dined at Lady East's, *en famille*; Sir James\* I had not seen before and quite liked. He has been out of town on election business and has just come in for Winchester. . . .

LONDON. *Thursday morning, July 15th, 1852.*

. . . To dine at Richmond with Lady Chantrey at the Star and Garter. It is a nine miles drive, so that we started before 6, it was a clouded day, the first since my arrival, so that the splendid view was not seen to its best advantage, but I was not in the least disappointed in it. It is very extensive and very rich and beautiful, overlooking the winding of the Thames for a considerable distance, covered with superb trees, all in the finest possible state of cultivation. We drove on into the Park and examined the view to our satisfaction before we went to the hotel.

\* Sir James Buller East married a sister of Lord Leigh.

There was a very large party of over 30 people, some in bonnets and some without, but almost all in high-necked dresses. I had been told to wear my bonnet, and therefore went in my purple Grenadine, my black lace mantle, which I have had lined with white silk according to a prevailing and very pretty fashion here, and my lace bonnet, with best muslins and white gloves, and was perfectly well-dressed for the occasion, only as I found the wearing of bonnets was optional, I should rather have had mine off. Lady Chantrey herself is a shorter woman than I am, dressed in a green satin, white lace mantle, and pink crepe bonnet—she is as old as anybody that isn't absolutely tottering, but this is the style, and among English women she did not look *outrée*! There was a handsome old lady there, the Dowager Lady Somers, in a black satin with a long train, a white lace mantle covered with the finest Mechlin lace, row after row, the lace as wide as my paper, and a blue bonnet covered with Mechlin also, which was very handsome; [she was] as Miss Senior elegantly remarked “rather well got up, for such an old woman”—a speech which I thought the Englishman in America would have quoted as an instance of under-breeding. Mrs. Drummond and Dean Milman and his wife were there, who each and all spoke to me and treated me in the kindest possible manner. Mrs. Drummond said that all Mr. Twisleton's friends were so glad to see him married, had been so long desirous of it, and become nearly hopeless, etc., etc., spoke very affectionately about him, and complimented me a little on my courage and

discrimination in coming, and was very kind in every way. Mrs. Milman is a fine woman with a handsome figure, and wearing her own grey hair, which is very thick, in plain full bandeaus on each side of her face ; she has very gracious and amiable manners and said we must never go to St. Paul's again without coming to their pew (Milman is Dean of St. Paul's, you know) and that she wished I would never return a call except on Sunday, which was the only day she was sure to be at home. All this was very agreeable and friendly to my ears, which have heard little but the most superficial, common-place politeness for the last fortnight and gave me a very substantial enjoyment of my dinner. I went in with Sir John Kirkland, a handsome, rather elegant, elderly man, a regular Tory and aristocrat, and talked chiefly to him and a certain Sir John Wilson, who is commandant of the Chelsea Hospital and a worn out soldier himself. Mr. Ford \* was at the other side of me at dinner, but talked chiefly to Lady Laura Grattan, a daughter-in-law of the famous Irish Orator, whom he took in to dinner and who sat on the other side of him, with no gentleman beyond her, so that I had not much to say to him, and took no fancy to his tone of conversation from what I did have, although I saw he was clever. He is a great epicure, and superintended my dinner for me most amusingly. We drove back late, and I bid all these people

\* Ford, Richard (1796-1858). He wrote largely for the English Reviews. He spent four years in Spain, and in 1845 published his delightful Handbook for Travellers in Spain. He was himself an artist and picture lover. Later, they became great friends.



goodbye till next year. Yesterday, Wednesday, we started at 11 for Hampton Court. . . .

Mr. Senior's was a large and agreeable dinner. I went in with Mr. S. and talked with him and a Mr. Reeve, the translator of De Tocqueville, who sat the other side of mine host, for the other side of me was a Frenchman, and I could have bit off my tongue for vexation that it could not speak French, but I did not dare to try it. There were five or six foreigners, Italian, German, and French who all spoke French, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Senior, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Twisleton were all "prattling like natives," and the consequence was that I felt like a fool. I bore up bravely, tho', and behaved in as brazen-faced a manner, as if I didn't hear the French, whereas, in fact, I didn't hear anything else! After dinner was an evening party, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Tufnell, Miss Hampden, Miss Farrar, Sir Charles Trevelyan, were my acquaintances, and I was introduced to a Mrs. Prinsep, a friend of Mr. Vaughan's, who struck me most agreeably. She was so cordial and smiling and sunny that it was really delightful to speak to her. She confessed to Mr. T. very frankly, to having come this evening chiefly because she had such an overcoming desire to see his wife! She had with her, too, a beautiful younger sister, a Mrs. Dalrymple, who is the second handsome woman I have seen in England—i.e., handsome enough to be called a beauty. I really enjoyed the evening very much, and it was altogether a very nice party. . . .

Mr. Vaughan came to lunch and then went with us to the Tower. This took us all through the city proper, into the crowded business streets, and the oldest parts of the city, those which Shakespeare mentions, of a different character altogether from the West end. I was quite struck with the well-fed, well-to-do aspect of the faces we met, the streets were crowded, but the look of distress or unhappiness was rare, and so far, I certainly have not encountered it in any larger proportion than I might have done in any large city at home. / There is no getting over the fact that every tenth person in England is a pauper, dependent on the State, but it puzzles me that, even here, I see so little sign of it. Mr. Vaughan, again, pleased me extremely. I am so glad of this, on every possible account, and it is an eminent satisfaction to me to see Edward Twisleton with a person with whom he is as thoroughly his own actual natural self, as he is with me, for there are very few such here.

Dinner at Lady Lyell's. I went in with Sir Charles and sat between him and a son of Sir John Herschel's, and this latter and Dr. Lyon Playfair, were the persons who were most interesting. If we hear one man, at home, talking as well as you often hear half-a-dozen here, we open our eyes and listen with both ears—it is certainly true that the number of cultivated, intellectual men here is much greater than I have ever met elsewhere. This young Herschel is a lad of seventeen, perhaps, who has just returned from Haileybury, bringing away all the prizes in every direction—54 volumes of books. He is going out

to India next year, and is said to be equal to father and grandfather in ability, which is a remarkable instance of talent continuing in the third generation.

In the evening there was a little party of 20 people; Mr. and Mrs. Horner and three daughters were there, Sir John and Lady Herschel and a daughter, M. and Mme. Pulsky, etc. Lady Herschel is a very fine-looking, striking woman—she has 8 daughters and 3 sons and looks younger than Aunt Mary Eliot,\* with a very fine figure, and a bright cheerful face. She was very elegantly dressed in a white silk flounced with black lace (which is very handsome, tho' I never saw it until I came here) and is altogether a first-rate specimen of an English matron. Lady Lyell introduced me to her, and I was extremely sorry to be interrupted so that I had very few words with her. Nothing can be kinder than Lady Lyell's words and manners. She is as pretty as ever, and will be a very useful friend to me, I foresee, as she is not above my mark, in her habits and arrangements. Yesterday the thermometer in my room was at 88 at 3 o'clock and today is just as hot.

*Wednesday, July 21st, 1852.*

Mrs. Carlyle came to luncheon, and to take me afterwards to see Mrs. Browning. I wouldn't tell you when I was going, so as not to keep you in suspense for a week, but I have seen her, and am not, in any way, displeased or disappointed with her appearance—I could not have been possibly,

\* Mother of President Eliot of Harvard.

for I knew what was in her, and should have looked till I found it out. She is very small, shorter than I am, dressed in black and not with any particular care or nicety, but not at all sluttish either, only as if she did not spend money or thought upon the matter—she has very small hands and feet, beautiful thick brown hair, but covered with a black cap, behind, and worn in curls, not beautiful, in front, has a fine, calm forehead, soft grey eyes, a low gentle voice, and quiet, well-bred manner. Her mouth might be called ugly, but I should not call it so—it is somewhat too large and a little projecting, but you would never think of it—her face has great refinement, great sensibility, a susceptibility, whether to sorrow or joy—it looks as if her own words expressed the simple truth, that she had had for her trial, “all the sun and all the shower,” she looks like an invalid, but a self-controlled one, who made no fuss—and is through and through gentle, refined, and ladylike. She received Mrs. Carlyle most affectionately, and I kept in the background, as much as possible, for I felt shy, and liked better to listen to them, a great deal, than to talk. I told her, on some explanatory words from Mrs. C., that I was a perfect stranger in England as yet, and that her name was more familiar to me than any other when I came, and that I only wished through this introduction, to secure a right to call upon her, if we should be in Rome together next winter. I knew Mrs. Carlyle could tell her about me a great deal better than I could speak for myself, and did not expect anything but a sight of her, from this first interview. Mrs. Carlyle



bid me goodbye very, very kindly, and I do not think she dislikes me, which, as Edward is particularly fond of her, is a mercy, and I am uncommonly grateful for it. After this, some calls, then a quiet dinner and evening at home.

## CHAPTER III

### ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES—PARIS

BANBURY. *Wednesday, July 21st, 1852.*

Here we are, dearest sisters, at Banbury Cross, but much to my disappointment, we didn't come "on a cock horse," and there is no Cross whatever visible, nor were the musical entertainments on the road anything rich or remarkable. We left London, and reached Salisbury, our first point, about 7 in the afternoon. Nothing can exceed the quaint picturesqueness of the old town. We took a little walk through it that night, and I looked and wondered at the Cathedral. Edward was at his first boarding-school at Salisbury from 8 to 11 years old and this old Sarum was the place where the boys always went to walk, and every step was familiar to him, tho' he has not been there for nearly 30 years. We walked again over the Cathedral and its beautiful Close. I cannot begin to tell you how beautiful this is—you must see it to know.

In the evening we went to Winchester where is another Cathedral, and where Edward was at school 6 years, from 11 to 17, and I saw all the old places. The Cathedral is not equal, externally, to Salisbury, and the grounds around it not as fine, but inside it is even finer. Just as we entered

Tuesday morning, the organ and the chanting of the choristers began the Psalms for the 10th Day which are very fine, we sat down on the stone steps to listen and the effect was more profoundly beautiful than I can tell you. Now here we are at Banbury, the most picturesque place in the world except Salisbury, go tomorrow morning to Broughton Castle to please Lord Saye and Sele, who made a great point of our seeing his place, and sleep at Adlestrop, from where I shall write again. I had two dear letters by the last steamer, which did my heart good. . . .

*Tuesday morning. BANBURY.*

. . . My days are crowded with enjoyment of one kind and another, there is so much that is new and beautiful all around me—and I enjoy it freely, thinking that it is the holiday-time of my life and hoping that when the working-day comes I may take that up as heartily. I do feel as if I could go and cry occasionally for a two hours talk with you—but I know that I might as well cry for the moon, so that I seldom indulge myself long, moreover letters are a great safety valve. . . .

ADLESTROP HOUSE.\* *Monday, July 26th, 1852.*

. . . I believe Edward thinks that what little mind I ever had is rapidly disappearing, because it is all write and talk and no read, but as I tell him, books are not the only avenues of information to a healthy mind, and if I am learning nothing else in these days I certainly am acquiring a strong impression of my own ignorance! We stopped

\* The Dowager Lady Leigh's Dower House.

at Broughton Castle \* on the way to Adlestrop. It was funny the point that Saye and Sele made of this—Charles is proud of the antiquity of the family, and Frederick of the antiquity of the castle, while Edward, I thank God, is proud of neither, but lives a quiet, harmless life on his own individual merits. I never saw a person so absolutely unlike the rest of his family—and if he had not been I never should have cared anything about him ! Broughton is really a very curious old building, and the grounds and trees around it are fine. It is built completely in antique style, with a moat, portcullis and drawbridge, and a wing dating from 900. It is full of odd winding staircases and cupboards and closets where you would not expect them, and it has one very elegant room in it with a beautiful carved ceiling. . . .

We came on to Adlestrop driving through beautiful farms and along the most picturesque hedgerows all the way. We arrived here a little before four, and the girls were all out doors. Lady Leigh came down and I understood the moment my eyes rested on her all the fame of her beauty, and why Edward at nine years old, thought she was an actual angel. She is tall and dignified in her carriage, walks well and holds her head beautifully. Every feature is fine, her mouth most beautiful, her teeth very handsome and her complexion as fair and with such a colour as any baby. She is 52, a person astonishing in her appearance for her age—it is English preservation,

\* Lord Saye and Sele's place.



I suppose. She wears the deepest widow's weeds—bombazine and crape and a muslin cap with a double stitched border, tied beneath her chin, but at my first sight of her, even in this dress, she struck me, as she continues to do, as one of the very handsomest women I ever saw. And, as I told Edward, how he could have had the bad taste to prefer dark eyes to blue ones, after having seen hers, I cannot imagine. Her eyes are like sapphires, they are so blue and so bright. She is infinitely handsomer than any of her daughters and her beauty still strikes me every time I look at her. She has been very kind to me and I have taken two long drives with her, and had many long talks, and she kisses me, and really is kind. She has about £4,000 a year at her disposal and a most beautiful place with a delightful family around her, and all that a woman need have after her husband's death. Adlestrop is a very large house and they own the land for four miles round, and I have never seen anything more beautiful than the grounds. The elms are superb and kept in most beautiful order, with shaven turf, and elaborate flower gardens. . . . There are about 30 regular servants indoors and out, and the whole establishment is on a large scale and more completely carried out than any I have ever seen. There are four servants to wait at dinner, a complete silver service, with dish-covers and all, and silver handles to the knives, the house is beautifully and most tastefully furnished and altogether nothing can be, or certainly need be, more luxuriously comfortable and elegant. . . .

Mary Cholmondeley, her husband \* and her three children are here and they are just about to enter on Adlestrop Parsonage, a rectory which Lord Saye and Sele has held for more than 20 years and now gives up to them. She did not strike me as pretty at first, but she has sweet blue eyes, and a nice complexion and a beautiful mouth and there is something inexpressibly sweet and gentle about her. She is a favorite with all the family and gets on splendidly with them all and her words are always the right ones—she is in the highest degree lovable, and I can imagine that before she had three children and when she was a little gayer than now, and took more pains with her dress, she would have been a person to rave about, as she is now a person to be very much attached to. She is very affectionate, and very clever and perfectly amiable.

Her husband is one of those aristocratic, clerical, younger sons, who are so numerous here. He is a very amiable, gentlemanly, well-bred man, but not half as bright as his wife, and much more gentleman at large than clergyman. I don't mean to accuse him of being unfaithful to his idea in any way, but it does seem to me such a false position. He is a regular Tory, like Charles Twisleton, and what sympathy can they have with their poor parishioners? Every morning at a quarter before ten and every evening at 10.30 there are family prayers read, in a little room set apart for the purpose, at which Mr. Cholmondeley officiates and reads "have mercy upon us, vile and miserable sinners" in such an

\* The Rev. Mr. Cholmondeley married the eldest Miss Leigh.

easy tone that it sounds in my ears as if he said, "Thou seest, O Lord, what well-dressed and well-connected people we are." Now I don't mean to lay the blame of this upon him, for he does not deserve it, if he only were not a clergyman I should say he was a very nice fellow, but it is the whole system which irks me so when I come in contact with it and its formalities. "Leave your form and pray one prayer out of your heart, if you've got one," I want to say at the close of each, in real Puritan spirit. And then Lady Leigh tells me what a desirable thing it is that the clergy should be of the best families, and how much more sure they are to have it so in the English Church than in any other. Mr. Cholmondeley has been reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which Edward brought down here, with great interest, by the way. . . .

Georgy \* is a charmer—she is as picturesque a person in her way as Jane Norton † was at her most picturesque season, and she has capital good sense and good manners and enjoys a joke, and hearing and speaking the truth. She would not be afraid of anything—man or devil, I was going to say, and is a very charming person. She has the most sunny temper, with all her spirit. Caroline, ‡ too, I like very much. She is a reader, which Georgina is not at all, and is more shy and

\* The Hon. Georgina Leigh.

† A cousin of Mrs. Twisleton's, of whom James Russell Lowell wrote thirty years later, at her death :

"And with her went  
Half of the world I ever cared to please."

‡ The Hon. Caroline Leigh, who afterwards married, as his second wife, Lord Saye and Sele.

has more sentiment, she isn't half as funny and Georgina is the more entertaining, perhaps. It is not possible to be more absolutely amiable. Augusta is very pretty, as I have told you. Sophy is a dear little girl of 14,\* and will be very pretty, I think. She has her mother's beautiful mouth which so many of them inherit.

Then there is Edward,† at home for the Oxford vacation, who is one of the handsomest fellows I ever saw, as much given to punning as Ned himself, very fond of his sisters, and a great pet with the whole family—allowed to take liberties even with Lady Leigh. He and Georgy are great allies. I have been very quiet ever since we have been here, and have enjoyed the rest and stillness and the beauty of the place very, very much, and have been very glad to have made acquaintance with them, to like them, and to think they do not dislike me. They are as kind as possible, and this large-family life is just what I like. Lady Leigh is really sympathetic over my leaving home and my sisters, and thinks I paid Edward a great compliment. . . . We stay here until Saturday, go to Cheltenham for Sunday, and to Hams, Mr. Adderley's, on Monday.

HAMS HALL. August 3rd, 1852. *Tuesday.*

. . . Georgy is the one who is likely to be most to me. I had a quiet, delightful visit there, progressing in acquaintanceship every day, and enjoying the country so much, after London. We had most beautiful weather all the time—

\* Married in 1862 to Mr. Leveson Gower.

† The Hon. Edward Chandos Leigh, afterwards a famous lawyer and Q.C.



they called it hot, but it was not what we call hot at home—there were occasional clouds and showers in the day but always cool evenings. Mr. Cholmondeley I grew to like very much better—we always sat together at table, at dinner, so that I necessarily had a good deal of talk with him, and we discovered three points of intense sympathy—green tea, the “Pickwick Papers” and the “Arabian Nights”!

Adlestrop is, without exception, the most unpunctual place I ever was at in my life. If dinner was ordered at 6, you were not likely to get it until 7, and one day when it was promised at three (in consequence of which I took no luncheon) we did not sit down to it until after five and then Mr. Cholmondeley, Georgy and I ran a race to the dining room, we were nearly starved and so cross. I cannot understand how people keep house on such conditions, or rather non-conditions. We breakfasted at 10, prayers are a quarter before, luncheon at 2 and prayers again about 10.30 in the evening. Luncheon is a regular meal, always a joint of hot meat fresh for the occasion, and in addition, hashes, jellies, etc., from the remains of yesterday’s dinner—and then beer and porter and wine in abundance, and you all sit down and fall to. Somehow or other you do contrive to eat enormously in this climate. . . .

WOODLANDS. *Monday, August 9th, 1852.*

Here I am at “my brother Charles’s” \* (oh, the difference between this brother Charles and

\* The Hon. Charles Twisleton.

the other ! \*) where we arrived at about 5 on Saturday. I told Edward this morning that I thought we had about two ideas in common with his brother and sister—he asked what they were and I said, that it was best to be punctual and to live within your income ! . . .

Tuesday morning we drove over to Drayton Manor, which is Sir Robert Peel's place. The next day we went to an Archery meeting at Meriden, about 12 miles off, which is held three days in a week, once in every summer, and is wholly composed of the County Society. I should say it was rather a laborious means of getting together, for the shooting is little more than an excuse. The ground is in the Forest of Arden, as it is still called, though there is no forest there, it is in fact an open field owned by Lord Aylesford—the future Lady Aylesford being the Leighs' cousin, Lady Guernsey. There are three pair of targets set up, at 60 yards apart, and two more for the gentleman's club of archers, at 100 yards. These latter all wear green coats, under pain of a fine of 5 pounds, and there are 80 members, about half of those present were clergymen, which is thoroughly English—they are excused from wearing green and are therefore easily distinguished and I was amused to see the number of them. Of the ladies and gentlemen there were I do not know how many shooting at the other targets. . . .

*Tuesday, August 10th.*

This morning has been taken up with going to Stoneleigh and now again, after luncheon, I am

\* Mr. Charles H. Mills of Boston.

to start for Warwick Castle. We shall probably leave here on Friday. . . .

WOODLANDS. *Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1852.*

I cannot tell you how sorry I felt to bid Mary and Emma and Georgy Leigh goodbye. Their kindness to me has been so great and has touched me so much, that I had begun to feel at home with them and to leave them seemed another breaking up; not like the last, but another start to an unknown land, away from friends I knew. No one can tell how I appreciate the kindness I met with who has not been just so situated himself, it goes straight to my heart and stays there—and Georgy Leigh I really love very much. I do not know how much the years will bring us together, in this enormous English society, but I feel very sure that whatever I do see will be a pleasure to me. And I believe she is fond of me, too, tho' she is not a bit of a talking person. . . .

Edward and I took the carriage and drove to Stoneleigh, which is, in its own style, as complete and beautiful as anything can possibly be. The house is of white stone, very large and finely proportioned; the grounds are very extensive, and the Avon flows not far from the house, winding through the place in the most picturesque manner possible. The ground around the house is terraced, and on two sides, laid out into beds of flowers, beautifully arranged—and the walks thro' the long gardens and the woods are most exquisite, for taste and neatness, the whole place is the most cheerful, sunny looking home I ever saw, and

nothing can exceed the order in which all is kept. . . . Lord Leigh owns in all 19,000 acres of land, of which far the greater part is in this beautiful county of Warwickshire, and having an enormous fortune, and being an excellent man of business, the whole is kept in the best condition. They are just building a beautiful conservatory and laying out a new garden. The stables are built around three sides of a square, of stone, like the house, and very handsome, altho' quite hidden from view by trees—and Mrs. Leigh, Edward's aunt, who built these, built also a riding-school and a covered-walk of stone, with arched sides like the cloisters, leading to it from the house ; so that in rainy weather you can ride and walk, both without the least chance of being wet. This will just give you an idea of the absolute luxury of the whole establishment.

Lord and Lady Leigh are not there now, and the curtains are down, the carpets up, etc., but the interior of the house matches the exterior. But whether such a superb place as this brings with it, on the whole, most happiness or unhappiness, I should not care to decide—I should think it more than doubtful except in the positions of the holder and the eldest son. They are sure to continue in it during their lives, but the wife and the younger children may have to leave it at any moment, and that may be a heartbreaking business. I think everyone of the Leighs are homesick for it, and I can scarcely wonder at it. The only way for them would be to remember all the time, that they were but "pilgrims and sojourners there as all their fathers



were ” and that they hold their possession of it by the most uncertain tenure—but this is not a likely frame of mind for young people to assume. The Leighs have really been unfortunate in losing their father so young—they would naturally have been there still, for he was only 56 years old, but as it is, my pleasure in seeing the place was really damped, by a perpetual sympathy with them. Edward, too, cares more about Stoneleigh than any other place in the world—all his childish associations are there—and he is not likely to see much of it for the rest of his life. Not that Lord and Lady Leigh are not good friends of his, but they have large families, both sides, and many people who stand nearer and are the first to be attended to. So you can understand how I looked at beautiful Stoneleigh with a divided satisfaction, can you not ? And how, among all the luxury and splendour of England our American simplicity of life loses nothing, in my estimation. It is to be said for the present Lord Leigh that he is a very kind and liberal landlord and that his tenants are extremely attached to him. . . .

Warwick Castle, again, is a place that completely baffles my powers of description . . . here everything that money and taste can bring that is new and elegant, and everything that hereditary rank can give that is old and splendid is combined ; but of all this nothing is so delightful as the noble pictures. . . .

From here we went to Guy’s Cliff, a place between Warwick Castle and Stoneleigh, owned

by a Mr. Percy, a cousin of the Duke of Northumberland. He has one daughter only, Isabel Percy, whom Lord Leigh twice offered himself to, and was very much in love with, but who wouldn't marry him, the *On dit* is because she wished to be Countess of Warwick! Either property would have been much improved by the addition of hers, but both her neighbors are married now. . . . We came home to a dinner of country neighbors—a clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Eardley Wilmot; an heiress Miss Byland, with a great estate and 400,000 pounds, Captain Granville, a handsome, dashing officer, and Major Vandeleur, another military gentlemanly person. . . .

After a round of family visits, they left on August 15th to travel, visiting Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Hardwicke Hall, all belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and going north through the Dukeries to the Lakes, where they made a faithful Wordsworth pilgrimage, Mr. Twisleton having known and being a great admirer of Wordsworth. Then after turning down the East coast to see the Cathedrals and Boston, they crossed to Paris, September 11th, for a tour of the Continent on the way to Italy.

PARIS. *Thursday*, September, 16th, 1852.

I wrote you last just after I had arrived in London, where I stayed till Saturday evening. In London I had the most tremendous unpacking, sorting and re-packing—I was up to my neck in dresses and boxes for the greater part of two days, and as I was wading and struggling alone through the chaos, didn't I think of you—of the last time

those trunks were packed. . . . Didn't I—It was the first time, really, that I ever did such a job alone, which shows what an infant I am.

. . . My only interruption Saturday was a very agreeable visit from Lady Theresa Lewis, who was out of town when we were in London before, so that I did not see her. She is a sister of Lord Clarendon's, you know, and Mr. George Cornewall Lewis \* is an M.P., a cultivated, intelligent and active person, and is her second husband. She is all this herself, also, except the M.P.-ship—one of those London women who are up on all subjects and say what they have to say in the least prosy and most distinct and pointed manner possible. Mr. Lewis has just lost his election in Herefordshire and is about to stand for Peterboro', under Lord Fitzwilliam's patronage, so she was strong on politics, the corruption of elections, the prospects of the Derby administration, etc., etc. She was polite and amusing and I quite enjoyed her visit, as a variety from packing on my knees.

We went in the evening to Ashford and the next morning to Canterbury, where we spent Sunday with the Cathedral, and in the evening went to Folkestone. . . . With all our effects we reached the Hotel Windsor, Rue Rivoli, at 8.30. The next morning I went first to Dr. Evans † and

\* Lewis, Sir George Cornewall (1806–63), son of Sir Frankland Lewis. Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1855–58, Home Secretary, 1859–61, War Secretary; a shrewd, sober-minded politician of great administrative ability, a great student and writer.

† The American dentist, who afterwards assisted the Empress Eugénie in her flight from Paris in 1870.

you may imagine me enjoying all the benefits which accrue to one's nervous system from a dentist's use of india-rubber, which I was ordered to endure from Tuesday at 12 till Saturday at 11, and am now, accordingly, in process of enduring. From there we went to the Louvre, where my whole sense of beauty was satisfied and filled. The antiques in marbles and on cameos are magnificent. . . . We walked home through the Tuileries and the Place Vendôme, but Edward maintains that I did not see the column, being occupied exclusively with the caps and collars in the shop-window at my side. I will only state that, conclusively, there never was anything like the shopping here, and that upon this important subject I receive, literally, no sympathy at all. I wish I had a mint of money and plenty of commissions from you—such caps, such bonnets, such collars and sleeves, such silks and mantillas! I have but little to buy for myself and thus “starve in the midst of plenty” but I am clear that the merits of Paris shopping cannot be exaggerated; as to the prices I cannot yet speak, and expect to be very much bothered by the different money and measurements. In the evening we went to the Théâtre Français, and saw a very good comedy most capitally acted. Yesterday we took quite a walk round and about and finally up the Champs Élysées to the Arc de l'Étoile, which is beautiful in itself and from which there is a very fine view of the city. . . . We dined at Very's restaurant in the Palais Royal and came home to spend a quiet evening in reading and working.



*Sunday, Sept. 19th, 1852. Hôtel des Princes, PARIS.*

Friday evening came the letters which filled my heart with the same thanksgiving and joy that they always do. I cannot imagine the cause of your scepticism as to your letters, dearest Bunny! \* They are perfectly delightful to me always. I should think the heavens and earth were passing away if you did not write to me regularly.

Georgy Leigh I am very fond of and think that she is as likely to be a friend as anyone, but somehow I feel wonderfully uncertain of my hold on anyone in England. They are rich and powerful and possessed of all things, you see I can well add nothing, give nothing. Mrs. Carlyle is actually the only person who made me feel as if I could do anything for her. She is not in such a sunlight of prosperity and a little love would be a gift to her. . . . †

My shopping over, we went for our dinner to another of the famous restaurants "Les Trois Frères Provençaux" and then to the Théâtre Français where we saw two of Molière's plays, "Tartuffe" and "Les Femmes Savantes" most capitally acted. French acting is as good as it is said to be—the perfect keeping of the whole, the elegant, suitable dressing, the entire absence of ranting, are the greatest pleasure to an eye and ear accustomed to the defects of the modern English stage, and as it is supposed to be an excellent mode of taking French lessons, we go often. . . .

\* This was a pet name for her sister Elizabeth.

† She and Mrs. Carlyle became warm friends, as many loving notes from Mrs. Carlyle attest,

To Véfour's to dine and in the evening heard Rachel in "Cinna," with Scapin, afterwards. To hear Rachel is a new, wonderful pleasure; she took complete possession of me and did full justice to her reputation, the whole of it. The play is a good one for her part, as you will see if you read it, she, of course, taking Émélie. She was dressed in plain white and red, of the most exquisite fabrics, falling in soft folds and the whole costume ruled after the classic models with absolute fidelity—no sculptor would have wished to change a fold or a line, but would have taken her just as she stood. Her conception of the part was perfect and she carried it out fully, never stooping to pick up a bouquet or returning by any look or sign the applause of the audience, she was not Rachel, but Émélie, and that she remained from beginning to end, and when she was called on afterwards, the curtain rose, she came half-way forward on the stage, stood and bowed gravely and quietly once and then went back—coming with just the expression that Émélie might have had and in no way departing from the character. She controls her audience, instead of doing as they please. . . . I have never seen any portrait of her as handsome as she looked last night—the dress became her—with a gold band in her hair and sleeve, gold earrings of antique form, and her mantle and sleeve fastened with gold ornaments. Her eyes are very bright, her hair the richest possible and jet-black and her figure and movements exquisite.

The Sunday aspect of Paris seemed to be its gayest, the boulevards were really crowded with

people and the greater number of the shops open. My only objection to Paris is that it is such a dirty city, much dirtier than London, I think, and really disagreeable to walk about in. Nothing is so pretty to my eye as the little white caps which the women wear instead of bonnets—I long to take mine off and put one on myself. They are generally what we should call pretty nightcaps of worked cambric, ruffled, puffed, etc., and most exquisitely done up—all fluted and as white as snow. You very seldom see a soiled one and they are still prettier on the little girls than on their mothers.

Sept. 29th, *Michaelmas Day*, 1852.

Hôtel des Princes.

In the evening we went to hear Rachel again in Corneille's "Polyeucte." . . . The play is full of exaggerations and impossibilities and false sentiment of various kinds, but the poorer material Rachel has to work with, the more wonderfully her power shines out. She hardly left a dry eye in the house, while the applause, at intervals, was enormous. The truth is I have no words to express my sense of her powers. . . . Another evening, dined at the Trois Frères and went to the theatre in the evening to see Déjazet—but I was not too well pleased—I get tired of constant indecencies and immoralities, as the first glitter of dress and acting passes away.

PARIS. *Thursday*, October 1, 1852.

. . . We went to see Rachel in the evening. She acted in "Mithridate," a play inferior in effect to either of the others in which I have seen her,

but her acting was brilliant and powerful as ever. I could not help wishing that she could act Shakespeare's parts, for he seems to be the only dramatist who would fitly exercise her full capacities, and I think in some of his characters, Lady Macbeth, for instance, she would leave one nothing to imagine or desire. . . . We went to see Rose Chéri. . . . She is certainly a most enchanting actress and produces the impression on you that she must be an equally charming woman. I saw her in two little plays—"La Parure de Jules Denis" first and another whose name I forgot. The first was one of those disgusting little French plays of which I am heartily tired, so that she appeared to disadvantage in my eyes, though she did as well as possible. In these plays if a woman does her decent duty she is exalted into a heroine, such as the earth cannot often offer, and if she entirely fails, she is the victim of an unfortunate destiny and receives the respectful sympathy of the audience. . . .

Edward is launched upon Gibbon, and asks to be allowed to read aloud in the evenings, with such a plaintive manner, that it would take the heart of a grindstone to refuse him often—so my visions of letter-writing fade away frequently. Home letters he feels the necessity of, but is slow of perception about the others! He desires his best love to you all, and I am always, yours with all my heart.

ELLEN TWISLETON.



## CHAPTER IV

### FRANCE AND ITALY

VALENCE. Oct. 9th, 1852, *Saturday evening*.

. . . At 2.30 we left Dijon and went by the railroad to Châlons, through the country from which all the famous Burgundy wines, Clos-Vougeot, Chambertin, etc., come. On our right, for two-thirds of the way, was a low range of open hills called the "Côte d'Or" and completely covered with these vineyards. The *vendange* for the year is over, but the crop is not good and there is great complaint of it, they say none of the best wines will be made from it. I often think you would laugh at my consistent tippling! if you saw me imbibing the Vin Ordinaire here! After having become attached to porter, ale, and beer in England, I have now fallen peaceably into liking Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Rhone wines in all their variety. The best of them are delicious wines and the commonest are very good. We are just in the St. Perey district here, and had a bottle yesterday for dinner, so foaming and sparkling that it made me wish for Ned to drink it. Figs, pears, grapes and nuts, chestnuts and walnuts, are offered everywhere around us now and it all looks like the real South of France. . . .

At Lyons we went to the Place Louis XVI, now called Place de la République, where a fine equestrian statue of Napoleon in bronze has just been erected which was uncovered for the first time when Louis Napoleon was at Lyons, a week or two since. The accounts in the papers reported a most enthusiastic reception at this place, and that the cries of "Vive l'Empéreur" were universal and enthusiastic from the whole crowd; but we asked three people, not gentlemen, but such as might fairly have been of the number, about it, two of whom entirely denied the enthusiasm, and said that very few persons shouted for the Emperor, and many many more for the President merely, and the third said that they only shouted "Vive l'Empéreur" when the statue was unveiled. I have no doubt that the newspaper accounts of Louis Napoleon's trip have been immensely exaggerated, on purpose, and that though he will be Emperor, his being "forced into it by the will of the people" is all humbug. The prefects, wherever he goes, being dependent on the government, do everything to excite popular demonstrations in his favour, and so do the clergy, but apart from these two classes, and from the army, I do not believe much in his genuine popularity. He has some reflected favour because he is *le neveu de mon oncle* . . . and he has cleverness enough to avail himself of all his advantages. Of all the people whom I have heard talk about him, not one has expressed anything like enthusiasm for him. They, some of them, think it is best to make him Emperor, "because it will tend to keep things quiet," and

that is the most emphatic expression in his favour that we have encountered. . . .

NÎMES. Oct. 15th, 1852.

My darling Bunny : If I generally think of you and of home often and tenderly, how have I thought of you this week ? Just as I know you have thought of me.\* . . . Yesterday I was sure some of you would remember my 24th birthday, which we had a bottle of champagne at Avignon, to celebrate ! Today is the full year since Edward left Boston last autumn, and altogether this present is too crowded with the past, there are not seven days in this week, but seventy. . . .

The Fountain of Vaucluse is nothing more nor less than the source of a little river called the Lorgue. This is a pretty little stream with beautifully clear water, sometimes of the most brilliant green and near its source the mountains close round it, bare and bold, of naked rock, till finally one rises straight up before you to an amazing height, looking as if you had come to the world's end. And under this, the river creeps out. The water is very cold and very clear and broadens first into a circular basin, before it begins rushing and tumbling over the stones on its winding course to the Rhone. It is exquisitely beautiful ; and I was heartily sorry to turn away from the lovely spot and think that I should never see it again. The house is shown where Petrarch lived, but we did not go into it. We met some Frenchmen at the Fountain, who, after discussing the rise of

\* The anniversary of their mother's death was Oct. 12, 1846.

the water, etc., on some reference to Petrarch said, "*Sapristi, c'est un séjour singulier qu'il a choisi—ce n'est pas du tout gai,*" which we thought delightfully French !

NICE. October 25th, *Tuesday morning.*

. . . We reached our Hotel here, Hotel Victoria, about 9 at night, and judge of my delight at finding it clean. We have altogether the best "apartment" we have had anywhere, and clean as one's own house. It seems to me a regular Paradise, and from our windows we have the most splendid view of the sea, and while I write I hear the waves breaking on the beach. It is a first-rate hotel, in a first-rate situation, and I am so enchanted at its cleanliness that if I had my letters I should consider myself too fortunate. I wonder I have never heard more of the extreme discomforts of travelling in France—I am really perfectly delighted to get out of it—Italy cannot be worse and I do not believe it is as bad. . . . I am so glad that it is England and not France that I am to live in, hereafterwards. You cannot tell how beautiful it is here and the climate must be a fine one, for the south wind is that which comes over the sea, and from the north wind the mountains lovingly protect it. The Hotels, too, are so very comfortable that I cannot see how an invalid could find a pleasanter place to stay in, and when I came home, what should be handed me in the entry but a letter—so that my sorrow was turned into joy ! Edward seized it and danced about the entry with it until I think the master of the hotel thought of the police and a



strait-waistcoat, as I when I gained possession of it, rushed up my four flights at a criminal pace. It was yours, dearest Bunny and Ned, of October 3rd from Newport, the latest I could receive, and giving me a great deal of the most interesting information. . . . Tomorrow we begin travelling by *vettura*, which will oblige us to get up and go to bed very early, so as to take full advantage of the daylight, now that it has begun to shorten. Tomorrow we are up at 5 and off at 7. I only hope we may have another day as beautiful as these two last have been. The air here, though very soft, is also very bracing and gives me a delightful sensation of well-being. . . .

FINALE MARINA. *Friday, Oct. 29th, 1852.*

. . . We are taking four days by *vettura* for the way between Nice and Genoa, a longer time than would be absolutely necessary, but the weather and the scenery are both so delightful that one would not grudge a still longer space. . . . The road is justly named the Corniche (cornice) for it runs on rocks which often jut over the sea as a cornice might, the windings of the mountain shore are innumerable and the villages and towns are so placed that they add to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

Getting up at 5 and dressing by candlelight is certainly not agreeable, but the compensations in seeing the daily sunrise over the Mediterranean and the full enjoyment of the clear, beautiful morning are great.

“It is a sight precious to behold,  
The first faint streak of climbing light  
Flood all the thirsty East with gold,”

and the sunrise as well as the sunset here seems to be unfailingly beautiful. . . . The inns are decidedly bad and one gets bitten from head to foot by tribes of mosquitos and other animals. They have spared my amiable countenance up to this time, but now I have about 16 spots on my face and have just met with such sympathy from Edward on my misfortunes that I must give you the advantage of it.—Edward, calmly reading on the sofa, Ellen approaches somewhat excited, “Edward, if things go on at this rate for a day or two longer, I shall be perfectly frightful!” “You will, darling.” (Reading is resumed.) This is what it is to have married a “furriner” and left one’s sisters. . . .

A sharp attack of sciatica, the return of an illness experienced three years before, laid her up for a week at Genoa.

SPEZIA. *Wednesday, Nov. 17th, '52.*

. . . Last night we had the most violent storm of wind and rain I ever remember, so that the front door of the hotel, tho’ barred with a heavy chain, was broken open, making a thundering noise, which must have waked up the whole household. So today we are detained by stress of weather, as there is a torrent to cross in the next day’s journey, quite impracticable when swollen by such heavy rains. . . .

There is no bridge over such a roaring torrent as the Magra, so, at any season, it may be thus swollen by two or three days’ rain. In September

an English party crossed, but lost all their baggage, an idea hideous to contemplate, to any well-regulated female, and I should prefer remaining several months at Spezia ! This morning the bay is beautiful, with the hills which enclose it, under a broken sky, and changing light and shade. . . .

Monday, November 22nd, '52. PISA.

I wrote you from Spezia, where the Magra detained us. Thursday we spent quietly there and Friday triumphantly crossed the torrent, in spite of a great deal of advice to the contrary. It was raining hard when we arrived on its banks for the third time, and the water looked swollen and muddy enough, but, reflecting upon our position, we concluded that if we did not cross Friday, we certainly could not on Saturday, after the rain had continued another day, and that it was best to make every possible effort to do so. So we, and our two carriages (one for the baggage) and four horses went on board a ferry boat which would just hold us and no more, Violet \* nearly crying with terror—" *j'ai si peur, madame—madame, qu'est-ce qu'il veut faire ?* " However, off we started, floated with the rapid current until the boat grounded, then got on the men's shoulders, and they carried us to a little island of sand and stones in the middle and then we got into a little boat and were poled to the opposite shore. Just as we grounded it began to rain again, having held up for a few moments, and as we could not very well take our umbrellas on the men's shoulders,

\* Her maid.

we were rather wet with the shower. In the little boat were two or three country people, and amongst them a woman whom we had noticed as a nice-looking one on the other bank and had some words with about crossing, and I was struck with her sweet Italian words and gentle manner. As I stepped into this boat, somewhat wet, she moved to make room for me under her husband's umbrella, then found another for Edward, and as I was quietly standing, making the best of it, laid her hand on my shoulder to move me to what she thought a better place, with a "*sta ella qui, madonna cara,*" and when we reached the shore insisted on my keeping her umbrella till I reached the carriage. I never saw more native courtesy. Meanwhile the horses had been ridden to shore. Oxen fastened to the carriages had drawn them through, and when the water was out of the carriage we entered, very glad to have crossed the torrent and drove on to Sarzena to the "Hôtel de Nouvelle-York." . . . Tomorrow we go to Florence. I could pinch myself to help to realize that I am really so near the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace, and am not dreaming. . . .

FLORENCE. Dec. 22nd, 1852.

Yesterday we went to see Mr. and Mrs. Browning again, found them at home and continued our agreeable impression of them. Mr. Browning's manners are cordial and he has an easy, cheerful, conversational tone. She is very different and very charming, but I am so horribly frightened as soon as I begin to speak to her, that



I make a perfect ass of myself, and consequently dash my own satisfaction a little. She said it was hard for her to be away from her family, for she was of an anxious disposition and always building "dungeons in the air," which I thought forcible. She talks no commonplaces, and is a one-er, evidently, in various different directions. . . . We have found out Miss Barrett's name, "a little name uncadenced to the ear," by which she exhorted her husband to call her—Ba—(pronounced like bar) not musical or elegant, and sounding so very oddly from Mr. Browning's lips, that it has reconciled me to Edward's system of calling me nothing but Ellen, ever, under any interest or temptation ! I presume it was deduced from Elizabeth, through Betty, by some child's lips, but it does not fit the full grown woman, except in strict privacy. I am wretched that you are not here, instead of me, to know the lady. . . .

FLORENCE. Dec. 26th, 1852.

. . . There are 16,000 shares in the railroad from Florence to Siena, and of these 140 shares only are held by the Tuscans themselves and this was told us by the secretary of the company. All the rest are in the hands of foreigners, chiefly of the English. Their collections of pictures the Italians attend to and keep up—the luxuries they have but the necessities they do not seem to know how to get or keep. Nobody knows, that comes from a prosperous and rising country, how sad is the impression given by a declining ill-directed "state" like this, nor how thankful one

is all the time for not belonging to it, or having any lot or part with it.\*

ROME. *Monday noon, Jan. 10th, '53.*

. . . Saturday we reached Rome at one, our whole road being over the Campagna. . . . On arrival, the first thing was the letters, and then we drove to St. Peter's. I did not feel a touch of disappointment as to its size. Its points of pre-eminence seem to me to be its vastness and its magnificence, but it is more akin to the Italian Cathedrals than to those Norman-Gothic, which have won all my heart. St. Peter's is a palace—I admire it as I should Windsor or Fontainebleau, but it does not thrill or touch me. . . .

. . . The Palatine and Aventine are more marked, but they none of them approach to the height of the city-hills which we are used to. . . . The Palatine is now crowned by a red-brick villa, belonging to Mr. Smith! Oh, *Senatus Populusque Romanus!*

This, Monday, morning, we went at half past ten to the Vatican, from which I came out a ruin—my former self being lost and merged in one general, but perfectly distinct sensation, i.e., that no interest and no duty, no past, and no future, would ever induce me to quit Rome! . . . I was very glad of my familiarity with the engravings, but it is not possible for an engraving to represent the frescoes, as it is never to be

\* The period from 1815 to 1870 is often called in Italy the *Risorgimento*, i.e. "Reawakening." Austrian influence was predominant, repression provoked reaction of feeling and revolutionary societies continually increased.

forgotten that Raphael's colouring is magical in its effect. I came out of those rooms with a sensation of the absolute satisfaction of one whole, large part of me—the entire fulfilment of the visions of years—and “thanking God who had given such power unto men.” Then came the crowded galleries of antique sculpture—stately and calm and majestic loveliness—and the Apollo, which I could hardly persuade myself to leave, so strong was the impression it gave me that it could not stay, and that when I returned, it would be gone! . . .

ROME. *Sunday, Jan. 16th, 1853.*

. . . From the Sistine Chapel I went to call on Mrs. Wm. Story! \* there is not so much difference between one place and another, you see, after all! This lady called on us, with her husband, on Sunday, and is directly opposite us, in furnished lodgings. Thursday afternoon, she came again, to my astonishment, and made me a long, sociable, inquisitive call. . . .

Wednesday, Mary and Edward Perkins † and Miss Willing called and were just as usual, the ladies very, very pretty, and very well-dressed, the gentleman very well-mannered, and the sight of the home faces most agreeable. After this we went to return Mrs. Crawford's call. They are living at the fourth story of a villa, out of the city, almost, with a fine garden attached to it, and commanding such a view of the hills, from

\* Wife of the sculptor and poet, William Story.

† Of Pine Bank, Jamaica Plain.

their windows, that no one would grudge the four flights of stairs, who had strength for them. It was Mrs. Crawford's \* reception day, and I was struck with her excellent, easy manners. She was very polite and pleasant, and on Friday invited us there to an evening reception, which, however, we declined. After the call, we went to Crawford's studio, which was arranged for visitors. He greeted Edward as if "he was, he was his loved, his long-lost brother," which rather astonished me, but set one at one's ease. The best thing he has, is the model for the monument to Washington which I never saw in America, and struck me very much. . . . In the afternoon, I took a first Italian lesson. I take them every day, from 5 to 6, dining at half past 6, which is our regular hour. . . .

Thursday morning, I went to S. Andrea della Velle, to hear Archdeacon Manning,† who was said to be preaching there, but after waiting a long time for the end of the many masses, I was disappointed at last, and after listening to a small portion of a clap-trap French sermon, came away. Friday, our boxes and trunks sent by water arrived, and Edward having unpacked all his books, and collected about 150 volumes in all, seemed to feel that "his foot was on his native heath and his name was Macgregor." . . .

Saturday morning, we drove to the Mons Sacer, as we had been reading Livy's account of

\* Wife of the sculptor, Thomas Crawford; sister to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

† Afterwards Cardinal Manning, an old friend of Mr. Twisleton's.



the secession of the Roman Commons thither, the evening before. As we went out of the Porta Pia, the whole ranges of the Alban and Sabine hills were in view, the highest topped with snow, radiantly beautiful against the soft blue sky. It makes all the difference between terrestrial and celestial beauty, whether a mountain is snow-topped or not—a snow mountain is as unlike its fellows, as a saint who wore a glory around his head for sanctity would be from the rest of men—It looks like a special sign of grace and favor—inconceivably beautiful. Pictures and churches are good, but the hills and the open sky are better—a truth which struck me forcibly as I came out of St. John Lateran the other day, and saw the splendid, rifted thunder-clouds, and the little crescent moon, sailing through the intervals of clear, blue sky. I don't think a person who lives in the country, need sigh for any other than the daily, nightly sights of sun and moon. . . .

*Sunday, Feb. 6th, 1853. ROME.*

. . . Today, I have been to church at the American Chapel, with Mrs. Crawford, where I heard a true Presbyterian sermon. . . . This afternoon I went with her and Mrs. Shaw to St. Peter's to hear vespers, which I enjoyed for the sake of the music, and the noble church, and the good company, for both ladies are very kind to me. . . .

Tomorrow, we are to have Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Close, Lord Lurgan,\* and a Mr. Blackler, a gentlemanly young Englishman, who is a friend

\* A cousin of Mr. Twisleton's.

of the aforesaid, and has been civil to me, to dine, at half past six. The three first are cousins, you see, and the latter is a fill-up. Our room is good and our dinner is sure to be good, and therefore I am nowise uneasy. Mrs. Close is an amiable, gentle, rather pretty young lady, and Lord Lurgan a good-natured young man. His father and Mr. Close's mother were own cousins to Edward, which makes these, what they call in England first cousins once removed—what we call second cousins. Mr. and Mrs. Close are but three months married, moreover.

ROME. Feb. 13th, '53.

. . . Friday, I went, under Edward Perkins escort, to two jewellers' shops, where I was knocked into next week, by the sight of what things in that line are to be found only in Rome. Has anyone a fortune which he is puzzled how to spend, and which he would like me to help him get rid of! I am the woman, and this is the hour! Saturday, yesterday, was horribly rainy and stormy, and I did not go out at all, while Edward paid a very long visit to the Vatican, and returned looking as delightful as people feel when they have been there. I do not regret, at all, occasionally keeping quiet myself, as it gives me a sort of re-enjoyment of what I have seen already.

This morning, we were somewhat late to breakfast, and before we had either of us reached the parlour, the Rev. Mr. Manning\* was announced. Edward went in directly, and I followed

\* Afterwards Cardinal Manning.

as soon as possible, as I had a considerable curiosity to see the gentleman. He has a gentlemanly, refined, intellectual face, but very thin and pale, quite painfully so, is quite bald, and looks a good, and rather old, fifty, while he is not more than 43. He wears the regular Roman priest's dress, a long straight, cloth robe, with a broad belt round the waist, a small, peculiar collar, turned over, shoes with buckles, and an immense full cloak over all. He looks worn and restless, but talks cheerfully, and not common-places. He did not know that Edward was married, and seeing the room arranged for two people, asked him "who he had with him?" before my entrance. I was slightly glad that he did not come and find me alone! Having received here in Italy a horrible impression of what the hollowness of this system of religion really is, it seems to me impossible that a man as high-principled as Mr. Manning, should not have gone through whole dreadful agonies, since he came here, and I looked at him with a curious, rather painful interest. However, half the time, first impressions are good for nothing; so take nothing but his outside, from my account. . . .

*Tuesday morning, Feb. 22nd, 1853. ROME.*

. . . At the Farnesina, a palace built by a rich banker named Agostino Chigi, is the "Galatea," most beautiful, and a colossal head by Michael Angelo, in *chiar'oscuro*, which looks down from the height of the wall at you, with all the weight and meaning of life—and is in the sternest, grandest contrast to the other pictures. . . . He

was Carlyle-like in his protesting spirit, and opposition to the forms and tendencies of his day, and this head has "all the eternities" about it. . . .

ROME. *Sunday aft.*, Feb. 27th, 1853.

. . . Today we went to the all-beloved Vatican, and enjoyed ourselves intensely and immensely, for two hours or more, walking and wandering on through those endless halls and galleries, which we have studied well, and grown thoroughly familiar with, so that the statues are no longer wonderful new acquaintance, but beautiful, bountiful friends. All this rain we have had, in Rome, has been snow on the mountains which are now laden with their beautiful burden, and one of the delights of the Vatican is the views you get there, of this distant scenery. . . .

I tried to get the book of engravings from the "Loves of Cupid and Psyche," in the Farnesina, but the Pope\* has had the plates broken up—"perchè c'era la nudità"—the man answered to my "whys"—which as his Holiness leaves all the statues in the Vatican to demoralize the public, seems to be doing things by halves. It really made me feel rather cross, for it was a spirited set of engravings, and the obnoxious figures are the most innocent little set of *amorini* in the world. . . .

Home to my Italian lesson, and in the evening we went to Mrs. Crawford's, to which we were specially invited, as it was her 30th birthday, and

\* Pius IX.



she is just such a gay sort of woman, as to make a festivity of it ; she is the best hostess, in a mixed party, that I ever saw. . . .

This morning I went with Mrs. Frank Shaw to the Sistine Chapel, and heard the wonderful music, there, for the first time. By this means, also, one sees the Pope, in full pontificals, and hears his Majesty chant, from his red and gold breviary ; also all the Cardinals come in state, the Guardia Nobile, and the Swiss Guards are present in uniform, etc., etc.—in short there is every degree of blazonry, fuss and finery, and it is seeing a king say his prayers. The first thing after the Pope had seated himself was that all the Cardinals in succession went and kissed his hand, and “louted low” before him, and, when this was over, went on with the service, the Pope having come in late.—I wondered who they were worshipping ! The music was the finest I ever heard, that is to say, the most impressive—being Lent, it was all in a minor key. The many voices sung with a perfect unity, the sound rising and falling, as a wave swells and subsides, never breaking and never beginning.

. . . Where I sat, all the dignitaries had to pass, so I stared well at all the Cardinals ; they were in their red robes, with long purple trains held up behind them, and ermine capes, and little red skull-caps. Pugin says that the ermine is “typical of purity of life and honour without stain,” but these beautiful things are not on their faces. The average of the Catholic priests are the most piggish, coarse, brutish, besotted looking set

of men I ever saw anywhere—taking snuff and spitting, nasty creatures, and there were enough of these, there, in all possible habits and dresses. The Cardinals, one or two of them, looked like refined and intellectual men, but some of them very much otherwise—however, they were generally clean. The ladies sit outside the grating which encloses the Holy of Holies, in an ante-chamber, as it were, and here people were passing and talking the whole time. I was opposite Michael Angelo's grand picture, and with the music and that, was well, and there is one solemn moment in the Catholic ceremony, the elevation of the host, when all kneel, and the instant silence is always most impressive to me—but most of the ceremonial was dry and tedious, and I longed for some voice to say with authority, what was once spoken for us all—"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." There was a Latin sermon of about fifteen minutes, and twice his Holiness blessed us all, and this was "praising God the Pope's great way." . . .

## CHAPTER V

### ITALY

ROME. March 5, 1853.

. . . I picked violets yesterday, in the grass, where they are blooming beautifully in spite of all the rainy and cold weather. I finished my last letter on Tuesday, and closed the day with my exercises, French lesson, and Niebuhr—in fact, to get a true idea of my existence, you may consider me as much going to school, as anything else. I have set at the French, with a sort of avidity to get to the bottom of it, and Edward has a wonderful aptitude for studying everything that comes in his way. I thought you would have roared to hear that I waked up the other morning and found myself dreaming of Marius and Cicero—Edward was giving me an account of his having met them at a private house, when he was about fifteen, giving me a little sketch of their different ages and characters, and of the great satisfaction with which he looked back to having seen two such very distinguished men! I thought it the best possible certificate, to anyone who had known me before, of the fact that I have been nearly ten months married. We are going on now with Niebuhr, which is a most delightful history for its clearness and breadth, and the transparent

manner in which the character of the writer shines through it all—and after reading Gibbon, who is such a spirit of evil, Machiavelli, who, I think, must have been an atheist, and Livy, who was an elegant heathen, the refreshment in meeting such views as Arnold and Niebuhr present from their warm hearts, and upright souls, is felt to the full. . . .

. . . After much deliberation, Edward said he wanted a profile bas relief \* taken, in marble, of me, . . . and we gave the business in charge to Richard Greenough, who has such an uncommon talent for likenesses, and to whom I was also glad to give a little money. The model is very nearly finished now, and Edward likes it very much, so that I hope you will. . . . Richard Greenough † I really and truly like, and have not been with anyone since I left home, except Georgy Leigh, who has given me so much pleasure. He is a person of true refinement and single-heartedness—so that I really have not regretted the time I have spent in his studio. . . .

*Tuesday, March 15th, '53. ROME.*

. . . Today for the first time, out on the Campagna, I heard a skylark sing, which I recognized instantly, for what it was, by force of Wordsworth's and Shelley's descriptions. Anything so "keen" and sweet was never sung by any other bird, and this one was soaring and singing, higher and higher, for five minutes, when suddenly it dropped directly down into its nest,

\* Now in possession of one of her nephews.

† An American sculptor settled in Rome.



“Those fluttering wings composed, that music still.” I can’t tell you what a pleasure it was ! . . .

Thursday evening we went to Mrs. Greenough’s. . . . Mrs. Greenough plays like a whole orchestra, most beautifully, but dressed rather in the Corinne, or Sappho, style. . . . I am in hopes when we are quietly settled in Paris, that I may have time and opportunity to draw a little, which I shall never do again, till I can go through some “severe studies.”

*Sunday, March 20th, 1853. ROME.*

Yesterday, Saturday, (was ten months since our wedding-day, and ten weeks that we have been at Rome). . . . We went to see a statue which Mr. Gibson\* has just finished and asked Edward to come and look at. It is a Venus, which he has coloured, and the sight of which gave me a completely new sensation. Mr. Gibson says there is no doubt that the Greeks coloured their statues, and is so much pleased with the result of this experiment, that he says he will never leave another uncoloured. The tints are all pale, the hair golden, bound with a blue fillet, the eyes blue, the lips rose-colour, and the body all lightly tinted with flesh-colour, while the drapery which she holds in her left hand, is left untouched, except for a blue-lined border—it looks as if it would breathe, and look, and speak. . . . I sincerely think it adds a beauty, but the effect of my winter in Italy has been distinctly to draw me away from the superficial beauties of colour,

\* A noted British sculptor, follower of Canova and Thorwaldsen. He lived in Rome from 1849 to his death in 1866.

to the essential ones of form, and thus it seems to me to detract from the nobility and purity of sculpture, to colour it. . . .

This morning, Palm Sunday, there was a great ceremonial at St. Peter's—the Pope carried in his chair-of-state, in procession, and all the cardinals, abbots, etc., and so on. The music swept through the building, with a sound as of a “rushing, mighty wind.” . . . Toward the close, the whole body of French troops \* was marched in, but they made little impression on that vast aisle ; it had an odd sound, to hear the military words of command, and the rattle of the arms ring sharply across the continuous chanting of the mass. The palm-branches, blessed and distributed by the Pope, looked like sticks wreathed with cut yellow paper. But take the whole thing together, it was a magnificent show. . . .

We are off to Tivoli, and shall not return tonight. This morning we have had Mr. Manning to breakfast, . . . which was slightly struggle-some to me, because he and Edward have such infinitely small points of sympathy, and it is as hard for him to enter into a fit of classical indignation at some man who because he was made a bishop left unfinished his edition of “the only Greek trilogy that has come down to us !”—as for Edward to enter his view of the ceremonies of Holy Week ! Nor does he look like one's ideal of

\* A “Societale Nazionale” had been formed which looked to Victor Emmanuel of Piedmont to become the leader of a free and united Italy, and he had won the support of Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic, soon to become Emperor of France.

a man who is actually giving up this life, for the sake of that which is to come, which nobility must be granted to him. . . .

*Sunday, March 27th, 1853.*

. . . Our drive to Tivoli was rainy and disagreeable, and nothing can be more comfortless than one's arrival at one of the second-rate Italian inns—a brick-paved floor, and smoky chimney, staring, awkward servants, and general prevalence of dirt and disorder, being the normal elements thereof. In any country not as much behind-hand as this, there would be sure to be a very nice hotel at such a place as Tivoli, which would make it delightful to stay a fortnight there. Edward walked off and explored the ground, immediately, but I waited till the morning, when the sun considerably gave us enough of his shining to show the views to perfection. I went with a chair and bearers, which mode of locomotion I found rather the pleasantest I ever tried. . . .

. . . Wednesday, I went to some shops—just as I came in Lord Lurgan arrived to announce his engagement to Miss Emily Browne, a daughter of Lord Kilmaine, and to ask us to call. Accordingly we went, but did not see the lady. . . . In the afternoon, Lord Kilmaine and his daughter called, very, very pleasant people in their appearance and manners, and as I have a real liking for Edward's young cousin, who is a frank, modest, handsome fellow, I was pleased to like his lady, also.

In the evening we went on with the Roman Emperors, whose separate biographies we are going over in a huge lexicon, to Edward's intense satisfaction ! and much to mine, also, as Roman history is anything but dry in Rome, but I occasionally wonder whether "I be I," the same girl who used to draw and dream ! . . .

. . . This morning I got up at six o'clock, and was in St. Peter's by a little after seven, and by this vigorous conduct secured a seat, and saw the whole ceremony of the Pontifical Mass, which is celebrated only three times in the year, this being the grandest festival of all. . . . I was struck with the natural grace and dignity with which the Pope performed his part. We start for Naples tomorrow morning. . . .

After their winter in Rome, they went to Naples, leaving there April 3, 1853, for Florence, then by *vettura* over the Apennines, by Bologna and the Plains of Lombardy and Parma, Lago di Garda to Milan, Venice, over the Splügen to Zurich, Baden and Paris, arriving June 8, 1853.

The letters from Florence, Venice and Milan are filled with the most glowing and discriminating accounts of all the pictures in the various galleries, which were familiar to all of her family from the many excellent engravings by Toschi and others in their houses in Boston, but the beauty of the color in the pictures, which they only knew in black and white, entirely enraptured her.

NAPLES. April 3rd, 1853.

I am very much afraid that our correspondence is to be this week interrupted by what no mortal



could have suspected beforehand, that the mail goes only three times a week, between the two largest cities of Italy—Rome and Naples ! . . .

We started for Naples, of course, in the rain—we entered Rome in a shower, and I never saw weather approaching to what we have had there. . . .

But it will remain in my memory as the most beloved of cities, in spite of its dripping streets, and cloudy skies. We went out passing Trajan's Column, the Colosseum and St. John Lateran, three of the things I most delight in, in Rome, which made it a good exit for me, and if ever anybody had three delightful and enjoyable months in this world, I have had them, there. Having looked forward to going, for years, the real has gone beyond the ideal. . . . We reached Naples about sunset, on Sunday, found the city in full gala costume,—certainly the gayest sight I ever saw. The cities in Italy are made extremely striking by their very marked characteristics, and their contrast with each other; Genoa, Florence, Rome and Naples have each as distinct an individuality as any four very different people, and nothing can be more marked, than the differences between Rome and Naples. . . . I have not seen in Italy dresses nearly so gay, as those of the peasantry here, and all goes well under this brilliant sky, and one catches, oneself, something of the gaiety and *insouciance*, the air is full of. This morning (Monday) before breakfast was over, I went to the window, by chance, and there were two men, fantastically dressed, playing and

dancing and singing, dear Bunny, the chorus of the little song I copied into your book, so long ago. “*Io ti voglio ben’, assai, ma tu non penza me,*” were the first words, and the familiar cadence, that struck my ear! Judge if I was not pleased, and did not throw the man his money with hearty good will! . . .

Saturday, April 16th, ’53. NAPLES.

. . . Sunday evening, Harry Lee\* made us a long, highly entertaining visit—describing the effect of seeing “Uncle Tom” acted; being such as, looking through the eyes of the audience, made him feel that “every American ought to be skinned,” and therefore very anxious to preserve his incognito! The popularity of “Uncle Tom” seems to grow every day, and this key to it, which Mrs. Stowe has published, is likely to add to its effect. They are acting it, here in Naples, under two different versions, and in London, Paris, Florence, and Rome, I have seen it placarded on all the walls. Slavery is an endless disgrace to us, in the eyes of all the world, and since we at the North, have consented to the Fugitive Slave Bill,† we come in for a larger share of it, and have lost our old excuses. I should think it a good investment for my comfort, considering the matter selfishly, if I could pay a quarter of my small property, and be rid of reading that in people’s

\* Of Boston, later head of the banking house of Lee, Higginson & Co.

† Passed by Congress in 1850 to provide for the return of escaped slaves. Abraham Lincoln was the moving force in freeing the slaves by the Civil War of 1861. In 1865 slavery was finally abolished in the U.S.A.

eyes, or overhearing it in their conversation with each other, which they are too civil to say to me, about it. . . .

Sorrento is a place to stay at. . . . From that point, you have the whole panorama, in its most brilliant and beautiful unity, and it is cool, there, even in the heats of summer. . . .

My week has been crowded with enjoyment. I cannot conceive how anyone with eyes and a soul can come abroad, and return to call it a folly in other people to go. I do not know a greater pleasure, or a greater advantage, for anyone of taste or cultivation, and it seems to me it might fairly be considered a suitable part of the education of all who can afford it, and have the opportunity. . . .

FLORENCE. *Sunday, May 1st, 1853.*

. . . We stopped at Bolsina, in the middle of the day, on Thursday, coming from Viterbo, and slept that night at Acquapendente, a poor little town, picturesquely placed on the edge of a hill, and like so many other towns in Italy, formerly of much more importance than now. Nothing can be more wretchedly poor and miserable than the condition of the people, in these little villages, in the Roman States—it makes my heart ache to see them. . . . But the condition of the people all over Italy is miserable and wretched enough, to impress one with the conviction that for any free form of government, they are very far from being ready—one can only wish for them, that they might have liberal and beneficent rulers,

who should gradually raise and instruct them, and cease to be oppressed as they are now by intense selfishness and bigotry. In Piedmont, only, things are better, under a constitutional government, but there, there is a party of fiery radicals, doing all the mischief they can; and almost universally Italy seems divided between the red-hot republicans, whose ideas are perfectly visionary and foolish, considering the state of the people, and stupid bigots, engaged in a desperate effort to put down all changes, and thus all improvement. . . .

May 12th, 1853. FLORENCE.

. . . Friday, I took out my long-neglected paintbox, and painted some flowers and birds for little Robert Browning, who is a little angel-looking child, and offered, I thought, the least pretentious method, of doing something to please his mother. . . . Saturday morning, also, we had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Browning, who were very cordial and kind to us, and asked us to come again on Sunday evening, which we did. Sunday, I staid at home in the morning, read, and wrote, and in the afternoon, took a drive to a hill called Bellosguardo, whence is the most complete and charming view of Florence—the air was soft, and sweet, and we sat down on an old stone wall, and enjoyed it, heartily—and I wished for all of you to sit down too, in a long string! . . . It is a beloved little city, and this a delightful point to take one's last view of it. We went to the Brownings' about half past eight and spent two hours quite alone with them, but I must reserve



a dissertation upon them, for a more leisure season. Monday, we started at eight, with four good horses, and a capital driver, went on, straight up the Apennines, all day, and slept at the top, as it were in a little hamlet

“like an eagle’s nest  
Perched on the crest  
Of purple Apennine.”

. . . The whole day’s journey was across this vast plain of Lombardy, lying between the Alps and the Apennines. It is excessively fertile and fully cultivated, and now the hawthorn hedges and the flax-fields are in their supremest beauty. But the manner in which the fields are planted with long rows of trees, festooned with vines, slits up the landscape into strips, or rather destroys the landscape entirely, for it is almost universal, and you can rarely see beyond the edge of the field nearest the road, and only a straight, or transverse, strip of that. We travel along the old Æmilian Way, and have the blue and snowy Apennines always on our left, and if it were not for this method of planting, this plain would be just as beautiful as the great plain of ancient Campania. . . .

DESENZANO, LAGO DI GARDA.

May 21st, 1853.

. . . The overpowering awe and wonder with which Milan Cathedral struck me, is far, far before St. Peter’s to me. . . . We entered Milan Cathedral in the evening, when the stately and solemn music of the Vesper Mass was filling all its heights and depths—the low light of the sun came softened and enriched through the stained-glass

windows, and the whole was instinct with the spirit of reverence and devotion; when we went out of it, it was like passing into a different world. . . .

Como. May 23rd, 1853, *Monday*.

. . . Sunday morning, we went to the morning service at the Cathedral, which is according to the Ambrogian Ritual, and a little peculiar, and of which the Milanese are very tenacious; . . . it regales with such music,

“Such service high and anthem clear,”

as I have heard nothing like, in any Catholic church, except the Sistine Chapel. Music, in these Cathedrals, is the most heart-stirring thing I know—the whole building is “petrified” music. We went up to the roof, a very easy ascent for one so high, and which Mrs. Browning charged me not to omit—she said she “went in the spirit of a martyr, was ill for three days afterwards, and had been glad of it, ever since!” You mount winding among whole forests of exquisite spires and pinnacles, of fair white marble. From the top, you see a vast extent of this great Lombard plain, bounded in all directions by mountains. . . .

We meant to have gone directly on to Venice—but we found we were not travelling in “a free country,” and that owing to the recent revolts, all the police-regulations were doubled in stringency—the inspector was cross, and go we must not! . . . The next morning we were in Venice about ten. . . . You enter first on dry land, . . . then, you pass through the buildings connected

with the railroad, and—a crisis in existence—you enter your gondola, and glide away on the Grand Canal—in other words, you leave this world, and enter another,—you are in fairyland, dreamland, “the lotus-land”—what can I say about Venice—

“What practice, howsoe’er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,”

could describe it fitly? Canaletto and Turner have made its outward aspect so familiar, that the city seems half like some remembered vision—but the spirit-like motion of the gondolas, carrying you through the silent, stately streets, and marking your progress by the regular music of the dipping oar; and the intermingled repose and brilliancy of the sunny views its black curtains frame for you, is what no artist could render. If Rome is the “city of the soul,” Venice is the city of the imagination, and it held mine in complete thralldom. . . . Nothing wearies, or jars on you in Venice, everything soothes and charms, and, oh! girls! think of the luxury of a city where one absolutely couldn’t walk! . . . This gliding in a gondola is like what it would probably be to sail on one of those full, white summer-clouds and gives as new a sensation. How it took possession of me you may judge from the fact, that I positively did not want to see the Titians at the Academy, or the Giorgiones at the Manfrini Palace: “pictures? oh, those one sees in the other world. . . .”

At Colico, as we left Venice, we met our old Vettura and vetturino, who has come on with us all the way from Florence here. We entered, directly, the Valtellina, a valley which gave us

views entirely different from any I have ever seen. The fair green fields were lying, like a lake, at the feet of the hills, as level, as great a contrast to the bare mountains rising sheer from the lowlands, without the beauty of the reflection, but so fair and bright, with the herds of grazing cattle, that they were as beautiful as the lake itself, which place they seemed to have usurped. . . .

A hard journey over the Splügen. Tip over we didn't, thanks to the postilion, who was as active as a wild-cat; but safely reached the Austrian boundary-line,\* which runs over the summit of the mountain, where they have a custom-house, as there is a great traffic in goods of all kinds over this mountain. We stopped a few minutes, and I had a little conversation with one of the officials, a Milanese, who poured out his indignation against Austria, as if he had known I was a free-born American. . . .

\* Austria still held Lombardy and Venetia.



## CHAPTER VI

### PARIS—LONDON

PARIS. *Thursday, June 8th, 1853.*

. . . We left Baden on Thursday a week ago, and went rapidly on to Basle with our old excellent Vetturino, with whom I was really sorry to part—he has brought us all the way from Florence except where steam intervened and was the most capable, gentlemanly and handsome fellow—his was the last of the sweet Tuscan I shall hear this long time, “*felicissimo viaggio, Signora.*”

. . . We arrived in Paris and forthwith accommodated ourselves at the Hotel Meurice. Saturday morning when I opened my chamber door, Edward met me, letters in hand, and I cheerfully received 14, six angelic ones from you, wonderful Elizabeth. . . .

. . . First a visit to Mlle. Grodez, Ellen Coolidge’s dress-maker, who owing to Ellen’s note received me with tears and smiles and overwhelming cordiality—of whom I ordered a court-dress which I expect to sport on the 24th of this month, at the last Drawing-room, and a silk visiting dress, which are both to be beauties—and which are the only new ones I indulge in. . . .

Monday I wrote innumerable letters, went to

the shops, and the refreshment of the day was a lecture on insects by M. Milne-Edwards,\* who is one of the first living entomologists, Professor and Member of the French Academy and now delivering a *cours* on the subject at the Jardin des Plantes. Edward investigated the matter and found that ladies could go and I enjoyed it immensely; of course the greater part of the audience were students, but there were some other females, and nobody took any notice of me. Admission is gratis and I am impressed with the liberality of the French government. . . .

LONDON. June 17, 1853.

. . . Wednesday, we left Paris at 10, via Boulogne, crossed in what people call a smooth and good passage of 2 hours and 8 minutes' mortal anguish! Reached London, June 16, 1853, at 10.30, and our place, Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn St. Today I began with writing a little, then a visit from Mr. Twisleton,† a person who has the good taste to go into ecstasies over my bonnets. Then we made calls on the Twisletons, Leighs, Easts, Colvilles, Seniors, Lady Theresa Lewis, Berkeleys—saw hardly anyone, came home, and dressed as fast as possible for a dinner . . . now Edward has gone to the House, and I am finishing my letter in preference to going to bed. — (our hostess) was an elegant London woman, and if you knew what a gulf lies between that person and your sister Ellen! A tall, handsome, nonchalant lady, with every mark upon her of an

\* Henri Milne-Edwards (1800–85), French zoologist.

† Mr. Charles Twisleton.

estate in the country and a house in town, and a passport to Heaven signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . . She kisses you when she first sees you and when she bids you goodbye for some time—holding the opinion that this is the proper thing to do to the wife of a first cousin to whom your family is under obligations—she asks you questions about your tour on the continent and looks as if she did not hear your answers, and in all her speaking and in all her silence, reveals impassable distances between you—and is all the time handsome and elegant.

I am started, you see, on London, and for the next week you can look at my last year's letters to see what I shall be doing. A week from today is the Drawing-room, of which I shall send you an account in my next letter—I did not know until today that it is held in broad day-light about two o'clock. Tomorrow I am going to get Isidore to dress my hair, to get my lace lappets, etc. I wish I could kiss your hands instead of the Queen's, being much less her Majesty's faithful subject than your own faithful sister.

LONDON. *Tuesday, June 21st, 1853.*

Dearest family :

I closed my letter to you on Thursday evening, and am anxious to take up the tale again, for fear in the rush and bustle of London, the time may slip thro' my hands.

We went to St. James's Theatre to see Rachel, who acted in "Lady Tartuffe." Every time I see her she produces the effect upon me which not even genius usually does more than once,—as

much surprise and wonder as admiration—Mrs. Howe said the thing about her, that “she raised herself by her acting above her own vices, and other people’s virtues.”

Sir James and Lady East \* came in, and made us an hour’s visit. Sir James East is a rather small man, with very bright black eyes, and is decidedly an intelligent person, tho’ it is rather a narrow intelligence—he is a thorough-going Conservative, and with the aristocratic feeling strongly—doesn’t like, for instance, the proposal, in the new India Bill, to throw open the writer-ships to competition, instead of having them filled by the direct appointment of the Company, which all Liberals think a great thing. Sir James says, he doesn’t like the idea of these posts being filled by any but “men from the good families,” etc., so that he and Edward generally differ upon all political questions, and literary tastes, also, as he clings to Pope and Goldsmith, and doesn’t like the modern poetry. But with all this he is thoroughly friendly, thoroughly gentlemanly, and a very pleasant person to talk to for half an hour, as people go,—and in England difference of political opinion does not interfere between gentlemen, and they take great pains that it shall not. Lady East adores her husband, and thinks just as he does about everything, talks fast, and is good-natured, kindhearted, and ugly !

I went thro’ the immense labour of taking out my Court-dress, which was so packed that not a flower had suffered, but which it required time and

\* Cousin of Mr. Twisleton.



patience to extract, and which now resides in a large section of the wardrobe, pinned up in towels, in haughty seclusion. The chambermaid here, who helped me, said "Ma'am, it's the beautifullest thing I ever saw"—and even Violet melted under its charms. Oh, how I did want you !

Vaughan sent me a basket of flowers, in the morning, arranged with much taste ; . . . he is a person of so much taste and talent that it is a pleasure to see and hear him. Edward and he are just as intimate with, and fond of each other, as Ellen Coolidge and I—it's a thoroughgoing heart and soul friendship, and I am always ready to sing "Oh ! be joyful," when I see them together.

Monday, we went at eleven to St. George's, Hanover Square, to Lord Lurgan's wedding, and afterwards to the breakfast at Lord Kilmaine's—a complete specimen of a fashionable English wedding.

All the company assembled in the vestry, and then ranged themselves just before the altar, in a semi-circle, and the maids, etc., up in the gallery, looking down ; they were married by the uncle of Lord Lurgan, a cousin of Edward's, Mr. John Brownlow, and came in after everyone was assembled, Lord Kilmaine leading the bride and Lord Lurgan following with his groomsman, and six bridesmaids between, who stood right behind them during the ceremony. The bride had a highnecked, white brocaded-silk, made by Palmyre, and very beautiful on her very pretty figure,

—a wreath of orange buds and blossoms, and a square veil, (not a scarf such as the French, and we wear,) which was thrown over her head, and hung down before and behind, covering her face during the whole ceremony. This I thought a good plan, because it saved her from staring—and she has a beautiful figure and stood elegantly. They both kneeled for a moment, as soon as they entered, before the service began, and then, during the prayer, they, and the whole company, and then again for the final benediction. It was the first time I have heard the English service, which inasmuch as it differed from our own, I didn't like. One funny thing is that they extend the exhortation and the sentences of scripture warning wives to submit themselves to their own husbands, etc., etc., to all the married persons present—which made everybody look extremely solemn !

After the ceremony was over, all drove to Lord Kilmaine's where one hundred and fifty people were invited to the breakfast, and where I saw Lord Ellenborough, whose head and face and whole appearance are striking. There were half-a-dozen rooms opened, and people sat and talked, and moved about, and then the major part of the company went downstairs to a seated breakfast, and the bride with her own special friends, breakfasted upstairs. The table downstairs ran round three sides of the room, and was spread with cold fowl, mayonnaises, French-made pies, jellies and creams, fruit, and candied things, but nothing hot, all cold, and champagne in plenty. The health of bride and bridegroom was duly proposed,

and we waited to see them go off ; Lord Kilmaine again brought down the bride, who always looks pleasing and lady-like, and I had a good hearty shake-hands with Lord Lurgan, whom I like. They went off with post-horses and postilions in livery, to take the cars at some distance from London, and to reach Woodstock, a place of the Duke of Marlborough's before evening. Altogether, it was so exactly like what one has read of, that I was mightily amused, and liking the people, made it pleasant. The white favours were distributed before the breakfast, and the etiquette is for the gentlemen to wear them in their button-holes all day afterwards.

After it was all over we made calls, and I went to Isidore's to arrange about my head-dress for Thursday, and we dined very pleasantly with Colonel and Mrs. Colville.\* I like our host and hostess as much as any of "this family." Mrs. Colville is dreadfully ugly, and not a demonstrative person, but she is thoroughly sensible, and straightforward and kindhearted—a helpful person, who does not make so much of little things, and the outsides of things, as many of them do. And her husband is Colonel of the Guards, and a real gentleman, old, and handsome, and with perfectly good manners at all times, and to all people, and such a truly excellent man that no one ever speaks against him in any way. After dinner, Mrs. Colville gave me a presentation lesson, and Colonel Colville the benefit of his observations on the ladies, when in waiting, and the different manners of dowagers, debutantes, etc.

\* Cousin to Mr. Twisleton.

*Wednesday, June 22nd.*

Yesterday, dear darlings, I spent a pretty quiet day, having to write to you, and to Georgy Leigh, and a good many notes, and to see to my trunks from Grosvenor Street, and clear up a little—a thing which I find it hard to get time to do thoroughly.

We have had any number of callers this week, but have seen few. All the family, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Merivale, and Tufnell, and Mrs. Prinsep (a lady who is a friend of Mr. Vaughan's, whom I met once last year, and liked very much). Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield, Lord Overstone,\* Marquess of Lansdowne, (of whom Edward declares I have made a conquest, dear family), Lady Chantrey, Count Strzelecki,† (a Polish gentleman whom Edward likes particularly), Mrs. Senior, Lady Theresa Lewis, etc., etc.

Today, Wednesday, Lady Ashburton called, but I did not see her—she left with her card an invitation to a ball on Wednesday, and a note to Edward, asking us to Addiscombe, a place of theirs near London, to spend Saturday and Sunday next week—both which invitations we accepted. She has come up to the mark bravely; she was not in town last year, and considering her horror of new lady acquaintances, I did not know how much her liking for Edward would enable her to undertake about me.

\* Overstone, Baron (1796–1883), head of the house of Jones, Loyd & Co., afterwards merged in the London and Westminster Bank.

† Strzelecki, Count, a clever, accomplished Pole, popular in London Society.



Just before going out, we had quite a long visit from Mr. Grote,\* a tall, strong-looking man, with an intellectual head, good clear eyes, and hair which was very black, and is now grizzled a little. I should think he stayed half an hour, so that we had a good deal of talk on Italy, England, and America. He asked me for information about the Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences, and said he had received a letter that morning informing him of his having been appointed an honorary member. He talked a good deal about the international copyright, and he and Edward both inclined to think that it was doubtful whether we were bound to do anything which would raise the price of our books above the level of our population—and that English authors might have some moderate remuneration, such as would not do that. Mrs. Grote was out of town, but he promised a visit from her, on her return. Edward is at present happy over Grote's eleventh volume, which he sits down to refresh himself with every night, no matter how late it be.

After this visit, we drove out to little Holland House to see Mrs. Prinsep, who is the greatest cordial you can imagine. I never saw such exuberant cheerfulness and beaming kindheartedness in anyone as her manners express—she is rather stout and not handsome, but delightful to look at, and the sort of person one would like to live under the shadow of, or rather bask in the sunlight of. I am so tired of the formality of the

\* George Grote (1794–1871), historian, author of the famous "History of Greece," in 12 vols.

greater part of the people I have to do with, and of the sensation of being forever a stranger, that when I see a person who makes me feel at home with her, it is difficult to go away again.

Mrs. Prinsep has taken into her house and home a poor forlorn artist, with great talents and weak health, which is just like her, and in consequence, her house is full of his pictures—one was a portrait of her, and of her beautiful sister, Mrs. Dalrymple. Mrs. D. is one of the most beautiful persons I have seen, and this was a living and breathing likeness of her, perfect in drawing, colouring and expression—it was the whole figure, and I thought a remarkable picture, which coming fresh from Italy, it is difficult to think of any modern ones. Some others by the same person, Mr. Watts,\* struck me as much.

*Friday, June 24th.*

Yesterday, my angels, I began at eleven and a half in the morning and had my hair dressed, with blond lace lappets, two white plumes one side, and a large bunch of roses and rosebuds, the other, and in spite of the horrid sound, I assure you it all looked pretty. Mrs. Colville † came to see my dress, and be sure that I should “pass muster” in all respects, and at one, Mrs. T. came for me. For ever so long before we reached St. James’s, the streets were lined with people to see the ladies; which was a new idea to me of Court-going; and the first gallery we passed thro’ was

\* Watts, George Frederick (1817–1904), the well-known symbolic artist and portrait painter.

† Cousin of Mr. Twisleton.

filled with women, sitting as closely as possible, who are admitted by tickets, ladies-maids, and such like. Then you go thro' a series of rooms, with guards and a great many uniforms in all directions, and finally into a great hall, where all assemble, and where one had the fun of seeing the dresses—some very handsome, and some hideous,—but lace and diamonds beyond counting. The only real beauty I saw was Lady Londesborough, dressed in an embroidered white silk, and train, with stomacher and tiara of diamonds—she wore her tiara splendidly, and it set her off, and altogether she was quite an ideal peeress. But the most splendid jewels were emeralds and diamonds, tiara, ear-rings, sleeve-trimmings, and stomacher worn by one of the most horrible-looking old women one ever saw—a Mrs. F. N., who is for the third time married, at present, and from all I hear is as horrid as she looks. We waited in this room for a good hour and a half, while the Queen was receiving the Royalties, the King and Queen of Hanover, and all those who had the private entrée, then the door was opened, and we all went in a string into another large room, after which came the presence-chamber. Here you enter at the left corner, take a long sweep round, and make your exit at the right-hand corner, the Queen stands at the head of the curve, and the lane which you walk in is formed by all the Court-dignitaries, officers in waiting, etc.

Your card reaches the Queen just as you do, and the Lord Chamberlain reads it in a low

distinct voice, just loud eno' for the Queen, Prince Albert and yourself to hear—"The Hon. Mrs. Edward Twisleton, on her marriage, by her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Twisleton." You take off your right-hand glove before entering, and on arriving before the Queen, you make your curtsey, put your hand just under the Queen's and kiss it, curtsey to Prince Albert, and to the Duchess of Kent, and are off again before you know it. Your train is spread out at the entrance for you, and given you over your arm again, as soon as you have made your curtseys, and then you back out, which is not difficult, for it's a very little way; Edward did not go thro', but left at one door, and received me at the other, and my only trouble was, that you must pass so quickly between those before you, and those after you that it was impossible to have a good stare at the Queen and Prince Albert. I could only see that she looked like her pictures, and looked pleasant, and gracious, and I think I feel rather more loyal, after having kissed her hand!! Prince Albert has grown rather stout, which makes him look different from his portraits.

My dress was perfectly successful—Lady East said it was "the prettiest dress at the Drawing-room," and Edward thought it was "very near that." The flowers made the beauty of it, but the corsage was exquisitely fitted and trimmed, the jupe festooned with the most exquisite garlands of roses, and *bouillonnée* with tulle more than half way up, and the whole train lined with satin—nothing could be fresher and prettier than it was, or more elegant than the court-dress altogether.



The train is about twice your whole height in length; mine was white silk, like the dress, trimmed with three puffs of tulle all round, and at intervals, exquisite bunches of flowers—I say a great deal about the flowers, because I truly never saw such beauties. The train is not ugly or awkward, as I thought it would be, when held over your arm; you wear a good stiff skirt, which keeps the lower dress out, and then the train is so handsome, inside and outside that whatever way it turns, is no matter.

After leaving the presence-chamber the ladies have their own little party by themselves, in a long gallery, where there are seats, and again a splendid opportunity to see all the ladies, and their dresses, and we stayed there some time, and were at home again at four o'clock—pretty tired.

To-day, we dine with the Tufnells', to-morrow with Lady East, Sunday with Monckton Milnes, Wednesday with the Marquess of Lansdowne, and in the evening Lady Ashburton's ball. These with a dinner some way off with the Seniors, are all our engagements, at present, and I hope we shall be a little more quiet, afterwards.

*Sunday morning, June 26th, 1853.*

Brunswick Hotel. LONDON.

Dear family :

. . . The Tufnell dinner was a handsome one for twelve persons. Mr. Tufnell has not a bit the air of a clever person, seen in the way I see him, altho' Edward says that, on his own subjects, he is. He is an honest, rather friendly person,

without a bit of pretension, so that I like him on the whole, even on such a short acquaintance. He is a very tall, long-legged man, with the broadest white neckcloth, and the shortest white waistcoat, I ever beheld—a perfect caricature of an Englishman, in his dress.

Saturday, after my French lesson, I worked over my accounts for some time, putting francs and centimes into shillings and pence. . . . Edward brought in his friend Count Strzelecki who had called upon me twice—a Polish gentleman of great intelligence, and a universal favourite among his acquaintances. He is a special friend of Lord Overstone's, who was Mr. Jones Loyd, and whose only daughter, Miss Jones Loyd,\* will be another Miss Burdett Coutts, as far as fortune goes—but more fortunate in other respects, as Lady Overstone is a thoro' lady, and as endless pains, and very judicious care, have been taken with her education. Count Strzelecki has been travelling for a year on the continent with them. He talks with a strong foreign accent, emphasis and fire.

Dined at Lady East's, who gave us a splendid dinner, of eighteen people. Mrs. Adderley looked a beauty, in a yellow silk with black lace flounces, and a gold bandeau in her hair—and always astonishes me by her elegant appearance, being the mother of seven children; to say nothing of the manager of a household of twenty servants, and of two establishments. Lady East introduced me right and left, after her own peculiar fashion, which I think would amuse you. “This is Mrs.

\* Afterwards Lady Wantage.

Edward Twisleton, Mrs. Townsend, a cousin of mine, she was a bride last spring, and she and her husband have been spending the winter in Italy.”

“Mrs. Fitzroy, Mrs. Edward Twisleton, my cousin went to America, and lost his heart to this young lady, and now she’s come to live with us in England, and I hope she’ll be happy, but then she must go over there sometimes, and see her own relations, you know.” These are literal only she never stops to put in any commas, as I do! Lady East is fifty-nine and her dress would have struck you, equally, the low neck and light necklace, with a full wreath of violets resting on her forehead, and black lace lappets falling each side—she is very wrinkled, but she has more hair than I have, and is always lively in her manners. Mrs. Colville, who is in the sixties, has put on a sort of half-cap, but still wears the open-necked dresses. She wore purple satin with black lace over it, and in fact, everybody was dressed up to the nines. I wore my yellow silk, and purple violets, put on wreath-fashion, and should have put on my flounce, only that I had no idea of such a party. These are interesting details, dear angels, but I like, occasionally, to write when I am not hurried and say whatever comes into my head—it’s rather refreshing. I am, invariably, dissatisfied with my letters—they never seem to me affectionate, or entertaining, or anything else that they might be.

*Tuesday morning, June 29th, 1853.*

Mr. and Mrs. Grote came, and I had a half hour’s very pleasant visit from them. I think

Sydney Smith's far-famed witticism on Mrs. Grote,\* was a superficial one, very, she is an ugly, large, awkward woman, but one of a strong and clear mind, of most extensive reading, and of an honesty and openness of manner and expression, which made me forgive her all her oddities in five minutes. She is not uglier than a great many people who have nothing on earth in them, whereas she has a great deal in her, and whatever is *outré* in her manners, does not come from, or show any want of delicacy or refinement of feeling. She asked me something about America and American politics, with a degree of real interest, and of fair-mindedness, which made it easy and pleasant to answer her, and is so well-read on all points of American history, and referred to so many books that I have never set eyes on, that I was obliged to exert all my diplomatic abilities not to show myself an ignoramus. We talked a little about Rome and Paestum too, and I agreed with all she said, there; she swore a little at conventionalities, and said she "was a dreadful outlaw, as she dared say I had heard"—and I don't think diminished my sympathy with her by that—the hit at conventionalities, I mean, though I did not say anything.

In the afternoon, we drove out to Mrs. Prinsep's, who had met Edward one day last week, and begged him to come, and bring me that she might introduce us to her sister, Lady Somers, whom

\* I remember at a party being seated by Sydney Smith, when Mrs. Grote entered with a rose-colour turban on her head, at which he suddenly exclaimed: "Now I know the meaning of the word grotesque" (Kemble's "Records of Later Life").



she has often spoken to me of, and calls "the darling of her heart." Out we went, therefore, I too pleased to have the chance to see her and found Mr. Vaughan, Mrs. Grote, and some persons I did not know, already there, at a sort of luncheon—that is, strawberries, etc., were on the table, but there were three rooms, and people in all of them, and nobody was bound to eat anything, if they didn't want it. I do so wish I could tell you a great deal more than I can. I am so horribly afraid you won't get a good right idea of Mrs. Prinsep from my stupid description !

In the first place, she lives quite out of London, in a place called Little Holland House, which is just beyond Holland House itself, and where everything is free and green, and beautiful, with trees, and flowers, and a beautiful garden—the house was an old farmhouse, and has had another house, as it were, built on to it, so that the rooms are low and large, and wainscotted, and oddly placed in relation to each other, and then there are long passages, and out you come, again, into rooms where you don't expect them. So, when I first went in, she wasn't in that room, but Mr. Vaughan promptly went and got her, and she came and greeted us, in her own dear, delightful way, and carried me off to introduce me to her sisters, Lady Somers, and Mrs. Jackson. Lady Somers is fair, and round, and sweet, and Mrs. Prinsep's "darling," as she says, and looks as if she might be any one's darling, but really not so charming to me as Mrs. P. herself, as is often the case with such warm-hearted people's idols. Mrs.

Jackson is a tall, striking person, who has been a great invalid, and lives in complete retirement, near Mr. Vaughan, at Hampstead. She has been a great reader, and has the greatest refinement and charm of manner—very quiet, not like Mrs. Prinsep, but equally attractive, in another line. So, first Lady Somers talked to me, Virginia, and then Mrs. Jackson, Maria, and then Mrs. Prinsep came again, and took both my hands in hers, and said she was so glad to see me with her sisters, and that I must learn to call them all by their names, and not Mrs. and they were so sweet with each other, and so sweet to me, and overcame me so, with every kind of loving-kindness, that I was really upset, and fairly cried in Mrs. Prinsep's face. I told her I hadn't done such a thing before since I left home, and that she might just thank herself and her sisters for putting me so in mind of my own, that I could not, for the life of me, help it. I daresay you will be surprised, but not more than I was ; it was an effect of association, I suppose, which I could not control, and of such unexpected, bountiful kindness, as it almost makes me cry again to think of. I do think there never was a stranger so received, and so treated—and I cannot get over it ; to think of her liberality, when she so seldom has all her sisters together, and must have wanted them to herself ! When I found my best kid gloves and my best white bonnet-strings, and my best company face, all in danger of being flooded so unexpectedly, I got up and rushed off with Mrs. Prinsep, and she took me into such an artist's studio, and kept on being perfectly lovely to me,

while I wiped-up, dreadfully ashamed of myself, as fast as I could. The studio belonged to Mr. Watts, an artist of positive genius, I think, whose portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Dalrymple I spoke to you of, in my last letter.

The family had known him a long time, and Mrs. Prinsep found him living in London in uncomfortable quarters, and fighting with poverty and ill-health, and so took him home to her own house, and gave him friends and plenty of every description, and there he lives and paints; and as a reward, paints nothing but idealized figures and faces of herself, and her sisters, and their children. In this studio was a picture of "The Good Samaritan," an illustration of the "Song of the Shirt," and a companion to it, of a poor woman cowering under the arch of a bridge by night, for shelter, a picture of St. George and the Princess, painted for the House of Lords, a picture of Echo, and of the Angel of Death, which were most striking—and all full of imaginative power of a very high order. He has been a very thorough student, and draws quite faultlessly, while his eye for colour is uncommonly fine.

In one of the rooms—there are seven or eight arched spaces—he has painted in fresco a splendid series of pictures—the first is Earth with the Infant Humanity—a beautiful, womanly figure, stooping over a child in her lap—this has fair hair, and is most like Lady Somers—then come two figures of India and Assyria, the one in swathing drapery, and with a half-developed expression to it which is very striking—and the other a reclining, beautiful figure, the very essence of indolent

repose—these two are at one end;—on the side wall, where you enter, and in the arches each side of the door, in the first is Greece, and Egypt, which is a wonder—the long, pale, olive-coloured face and straight figure of Egypt, sitting, and Greece of exquisite beauty, a figure studied from one of the Elgin marbles, leaning with one arm on her lap—the next is Persia and Arabia, and as I do not know much of the countries, did not convey as much to me, tho' as a painting it was of equal beauty and merit, these two are on flat, gold grounds, such as the early Florentines used. At the end of the room opposite come two that surpass the others, one he calls “ the Middle Ages ”—two figures, one wrapped in dark, monkish drapery, sitting in a contracted attitude with the face half-covered, the other of exquisite beauty, with an angelic, up-looking face, a broad, ample book on her lap, open, and one hand raised above the book, while with the other she seems moving away masses of cloudy, heavy mist, which press round near her—a figure full of light and expression; in the sister arch to this—is Time unveiling Truth—Truth, a female figure of freshness, and vigour, and beauty, and Time a beautiful, graceful angel, which has partly drawn the veil, and is still in motion to withdraw it wholly.

On the fourth side of the room, are two windows, and in the three spaces between these, he has painted single figures of Science, Contemplation, and another which I have lost among the many. The two which I recollect are all over Mrs. Jackson, and I never saw a face and figure



which would do better as a study for such subjects than hers. It will strike you, I am afraid, as if there couldn't be any English artist capable of treating such subjects as these, whom we have never heard of, and who is so comparatively unknown—but it is quite true that I have never seen pictures, by any modern artist, which impressed me as showing equal genius with these, except Turner's, and those are in a wholly different line.

Mr. Watts is a peculiar, eccentric person, always dissatisfied with and destroying what he does, living on nothing, not caring even to sell his pictures, much—and has quite given up sending anything to the exhibitions, because his pictures were not well-hung, and not appreciated. Pray don't tell anyone else that I think I have discovered a genius, although I do not think so, sincerely! I dare say he will never do enough to distinguish himself, as it needs industry and patience as well, and only his gratitude to Mrs. Prinsep, I suppose, prevailed with him to finish this series. He takes, also, the most beautiful likenesses in crayon, and has just finished one of Mr. Vaughan, which is extremely admired. I saw what he could do, in his portrait of Mrs. Dalrymple.

Dear girls, nobody since I left home has treated me as these people did, so lovingly, so frankly,—neither looking at me formally, because I was a stranger, nor curiously, because I was an American, but heartfully, and sympathetically, and I had

never seen any of them before except Mrs. Prinsep, and her, only twice—I really owe it to Mr. Vaughan, who as a very old friend of theirs, must have spoken a good word for his friend's wife—but nobody could have expected them to do what they did, and I only wish I lived next door to them all ! as I know you will.

. . . Dressed for Mr. Milnes' dinner, where we met Lady Galway, Monckton Milnes' sister, Cobden, Tennyson, and a Mr. and Mrs. Forster, he an M.P. Milnes is famous for getting people together, who don't generally go together, and Macaulay seriously objects to having anything to do with his parties, on that account. Mr. Cobden took me down, (Milnes had, of course, to take Lady Galway, as highest in rank) and I sat between him and Milnes. Mr. Cobden\* has a good head, a horrible nose, and an expression of profound self-complacency, and is very like his portraits, protrudes his peculiar views considerably into general conversation where they are not wanted, and when he found that I was not going to abuse the established church or be rabidly American, he rather dropped me, in disappointment.

Milnes,† himself, is rather stout, and rather reddish in the face, and with a mouth that looks as if he had lost his upper teeth—jolly, rather, not the least sentimental, intensely good-natured,

\* Richard Cobden, M.P., the great Free Trader (1804–65).

† Richard Monckton Milnes (1809–1885), poet and critic ; received a peerage in 1863, becoming 1st Baron Houghton. Carlyle playfully recommended him for the post of "Perpetual President of the Heaven-and-Hell Amalgamated Society."

and with a great deal of tact in saying the right thing at the right time, and managing his dinner well. Mrs. M. has excellent, thoroughly-trained manners, and keeps up that admirable, neutral-tinted conversation, which does with everyone, and offends none—and with her husband's fashion of inviting all sorts of people, if he didn't want a clever woman, and he probably thought he could do that himself, he could not have chosen better, I should say.

Lady Galway is a decidedly handsome, and decidedly clever woman ; taller than her brother, I should think.

Tennyson has a fine forehead, and calm, good eyes—and a face of great sensibility ; but he keeps himself rather shaggy, and his complexion has rather the look of the inveterate smoker, which he is. He was quite at the opposite end of the table from me—I had not a word with him, and hardly heard him speak, except to abuse a cup of green tea after dinner, for being so strong.

Mr.\* and Mrs. Forster came in, after we had been ten minutes at table, and we had waited half an hour for them before—she, in a high-necked, ordinary dress, and both shoved themselves into their chairs, without a syllable of explanation or apology—he is of the Manchester School, a complete Radical, and a more unpleasant, sneering face, or a more thorough want of good-breeding, from beginning to end, coupled with a more offensive self-conceit, I never came in contact with in my life—or to speak truly, I never met

\* William Edward Forster (1818–1816), M.P., distinguished politician.

anything at all equal to it. He is a master-manufacturer, and is considered to have shown capacity in his arrangements for his work-people, etc., all which has only made him conceited: his wife was an intolerable, topping little thing, just as conceited as himself, full of Kossuth-principles, and new-lights of all kinds, and determined to inflict an expression of her opinions upon you. Mr. Forster talked on various subjects, sneered at Macaulay, abused Carlyle, laughed at Mrs. Stowe, abused the Indian Government, and, knowing that I was an American, talked across me, in such an insolent manner of America and everything American, of the South, and of Cuba, etc., that I finally could stand it no longer. What finally roused me was his saying (on Milnes' repeating Kitty Lawrence's \* promise to annex them, by way of stopping all this with a laugh) "By Jove, I don't know but they will—I think every man under thirty had better begin to learn Yankee, by way of preparation." I told him "I thought he would find himself understood—if he didn't speak Yorkshire"—and, to my great delight, afterwards discovered that he was Member for the West Riding, so that I hit him rather harder than I intended. Lady Galway, who had been listening to him with great disgust, came to my assistance then, and afterwards, when the ladies were alone, and Mrs. Milnes was occupying Mrs. Forster, stooped over to me, and said, "I was so glad you gave Mr. Forster a rap over the knuckles—I never saw such ill-manners"; and she and I rather fraternized. It was the first

\* Daughter of the American Minister.



piece of impudence I have met with, though from clever people I have often had jokes, and from stupid ones a dull, boring curiosity. Both these one must learn not to mind, as it won't do to carry any sense of your own personality about with you in London society, but the other, I never will put up with. I never *proner* the subject, on the contrary, I studiously avoid it, but I intend to be decently treated. Edward, who was talking to Tennyson and Mrs. Milnes, heard not a word of all this, but after the ladies had left, received the same impression of Forster that I did, and his last move was of a piece with the rest. The conversation turned on the French and Austrian armies, and he and Edward differed about their comparative strength. Edward had the attention of the rest, and was giving his reasons, and Mr. F., as he had nothing to say, broke in, by getting up to go away, before he had finished his sentence. I can understand after seeing him, what people meant by their extreme dislike to the Manchester School of politicians—I have heard Lord Leigh say that he “couldn't endure them, they weren't gentlemen,” and that feeling is a common one enough.

*Friday, July 1st, 1853.*

. . . At breakfast at Mr. Grote's I sat between him and Mr. Cornwall Lewis,\* the present Editor of the “Edinburgh Review”—Layard † was there, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Senior, and it was an extremely pleasant party. The Turkish difficulty

\* Afterwards Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Bart.

† Sir Austin Henry Layard (1817–94), archæologist, politician and diplomatist, author of “Nineveh and its Remains.”

brought Layard out finely, and he talks as freshly and entertainingly as he writes. We lunched with Lady East, and Mr. Vaughan dined with us—he stayed till twelve o'clock, so that we had five hours of solid conversation, and then Edward and he were obliged to have a little walk afterwards!

Wednesday morning came your letters, which brought me such terrible news, as stunned me with grief.\*

Mrs. Jackson came in and found me with the tears all over my face, but she is a person who has sounded all the depths of things, and I made Edward explain it to her, and did not care. . . .

The dinner at Lord Lansdowne's was elegant and beautiful, and he took me in to dinner, which was a compliment which astonished me. He is the very model of a kind, courteous, old man. Lady Ashburton's † ball was magnificent, and I saw, under Mrs. Carlyle's tuition, many notorieties, Mrs. Norton, ‡ who is superbly beautiful and fascinating; Mrs. Sidney Herbert, § a very famous beauty; Lady Canning || and her sister, two more; the Duchess of Argyll, ¶ very small, delicate and pretty, but not attractive. Lady Ashburton herself is 50 or over, a tall, large woman, with a sensible, forcible expression. Of course, in such a

\* Death of Mrs. Henry J. Bigelow (Sue Sturgis) of Boston.

† Lady Ashburton was Carlyle's "Gloriana."

‡ Hon. Mrs. Norton, granddaughter of Sheridan; prototype of "Diana of the Crossways," author of numerous novels.

§ Sidney Herbert, younger son of the Earl of Pembroke, married daughter of General à Court.

|| See "Two Noble Lives," by Augustus Hare.

¶ Mother of the Marquess of Lorne who married Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria.

ball, I had no words with her. She is not at all handsome.

Mrs. Carlyle was with me the whole evening, and extremely kind to me—she is a real friend and I am very sorry she has gone out of town, today, so that I shall not see her again. The Duchess of Cambridge\* and her two daughters were there also, and the dresses and jewels superb ; it was much more showy than the Drawing-room, and I never saw anything at all like it for splendid arrangements. But it was all night-marish to me that I was there. It was three o'clock before I was in bed and you may imagine I was glad to get there.

Yesterday to the House, with Mrs. Adderley and Georgy and heard Disraeli make a clap-trap speech, and Sir Charles Wood a dull one. The House was very beautiful, but I was too weary to enjoy it, and got home, again, very late, and Edward, who stayed till the end of the debate, and heard Lord John Russell, much later ; it was after three when he left the House. It was a very full house and the division gave ministers a great majority.

\* Aunt of Queen Victoria.

## CHAPTER VII

### LONDON AND COUNTRY HOUSES

*Thursday afternoon, July 7th, 1853. LONDON.*

. . . Saturday we sent Violet and the baggage by train and ourselves drove quietly to Addiscombe—Lord Ashburton's\*—through a very pretty country, and I found the drive very refreshing. It might have been about 5 o'clock when we arrived—Lady Ashburton was in the garden, but came in with a great poke-bonnet on, and an old grey shawl, looking as if she had defied London with a vengeance. She sat down and talked for a few minutes, and then we went out with her and walked about for an hour, talking, until I was quite tired, and very thankfully went upstairs to dress for dinner. When I came down, I found Mr. Spedding,† Mr. Venables,‡ and Mr. Pooley Byng—more usually called Poodle Byng, a man who goes everywhere, knows everybody and hears everything, and has all his life, being

\* William Bingham, Lord Ashburton, son of the diplomatist, head of the house of Barings, who negotiated the treaty with England on the North-West boundary—a cultivated, accomplished gentleman of great fortune, with a very clever wife.

† Spedding, James (1808–81), editor of *Bacon's Life*. Wrote many admirable historical papers, *Evenings with a Reviewer*, etc., in which with quiet humour, Macaulay's *Essay on Bacon* is torn to shreds.

‡ R. S. Venables, who broke Thackeray's nose in a fight, when they were boys at the Charter House, but they remained friends for life.



now hard upon 70,—excellent manners and altogether an ideal specimen of that well-known individual, “The man about town.” His chief use there seemed to me to be butt to Lady Ashburton, who played off all her witticisms upon him. Mr. Venables is one of the cleverest men I have met, very decided and independent in his opinions, very neat and sharp in his remarks, and always with a grave, solemn manner which renders his jokes doubly effective. Mr. Spedding was in America twelve years ago with Lord Ashburton’s father, and bores me terribly with his observations upon it, which I rather think were never very sound, and are certainly now very antiquated. He is always engaged on a Life of Lord Bacon, and is an amiable, clever and cultivated person to whom I have no objection except when he gets on to American subjects, where I find him intolerable with his air of authoritative information and his ill-concealed sneers. We dined at 8 and talked till half past eleven.

The next morning breakfast at 10, Edward, Lord Ashburton and myself to church, then luncheon and then the whole party except her Ladyship took a walk in the beautiful grounds of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which are just opposite, after which I had a short drive with Lord Ashburton. When I came home I went upstairs and Lady A. sat downstairs and talked with all the gentlemen. A Mr. Brookfield \* came down to

\* Rev. Charles Brookfield, a clever London clergyman and intimate friend of Thackeray, who wrote of Mrs. Brookfield the verses beginning

“My Lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast.”

dinner and the evening again was a long talk. The next morning Mr. Byng and Mr. Venables went away before breakfast, Mr. Spedding and Mr. Brookfield immediately after, and we, having ordered our vehicle at 11, were by a mistake kept waiting for an hour; however we sat under a verandah and talked with Lord and Lady Ashburton and it was very pleasant. So much for the facts. Lord Ashburton I liked particularly, liked all his manners to everyone, and thought him a thorough gentleman. He is tall, dark and thin. Lady Ashburton is tall, stout and plain, with an agreeable voice and an enunciation which makes it agreeable to listen to her, she is completely *la femme du grande monde*, accomplished in all arts of attack and defence, a woman whose life is in society, and with whom conversation is an art and an occupation. She is a grand reader, a thoroughly educated and travelled and cultivated person, and with her fortune, position and talents, commands whatever she wishes in the way of society. She knows all the most distinguished people in England, in all lines, and ranks certainly with the very cleverest women I have ever known as to natural capacity. She likes to talk to five or six gentlemen at once, and for an endless length of time; in fact, if they are entertaining people, I should think she was never tired of it. She seems very fond of her husband—tho' not in the least a demonstrative person—and he evidently enjoys her jokes amazingly. I think she likes Edward particularly, and he likes talking with her and likes the society which she prefers.

Milnes — Lord      Houghton — met      Edward

yesterday and told him Lady Ashburton "was in love with his wife"—which is more than his wife is with her! It seems to me I have known characters of a much higher stamp, and no such artificial thing as Lady Ashburton ever delights me. I suppose Milnes' sentence, being translated into common-sense, means that she did not dislike me, and I am very glad to hear it, as I should have been particularly sorry to have been the means of interrupting the kindly acquaintance between her and Edward. She was very polite to me without being painstakingly so, if you understand, but a person who couldn't do an ill-bred thing, any more than she could mis-spell. Moreover she has exquisite good taste and nothing can be prettier than the manner in which she has arranged her house. There is not an ugly thing in it, and all the colours and materials and style of decoration bespeak the taste of the mistress and the fortune of 40,000 pounds a year, and this not joined with formality and insipidity, but with talent and cultivation. But goodness, as I said to Edward there, "How much rather I would talk half an hour to Mrs. Jackson (Mrs. Prinsep's sister) than two hours to Lady Ashburton." "Oh yes," he said, "because she has so much more heart." That is one thing wanting in this elaborate composition, a heart is so very unfashionable and all feeling a thing so utterly out of the question. . . . Now you know, my dear sisters, that we "always have a great deal to feel," and I am not yet trained enough not to stifle and starve in such an atmosphere, quite exhausted of the air I can breathe. And the whole spirit of Christianity

seems to me foreign and unknown in it—I did think it was such a miserable fashion of spending all Sunday in chattering—and the way those men talked about going to church—Lord Ashburton won my heart equally by the manner in which he ignored some of their remarks and answered others. . . . I consider myself slightly fortunate that neither Mrs. Carlyle nor Lady Ashburton should have taken an aversion to me—and Mrs. Carlyle I am really fond of, she has a heart and is not fashionable.

We reached home Monday, lunched and drove out to Hampstead to see Mrs. Jackson, who was perfectly delightful, tall and elegant and handsome, and frank and loving and very fond of some persons, and equally averse to others, and altogether refreshing and making me feel as if I had got home. She loaded me with flowers and branches of ivy and laurel, which are still making Jermyn St. beautiful, and told me to come any day at any hour and she would always be glad to see me, in short, carried out the beautiful benevolence of the family towards me.

Tuesday began with a French lesson, I made some visits and dined with a large party. . . . (She (the hostess) likes having dinners two days in succession because some of the articles serve for both days, which makes it a saving!) I went down with Mr. Adderley, who was rather pleasant, and met a Mrs. Holland, who is a cousin of Mr. Mackintosh's.\* She told me Mrs. Mackintosh

\* Son of Sir James Mackintosh, Scottish philosopher and politician. He married Mary Appleton, sister to Mrs. Longfellow, and was Governor of one of the West Indian Islands.



was in London and I called upon her yesterday, but did not see her. Mr. M. has resigned his Governorship in a fit of pride and ill-temper, and the government has accepted his resignation. . . .

Wednesday we went to Chobham, to see the Camp, of which "Punch" and the papers have told you enough. An army of 10,000 is not a large one, but it gives one some ideas of what an encampment and an army actually is, and what it must be to move it, which are worth having. . . . I returned about 5.30 with a face burnt to the colour of a cherry and had the pleasure of dining at Mr. Senior's at eight, with an immense party, most of them strangers to me and old acquaintance of Edward's, who must have been charmed at his taste in a wife! Was it not odd that I went in to dinner with the very Mons. Remusat whom I met there a year ago and sat by, so dumb? I was quite rejoiced to be able now to speak French very easily—so that he even paid me a Frenchman's compliment. He married a granddaughter of Lafayette and professed himself "*moitié Américain*." I found on coming home from Chobham a note from Mrs. Prinsep asking us to dinner, and Lady Somers' cards, with Earl Somers'.

LONDON. July 14th, 1853.

Friday, to call on Lady Ashburton, Lady Somers, and Mrs. Senior. . . . Sunday, a morning at home and in the afternoon to the Abbey where I heard a sermon of exactly one hour from Christopher Wordsworth,\* a nephew of the poet

\* Afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.

and brother of Edward's friend—a Puseyite just saved from Rome. He is a person of uncommon abilities and the sermon was much the ablest I have heard in England, delivered with energy and expression. I thought the arguments null and void and it was too doctrinal to do any practical good, but it was better than the dull droning which forms the staple of the spiritual food administered in the Established Church ! . . .

Dined at Little Holland House, where again I had a perfectly delightful time. Mrs. Prinsep was beaming and beautiful and Mrs. Jackson delightful, and both of them so good to me that if I could have kissed the hems of their garments, I should have been glad. But they have an idea that as there is no one whom they love or admire more than Mr. Vaughan, and as his best beloved friend is Edward, Edward's wife must be somebody their equal, and will put me in a position of equality, which is uncomfortable to me. Mrs. Prinsep is a fine looking woman, and Mrs. Jackson is one of the most superior women I have seen. A person who comprehends all heights and depths, tender hearted and womanly, about twice as tall as I am and an elegant looking person, without looking or dressing as if she were rich.

I sat between Mr. Prinsep and Mr. Watts, at dinner, and though rather frightened with Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Taylor opposite me, and a great way off from Edward or either of the dear ladies, and obliged to talk immensely, plucked up all my courage and did pretty well. Mr. Prinsep is a great six footer, not fat, with a fair complexion,

grey hair, and a good broad forehead and a generally sunny expression. He is a generous, affectionate person who appreciates his wife, and likes to have her do just as she pleases and to have everybody at their ease and at home in his house. He is an East-India director, and would be very rich if he had not spent a great deal of money in a series of contested elections. As it is, they have this great house, and live in free and comfortable style. The dinner was very nice and wonderful with calves-head and lobster curries and odd sort of dishes, all first-rate. Lord and Lady Somers and Mr. Layard were expected, but missed the train and did not come, which made the table seem rather long—so Mrs. Prinsep had us all upstairs to dessert, in the room where all those frescoes of Mr. Watts' are, which I described to you, to a smaller table, just the right size, and changed everybody's place, to make it cheerfuller still. Then besides this, and opening out of it, are two other parlours, where we spent the evening.

When we left the gentlemen, there were only the two sisters and myself, so Mrs. Prinsep showed me all over her house, not for show's sake, but out of friendliness, that I might see her room and where Mrs. Jackson was when she lived with her, etc. We wound up in Mr. Watts' studio, where we stayed until the gentlemen remonstrated in a body. Then Mrs. Prinsep was busy with other people and Mrs. Jackson sat down and told me to tell her about my sisters and I began and told her as I have not seen the other person in England I could have told, and she understood everything I said and you may judge if I enjoyed it. At the

end of the evening we had some excellent music and I talked with Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Watts, while Edward pitched into East Indian politics with Mr. Prinsep, and Mrs. Jackson cloaked and shawled me, and her daughter brought me a splendid bouquet of flowers and altogether there were no bounds at all to their goodness or my gratitude. Will you please to write me whether you have any kind of an idea of them, and whether you, Bunny, don't want to see Mrs. Jackson as much as she says she wants to see you ?

The following description of Little Holland House, from A. M. W. Stirling's "A Painter of Dreams: the Life of Roddam Spencer Stanhope," gives a vivid picture of the establishment:—

"Stanhope writes with boyish enthusiasm about Little Holland House, where Watts had established a joint ménage with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep: 'On Thursday evening I went with a huge party of Pattles to see a Diorama of Calcutta: Lord and Lady Eastnor, Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep, Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. Jackson with a daughter, and Watts and myself completed the party. We had very good fun, the chief amusement of the ladies being to bully poor Watts, who was in a very High Art mood at the time. We ended up with tea at the Eastnors. She is certainly A1 for beauty.' These ladies were the daughters of James Pattle, Esquire, of the Bengal Civil Service. Virginia, Lady Eastnor, who was singularly beautiful, married Oct., 1850, Charles Somers, Viscount Eastnor, who succeeded his father as third Earl Somers in 1852, died in 1883. To realize, however, the complete change which his new surroundings effected in Stanhope's life,



it is necessary to contrast the social conditions which prevailed among his new acquaintances, with those which then found favour elsewhere. Mr. Thoby Prinsep, then a member of council at India House, had previously lived for about 35 years in India and there his wife, witty, fascinating and popular, had been in the habit of entertaining upon an extensive scale. On acquiring the lease of Little Holland House, some time after her return to England, she introduced into her new home a cosmopolitan and liberal spirit to which people of that date were little accustomed. . . . In the delightful garden of Little Holland House, amid surroundings planned to enhance its natural attractiveness, she received her guests on Sunday afternoons and something of the atmosphere which once animated Holland House in the days of its preeminence, revived in its beautiful Dower House, tho' none of the narrowness of that by-gone day. At a time when it cannot be gainsayed genius was tolerated as an eccentricity, when an artist and a gentleman were terms held to be antipodean, men met there on a footing which had the attraction of novelty. Statesmen, men of letters, painters, poets, strivers who had not yet blossomed into achievement, these found themselves in a society where each was received on his individual merit and intellect was the only rank. A breezy Bohemianism prevailed. That time of dread, the conventional Sunday of the early Victorian era, was exchanged for the wit of cynics, the dreams of the inspired, the thoughts of the profoundest thinkers of the age. Throughout the sunny summer afternoons, under the shade of the fine old trees were placed big sofas and seats, picturesque in their gay coverings and the desultory talk around the tea table was varied by games of bowls and croquet on the lawn beyond.

But by and by, as the light faded and all who were mere visitors departed, those who belonged to the more intimate coterie of friends remained on to an impromptu dinner-party. The seats were carried indoors, the lights within gleamed in rosy cheerfulness, and conversation flowed into fresh and delightful channels. 'They talked,' we are told, 'of things that belonged to no date, their subjects would have interested men of any age.' For while those without that charmed circle spoke sneeringly of 'Mrs. Prinsep's tea gardens,' of the parties where she and her husband, 'her dog Toby' as he was facetiously called—entertained a medley of cranks, among the habitués of Little Holland House were Carlyle, with his rugged genius, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Browning and a score of others whose names now enrich the sun of England's greatness. . . . The young painters collected there were to form that celebrated pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, with Watts. Stanhope writes, 'I have to go to Little Holland House every day, lunch and paint with Watts. One of the great secrets that make Little Holland House so charming is that there are no books there, and everybody has to talk or make an effort to do so, and that is why those great literary swells go there.' "

*Friday morning.* LONDON.

Tuesday, my French lesson first. . . . After luncheon, to the National Gallery, where I saw the two pictures which Turner bequeathed to the nation on condition that they should be hung between two Claudes—a curious condition . . .—but when I saw them I thought Turner had died and won, and that the next ages would not wonder at it. . . .

From Lady Overstone's we got back at 12.30, as it was "a small, early party!" It is a splendid house and very pleasant people. . . .

We go on Thursday to Adlestrop for a visit, and after ten days there to Hereford, to see Saye and Sele. Fiennes\* has gone to Germany, whither we follow before long.

LONDON. July 20th, 1853.

Friday morning Mrs. Jackson came, bringing me another splendid dish of flowers and such a superb white Magnolia, which made the room fragrant and was the admiration of all our visitors for three days. . . . She is the intensest person in her manners that I ever saw, just because she is so affectionate and sympathetic, and she is also more than virtually clever, and very fine looking, with a splendid figure. She brought Edward a photograph from a crayon head of Mr. Vaughan, which Mr. Watts has lately completed; it was very successfully taken, and is such an admirable portrait of Mr. Vaughan that I keep wanting to send it over to you. Some day soon I will bring it. Mrs. Jackson seems more like a friend to me than an acquaintance, tho' I have seen her but five times, but I am convinced there are not just such friendships made between two married ladies, as where one or both parties are free. When she was gone, we paid visits to Lady Clarendon and Lady Overstone, that is, left our cards upon them, for one rarely sees anyone in London.

Yesterday we drove to Greenwich to dinner where I ate white-bait. I don't know but you

\* Lord Saye and Sele's eldest son and heir.

will wonder at these private expeditions of ours to Greenwich, etc., but the truth is that London hotel dinners are so high in their prices, that as we had a brougham, for the time we were in London, it was as much cheaper as pleasanter to dine away from Jermyn St.

The very cheapest manner of passing a day there, without extras of any kind, costs something over five pounds; an enormous sum in contrast with the prices abroad. I had never been to Greenwich before and was quite struck with the view; all ships for the port of London pass there, and the number we saw gave me an idea of its commerce. Did you see, in one of the last "Punches," the young gentleman and the influence of white-bait? because we were on that very balcony. Sunday . . . we dined at Milnes'—Lord Houghton's—again. I went down with Sir James Graham and met Lady Ashburton (who is as impertinent to Milnes as it is possible to imagine) and Mrs. Proctor,\* Ned's friend, who were the only ladies beside myself. I understand from Mrs. Proctor that Charles Norton has been publishing a work—what is it? He has sent it to her and to Mrs. Sturgis. . . .

We dined at Lady Ashburton's, with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, Lady Canning, Lord Granville, Mr. Venables, the Bishop of Oxford (Soapy Sam), Mr. Lyon Playfair,† etc. The two ladies

\* Mother of Adelaide Anne Proctor.

† Playfair, Dr. Lyon, 1818–1898, scientist and statesman, Professor of chemistry, 1843–48. Sat in Parliament as a Liberal, Postmaster-General, Privy Councillor, in 1892 made Baron Playfair; married Miss Russell of Boston for his second wife.



are London beauties, and Lady Canning is about the handsomest person I ever saw. She is very dark, with splendid eyes and rich black hair and the most classic outline of head and face. She was exquisitely dressed in a double skirted white silk, the upper one looped up with cords and tassels and trimmed with white silk fringe about eight inches deep, a wreath of deep crimson velvet leaves, with bouquet *de corsage* to match, and three rows of large pearls round her neck. This, and a pair of pearl and emerald bracelets, her only ornaments. She has a beautiful figure, and it made the chief enjoyment of my dinner to look at her. I went down with Mr. Sidney Herbert, who is now in the Cabinet and will be Earl of Pembroke. He is a tall, handsome, ready person, but he and his wife rather provoked me with their intense self-satisfaction. "We are both cultivated, handsome and aristocratic, we are also perfectly moral, we attend the services of the Established Church twice on a Sunday, we are also charitable, and have had much to do with promoting emigration to Australia, we are really very much above you in rank, but we are not proud of it, etc." all that is transparently evident on their faces and manners and I thought it would have been pleasanter if they had just said so and had it acknowledged, and then gone on to something else.

A round of family visits ended at Hereford, where Lord Saye and Sele was in residence as canon.

HEREFORD. August 5th, 1853.

*Friday morning.*

. . . Georgy is the person I love in the family, and we stayed a day or two longer than we meant to have done, to please her. Saturday we dined at Barton, eight miles off, with Mrs. Frederick Colville, and some of her country neighbours, which was rather stupid. Monday we left Adlestrop at half past nine and Augusta and Georgy accompanied us as far as Worcester. From Worcester, we took the coach to Hereford, the road taking us right over the Malvern Hills, up into that refreshing air, and thro' that beautiful scenery. We drove very rapidly over the Malvern Hills and I found it very enjoyable. Arriving at Hereford a little after three, and finding Saye and Sele was at the Cathedral, we went there. This Cathedral is at present undergoing great repairs, and tho' not one of the first class Cathedrals, it is still a beautiful and venerable building. This house is one very suitable to the Canon Residentiary of a Cathedral town—the oldest house in Hereford, with low wainscotted rooms, a little grass-plotted garden, as quiet as if there were no such thing as noise. Its master \* is the very kindest of men, and a very genuine person, perfectly free from affectation or pretension, always ready to be pleased and never speaking an ill word of anyone. He is not in the least a deep person, and very seldom gets hold of the point of any argument or conversation, and is rather deficient in the faculty of expressing himself, but he is a kindly, liberal, and unostentatious man, whom it is impossible not to like, and

\* Lord Saye and Sele.

don't I give thanks that Providence didn't permit Charles to be the peer of the family ! I am afraid the same house would never have held us !

Tuesday morning, early, Saye and Sele was obliged to go to London, to vote on the Hereford and Worcester Railroad-Bill . . . and we went to see Tintern Abbey . . . the most beautiful of the three ruined Abbeys I have seen. The Wye, you know, is the river which Tennyson mentions so exquisitely in "In Memoriam" . . . so that I felt on classic ground with that and Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey localized round us. . . . Please to give me more information about the Nortons,\* and don't keep on making allusions to a great many facts your readers are not up to, which Edward would tell you "was the great fault of Gibbon's historical style !" I wonder, Bunny, that you are not ashamed not to write any better than Gibbon ! . . .

August 10, 1853.

. . . After writing to you, I painted a little and we dined at Archdeacon Lane Frere's, a jolly clergyman with a good private fortune, such as keep up this decent establishment—the Church of England,—a clergyman full of most unclerical jokes, and with an immense taste for collecting old china and furniture with which he has arranged his house most tastefully. We met Lady Theresa Lewis and her husband and had a pleasant enough dinner. . . .

\* Cousins of Mrs. Twisleton's, who lived at Shady Hill, Cambridge.

Cecil and Wingfield Fiennes \* arrived at Hereford. I have never seen them before, but liked them both particularly. They are both very modest and well-mannered and pleasant, great cricketers, which in England is a separate field of distinction by itself. These boys go all over England, playing matches in the different counties, some of which are all arranged for a year beforehand. They had just come down from some great matches near London, and went off Sunday evening to be in time for one in Warwickshire on Monday morning. They brought down a book with them which is published yearly, giving an account of all the principal cricketers, and the best matches of the year. What I discovered about Eddy Leigh is a specimen of the style—"Hon. E. C. Leigh. His long-stopping is much admired, and he is sometimes useful as a change bowler," etc., etc.,—for all the others. Both these as well as Eddy Leigh are intended for the church—the living that Mr. Cholmondeley had is in keeping for Cecil, Eddy would have the Stoneleigh living from his brother, and some similar arrangement be made for Wingy. But you see they accept the vocation without the slightest taste for it or tendency towards it, it is "a living" that they go for, nothing more. They are all amiable and well-behaved, believing all the 39 articles without ever thinking what they mean, I suppose. . . .

In the morning early I had your letter, darling Bunny, which exhilarated me so much and made

\* Sons of Lord Saye and Sele.



me so uncommonly cheerful and agreeable, that Saye and Sele seized Edward and confidentially called me "a little creature that Venus herself might love!" which announcement Edward greeted with a roar of laughter which nearly alarmed me, upstairs, and which he insists absolutely upon my repeating!!

HARPTON-KINGTON. August 10th, 1853.

We are today, at Sir Frankland Lewis's in the midst of a family party, Mr. George Cornewall and Lady Theresa Lewis, Mr. Gilbert Lewis, a clergyman and his wife, and the two Miss Listers, Lady Theresa's daughters. This place is in Wales, in Radnorshire, and you get among the hills as soon as you cross the border. It is a regular English country-house, approached by a fine avenue of lime trees, with a good deal of park-ground about it, and a beautiful flower-garden, just under the windows. Inside, the principal room is a large library, filled with low bookcases and comfortable furniture, and with a very large window opening to the ground at one end, with the flower garden a perpetual bouquet before it. Then a small room behind this, where the piano is, and a large breakfast room at one side of it, out of which opens the study or sitting room of the master of the house. And upstairs any number of chambers and dressing-rooms, with immense four-posters and immense wardrobes and immense washstands and the invariable toilette and writing tables with chintz curtains to the bed and windows, and a small sofa covered with the same. This was my room at Adlestrop, and at Hams, and here, one

just like the other, and all the perfection of comfort.

The family here are very intelligent, clever people, very pleasant to be with, and not so fashionable as to think books and pictures humbugs, and having sympathy with each other, which makes it pleasant to be among them. Sir Frankland Lewis is over 80 years old, but a very hale, strong old man, tall and neat. His wife is a second incumbent, and not at all the mother of any of the family, but apparently a person who does very well in what I should think was a horrible position, moderately intelligent and very well intentioned. The sons are both quite above the average for pleasant conversation and Lady Theresa really is a very agreeable woman who makes me easily understand that one gentleman quite died for love of her, and a great many others nearly did, twenty years ago. She is very animated and bright, and must have been extremely pretty. She has grown old gracefully, too, and taken the position of chaperone to her daughter remarkably well, for a flattered, admired woman of the world, which she is. Miss Lister,\* her daughter, is a slender, pale girl, whom her mother dresses with consummate skill, but who does not do justice to her clever father and mother, so far as I can see. . . .

\* The eldest Miss Lister soon after married Sir William Vernon Harcourt. She died in a few years, leaving a son known as Lulu, who was his father's right-hand man through all his later strenuous political life and became Lord Harcourt. Sir William married as his second wife, Lily, eldest daughter of J. L. Motley, the historian.

LONDON. August 15th, '53.

We both of us enjoyed very much our visit to the Lewis's—and Lady Theresa assured me at parting that she was going to write immediately to Aunt Anna! \* They were very kind and they are all very cultivated and agreeable. . . . We are off in an hour for Dover. These have been two intensely busy days. Mrs. Jackson sent me another splendid dish of flowers, which has been the only poetical fact about them. There were no ivy leaves small enough, so I send you three of the beautiful English laurel leaves like the “Rydalian laurels” which Wordsworth writes a sonnet to. Mr. Vaughan dined with us last evening and himself and Mrs. Colville are the only human beings I have seen. Not true, though, for Tuesday evening we spent with the Carlyles—who were rather dreary.

\* Mrs. Ticknor, aunt to Mrs. Twisleton.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FOREIGN TOUR

THEY left London August 15, for a tour on the Continent, through Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, over the Semmering Pass to Venice and through Lombardy to Turin, and then into Spain via Barcelona for a winter's sojourn from January 25 to May 25, 1854, when they returned to Paris, for a short visit and to London for the season.

*Monday, Aug. 22nd, 1853. MALINES.*

. . . At Brussels, the marriage of the Duke of Brabant has crowded the town with strangers. The match is one which pleases the nation, extremely, and the fêtes in its honor have been brilliant and enthusiastic. It is a good stroke of policy on the part of King Leopold \* to secure the assistance and good-will of Austria for Belgium, and the chief objection seems to be that the bride is 18 today, and the bridegroom only 5 months older. . . . The illumination was universal, and one of the prettiest sights I ever saw, the streets crowded with cheerful, pleased faces, every window, almost, hung with colored lights, and the balconies decked with flags, the Belgian tri-color and the Austrian, and the usual ciphers and

\* Uncle to Queen Victoria.



mottoes, and when we reached the Station there was a great illuminated locomotive perched up on the roof! . . . We saw the procession delightfully, first came the young Duke and Duchess, he in uniform, with one of those great bear-skin caps on and she in a white cachemire shawl and pink bonnet with feathers, in an open barouche and six horses. He waved his hand, as the crowd cheered them and she freely distributed little nods. . . . She is moderately pretty, but looked excessively pale, as she well may, having been through two marriage ceremonies yesterday among entire strangers, to a husband she cannot possibly know much about, and left her mother behind her. . . .

BONN. *Sunday, August 28th, 1853.*  
Star Hotel.

. . . This is the hotel at which Lord Leigh \* died in September, 1850, and the place is crowded with associations to Edward, and sad ones, too, for he was fonder of Lord Leigh than of any of his relations.

. . . At Cologne, as we passed the Cathedral, the first glance at the magnificent unfinished tower was worth much. The grass is growing on the top of it and it has not yet reached half its destined height, to say nothing of the spire which is to be added to that, while the other tower has been hardly more than begun; but the size of this single one is so enormous that you have a sense of superfluity rather than of deficiency as you stand

\* Lord Leigh was own cousin to Mr. Twisleton, and dying left him guardian of his younger children.

before it and recognize it willingly for the whole front of the great Cathedral.

*Monday morning, Sept. 5th, 1853. WEIMAR.*

Germany is a much pleasanter country to travel in than Italy as far as the condition and character of the people are concerned. They do not seem unhappy or oppressed, the country looks well-cultivated and flourishing, and the houses generally are scrupulously clean. The men are sure to be ugly and apt to be dirty, but almost always intelligent and friendly, and the rich, expressive language is a constant pleasure to my ears. It is as republican a country, as to the manners of the people generally, as I ever was in—they are perfectly free in their tone to you without rudeness and without a touch of servility—very different from England and refreshing to me after it, because so much more like home and so much more according to the fitness and truth of things, in my humble opinion. And it is a proof to me that education has more to do with producing this than the mere form of government, which is, after all, of secondary importance, provided it does not raise one class by the depression of another, and put forward the distinctions of wealth and rank until the common ties which bind all conditions together, and make all one, are more than half hidden and forgotten. I do think this is, to a pitiful degree, the case in England and I don't know whether it is most unchristian or most unphilosophical. The manner in which the rich regard the poor, there, so far as I have seen it, is constantly painful—nobody but Mrs. Arthur

Mills have I heard speak of them as if they were fellow-creatures among rich and fashionable ladies, and so long as the major part of people in the place of Mr. Cholmondeley and Caroline Leigh think that it is better for poor people not to be taught much beyond how to read the Bible, which they say quite openly and while they read and teach the Bible mostly for the sake of extracting dogmatic creeds from it, the man that follows the plow has not much chance to raise himself above the oxen that draw it—and the differences are marked enough. England is a luxurious country for the rich, the educated (or the truly Episcopal) to live in—but I am afraid a hard one for the poor. Now I am afraid to read that tirade over, but it came out without my intending it. . . .

*Sunday, DRESDEN. Sept. 11, 1853.*

I don't mean to disparage Dresden, which is perfectly charming, but am only remembering myself the double and triple charm of Florence. . . . We went at once thro' a suite of rooms to the "Sistine Madonna" where I spent about an hour between that and Correggio's "Notte," with that intense and unmixed pleasure which is almost pain, because it seems to surpass one's enjoying faculties. . . .

. . . The Madonna and Child in Correggio's "Notte," in their own way, are almost as wonderful as Raphael's—not the sovereign intellectual beauty, but a present ecstasy of love or joy, untouched by grief or pain or fear. . . .

. . . To the theatre, where the "Midsummer

Night's Dream" was very well got up, and played with the most delicious accompaniment of Mendelssohn's music that ever one's ears were blest with. The wedding march was enough to make one wish to be married again, in order to come up to the idea of it better—and occasioned Edward to rebuke me severely for not having arranged our wedding in such a manner that it might have been played either before or after! It is such uncommon nonsense in Edward always to say that he does not like music, whereas of good music, he is extremely fond. He doesn't like poor music in evening parties, where the conversation is better, and thinks there is a great deal of show and affectation about it, and so, as usual, stands up so straight that he leans backwards. But by experience I am fairly relieved from the agonizing idea that I have a husband who doesn't like music!

BERLIN. *Sunday, Sept. 18th, 1853.*

. . . I had, for the first time, a good quiet look at Titian's "Tribute-Money," in which the face of Christ is no less than divine. . . . I feel intensely what a genius it was that could create such an image as this, or as that of Leonardo da Vinci's—and also what a gift in life it is to see them, and have one's own ideal so exalted. I never saw any picture, except that at Milan, in presence of which one loses all other ideas so completely as before this—Raphael has given in the "Sistine Madonna" the divinest ideal of a Woman and of a Child—but not even that seems to me so great as this—the ideal of a higher type. . . .



BERLIN. *Sunday aft.*, October 2d, 1853.

. . . After Edward came home we went on with a translation of Herodotus which we have begun (preparatory to Greece), and which I recommend to anyone who wants an entertaining book, and finished "Egmont," which I never read before now and which excited me greatly. I think I never read plays as good as the four of Goethe's which we have just been over, the "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Egmont," and "Götz von Berlichingen"; the style is so original, the delineation of character so vivid, and the interest so sustained: I want very much to read over some of Schiller's best, to compare them. "Philip van Artevelde," the first part of it, might be rated with these, but I am sure I do not know any other in English. . . .

NUREMBERG. Oct. 9th, 1853.

. . . I am rousing to the perception, that, if I were a German, I should be uncommonly proud of my "Vaterland"—I am clear that they are much in advance of any other country now, in Art; they are progressing in it, cultivating it, and have a very warm feeling for it—their music is perfectly delightful, and the taste for it universal, as it were, among the people;—their poetry is a world by itself, and they have first-rate scholars, in so many departments. And altogether, the aspect of the country is a thriving and wholesome one—so different from poor Italy—and the people have an honest, self-respecting look, which is comfortable to see. The present King of Prussia \*

\* Frederick William IV.

is a great lover of Literature and Art, and does a great deal for its encouragement—the university at Berlin is in a most flourishing condition. . . .

We drove to Tegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt's place, about an hour and a half's drive from Berlin, over an unmitigated, most uninteresting sandy plain, with no trees but scrubby pines upon it. These are the amiable characteristics of the country round Berlin, in every direction, for miles and miles, which explains one of Frederick the Great's sayings,—“I never could imagine why the Almighty made sand, tho' I have often thought upon the subject.” The sand round Berlin is so persistently bare and barren, that it might reasonably puzzle a philosopher. . . .

. . . Nuremberg looked particularly pretty as we approached it, its castle on a height, and its walls flanked with towers making it picturesque from a distance. . . . No city we have been in on the continent is so old, so completely Middle-aged, and so free from modern innovations. . . .

*Sunday evening, Oct. 23rd, 1853. MUNICH.*

. . . We shall have about a month for Dresden, Prague and Vienna, before we leave Germany, where we certainly have had a most delightful tour, which I have enjoyed five times as much as I expected to. The cities are full of interest. I like the people, and the literature is as rich as it can be. Here, we have delightful rooms—I wish you could see the sunny, three-windowed parlour in which I am writing, with Titian, Rembrandt, and one of Raphael's Madonnas, all from the Berlin

gallery, pinned up to enrich it, and that minimum of books with which Edward can exist, rather a moderate library, round on the tables. It is like Florence and Rome, quite delightful. . . .

MUNICH. Oct. 29th, 1853, *Saturday*.

. . . We heard today that hostilities have fairly commenced on the Danube between the Turks and Russians, and the long blessing of European peace interrupted. It is a terrible bore to England to have to fight \* for Turkey, and spend men and money for such a cause ; but if it only silences Bright's † and Cobden's nonsense, and rouses the people to equip a capable army and navy, it will do reflexive good enough, to compensate them. But as they would prefer any loss and disgrace, almost, to war, I suppose it is a hopeless vision to silence them. . . .

VIENNA. Nov. 20th, 1853, *Sunday*.

. . . Saturday morning, we went to see a parade of 15,000 troops, both horse and foot, before the Emperor.‡ We had a very good sight of him, on horseback, followed by a very brilliant staff, all beautifully mounted. The Emperor is only 23 years old, has a long face, and is a tall, well-made man, with a particularly good seat on horseback, dressed in the commonest winter-uniform of the soldiers, with a metal cap with a handsome green plume. He has an honest face,

\* The Crimean War.

† John Bright and Richard Cobden were both what is now called "pacifists," and objected in Parliament to any expenditure for army or navy.

‡ Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Died November 21, 1916, after reigning sixty-eight years.

and seems, on the whole, to be popular ; he speaks all the various languages of his dominions, fluently, and altogether he seems an intelligent and a well-intentioned person. I can't help thinking of the Bavarian Princess Elizabeth, only 16 years old, who next spring is to be made Empress of this immense Austria !

*Sunday, Nov. 27th, 1853. VIENNA.*

. . . It is to the praise of steamboats and railroads, is it not, that I, in Vienna, am answering a letter, written in Boston only 20 days ago, and received in 18 days after the date. I wonder if you appreciate as forcibly as I do, what a difference it makes in life to live after the invention of steam, instead of before. I bless the much-abused nineteenth century ! I was reading in one of Euripides' plays, the other day, the farewell of a daughter who was going away to be married, in another part of Greece only, to her mother, which implied in every word, that they were never to meet again, and only to hear by chance—at which I felt a sympathetic horror ! . . .

*VIENNA. Thursday, Dec. 2d, 1853.*

. . . Pesth lies along the flat shore of the Danube on one side, and Buda rises in exact opposition, clambering up and down steep hills, on the other, topped by a fortress—the Danube is here a magnificent river, and the two towns are connected by a fine suspension bridge—lower down the country continues hilly, and there are beautiful islands in the river. From the heights



of Buda, or in crossing the river, they are most picturesque. . . . The characters of the two cities are very different—Pesth with its long quay, and rows of shops is a creation of the last hundred years, in their mercantile and practical spirit. Buda is a remnant of the Middle Ages, and from its strong situation and defences, a characteristic one. . . . Half the way or more to Vienna, we travelled with a Hungarian Count and Countess, elderly, pleasant, intelligent people, with whom we had a good deal of talk about Kossuth \* and Hungarian affairs. . . . This Hungarian lady and gentleman lived in Pesth for 20 years, and went to their own estates in the country as the disturbances came on—their son-in-law was implicated in them, and suffered considerably in his circumstances, in consequence, and they were people of very distinct and strong Hungarian feeling, as distinguished from Austrian. They said most distinctly that they considered Kossuth a man of great talent as an orator, but both ambitious, selfish, and unwise in his management of Hungarian affairs—that if he had kept within the limits of the Constitution, and not aimed against the unity of the Austrian Empire, they could, then, have gained anything they wished or needed, and now they had lost everything. When Edward said that Kossuth spoke always as if he intended to go back, and was only waiting his opportunity,

\* Kossuth, Louis (1802–94), leader of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848–49 against Austria. He established in April, 1849, the Hungarian Republic, but Russia rallied to the aid of the Hapsburgs, the Hungarian army was defeated, and Kossuth fled. Later he visited the United States and was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

“*Gott im Himmel bewähre uns!*” said the lady, with a melancholy emphasis which was touching. It is certain, moreover, that the people generally did not know what they were fighting for—Kossuth and the other leaders on his side used them for their purpose, without explanations—and they thought they were fighting for the last Emperor, against this young one, and that he had not obtained the crown by fair means! During the time that Kossuth had power in Hungary, this lady said there was “*gar keine Freiheit—sondern Tyrannei und Terrorismus*”—and that the very private houses were full of his spies. Of Mr. Pulski also, they spoke in anything but flattering terms. . . .

ADELSBERG, one day from Trieste,  
Dec. 10, 1853.

. . . The road from Vienna to Trieste is the boldest piece of railroad-engineering!—with the help of the rivers, following their valleys where it can, and boring through the hills or bridging the hollows, where it cannot, it fairly crosses the Styrian Alps, no contemptible spur of the great Swiss chain. . . . We had a good carriage and driver, and went merrily over the snowy hills (of the Semmering Pass) with three horses, harnessed abreast. At Murzuschlagen we “took to the rail” and after three hours of the coldest travelling I ever encountered, at the close of which one felt as if one were sitting in a bath of ice-cold water up to one’s neck, reached Gratz. It is quite barbarous that the cars are not warmed at this season, and makes me leave Germany with profound resignation! . . .

*Sunday morning, Dec. 18th, 1853. VENICE.*

. . . We arrived here Wednesday evening, and the first thing was the reception of your letters, with such good news about Mary.\* It is one of the very best mercies that ever happened to us, and I am just as happy and thankful as I can be. . . .

Trieste is one of the busiest, most thriving, and least poetical looking places on the Continent, it has the whole export and import trade of the south of Germany, and has quite eclipsed Venice in this business. The road over which we came from Laibach is the chief avenue over which the goods that enter it are transported inland, and the long trains of heavily-laden carts and wains which we met, constantly and at very short intervals, over its length, gave me a vivid idea of the importance of the port of Trieste to Austria, confirmed by the appearance of the city itself. In particular, we puzzled ourselves with conjecturing what could be contained in the series of enormous casks and hogsheads we met, but finally concluded they must be filled with French and Italian wines, and that all the excellent "St. Julian" we had been drinking at Vienna, arrived there in this way, and I was much amused with watching from my window at Trieste, the vessels which brought them, unlading—the great tubs of purple wine which were poured off from the large hogsheads into smaller casks, and the conscientious assiduity of the supercargoes, in tasting enormous tumblers-full out of each, their faithfulness to

\* The birth of a daughter, to Mrs. Parkman.

this part of their duty must have been most satisfactory to their employers, if they could have seen it, as I did !

We decided to go around by land, in two days, to Venice, rather than try the stormy passage in one, by water. The Bora was blowing tremendously, all the time we were at Trieste, a wind which comes from the northeast, sweeping over the Alps, and is most piercingly cold. . . . I thought we had done with the fine scenery, but suddenly, to our right, over the plain, and the low, rolling hills of the foreground uprose a whole chain of the majestic Alps—we found ourselves in a complete semi-circle of them, they were our constant companions for two days, all the way to Treviso, and nobody can imagine their beauty who has not seen such. . . . The road led through a series of small villages, and the people became thoroughly Italian in appearance and manner, a most striking contrast to the Germans and Slavs we had just quitted. One race is as handsome as the other ugly, and after four months of small, pale blue eyes, the flashing dark ones looked splendid. . . .

*Thursday, Dec. 22d, 1853. VENICE.*

For fear something might prevent me from wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year on Saturday, I think proper to do it, now, on the 22nd ; and I shall wish I were with you 500 times, at least, on each, and dream over what you are doing. . . . Christmas is such a very family-day, that I was quite melancholy without you last year in Florence, and intend to be this year in Venice. . . .



Our hotel is just at the head of the Grand Canal, the Doge's Palace and Piazza of St. Mark to our left, the Dogana del Mare, and the Church of Sta. Maria della Salute just opposite, and the long line of the Lido, on the horizon. We have comfortable rooms, have bought a few lithographs from Titians and Tintoretos here, which with some of our spoils from Vienna, are pinned up on our walls, and we are altogether very much at home, and very finely off—altho' I do choose to be discontented at Christmas, because I can't spend it with you and see the baby! . . .

. . . I must either laugh at Ruskin, and consider Titian and Tintoretto his insane point, or be downright angry with him for saying, in the face of such pictures as this and the "Tribute Money," "there is no religion in any picture of Titian's"—a sentence from his "Stones of Venice," which threw us both into a momentary dumb consternation, the other night. I am firm in the faith that a thing does not go to one heart, unless it came from another, and certainly I have never been so moved to the bottom of mine, by any painter, even remembering Raphael's lovely ideals, as by Titian—and it is just the nobility, power, and refinement in his treatment of sacred subjects, that makes me bow down before his genius. . . .

It is à propos of the Doge, by Titian, kneeling before the Cross upheld by Faith that Ruskin says there is no religion in any of Titian's, adding that "the figure of Faith is copied from one of Titian's least graceful female models, the light falls first upon the steel corselet of the Doge—

the heart of Venice was in her wars, not in her worship"—which for a specimen of sound and able, convincing criticism is rather worthy of observation! We read Ruskin with so much interest, he has so much real feeling for and knowledge of Art besides his love for it, and is such a beautiful observer of Nature, that I began by believing his criticisms on pictures, generally. But I am convinced they are not trustworthy, in very many cases, and that he rides away from commonsense, constantly, on most extravagant hobbies. In this same book, he says that Turner and Tintoretto are to be put on a par as landscape painters, which is purely ridiculous. I have always taken particular pains to observe Tintoretto's landscapes, remembering Ruskin's praise of them, and with a desire and intention to like Tintoretto, really prejudiced in his favour. But, in the first place, Tintoretto is no landscape painter, they being merely thrown in as backgrounds, accessory to his figures—while Turner's landscapes are whole poems, and were the separate, special object of his mind and life. . . .

*Friday evening, Dec. 30th, 1853.*

. . . Edward and I laughed quite endlessly over Mary's \* letter about Harry and the baby. . . . I am so pleased, and astonished, and grateful, that the baby is to be forced to recognize my existence, when it comes to years of discretion, by asking where she got her name † . . .

\* Her sister, Mrs. Parkman.

† The child had been named Ellen Dwight after her aunt. Many years later, at Mr. Twisleton's request, the name was changed to Ellen Twisleton Parkman.

. . . While I was looking at Titian's "Pietro Martire" from the other side of the nave, two Dominican Monks in exactly the same dress, as the two in the picture, passed up the church between me and it; which gave a striking reality to the picture—and a sudden sense of the stability and permanence which is the most attractive point of the Catholic Church, and very impressive, in contrast to our Unitarian "minority of one." The church was "swept and garnished" that day for Christmas. . . .

We went, yesterday, to the Palazzo Mocenigo. The Mocenigo family is first mentioned in the Venetian annals in 900, and in this palace are portraits of seven Doges who belonged to it. . . . The present Mocenigo has married a German lady, and lives in Bavaria; and the last descendant of the Foscari is a strolling player, and the Palace is turned into an Austrian barrack—enough to break the heart of a true Venetian. . . .

We leave Venice Monday, for Padua, and mean to see that city for Giotto's sake. . . . It will be a cold journey, at any rate, and I wish for no unnecessary freezing. Think of my coming to Italy, to have chilblains on my hands for the first time, although our climate is so much colder! The difference is that our houses are built, and warmed, for winter, and these are not. My time is out, dearest darlings, and I must stop, if this is to go today. . . .

VERONA. Jan. 6th, 1854, *Friday evening*.

. . . The water was frozen about a foot deep

in the Benitier, here, which will give you a slight idea of the cold. Italy and the Italian climate has been forever written about by English travellers, travelling between July and October, and Edward and I are of the opinion that a very one-sided view of it has gone abroad in consequence. For in winter they are liable either to a sort of rainy season such as we had last year at Rome, or to cold and snow, which we are having this. . . .

TURIN. *Saturday morning.*

. . . Edward and I both find it exhilarating to be in a country where there is a little freedom and contentment again. The Austrian troops at Lombardy and Venice are a perfect eyesore, and one has a painful sympathy with the people the whole time. . . . The Piedmontese papers are furious against Austria, reasonably and unreasonably, and the Austrian, in turn, against the Piedmontese. . . .

TURIN. *Friday, Jan. 20, 1854.*

. . . We have been consoling ourselves with books this week, for the scarcity of pictures, and beginning with Spanish. Edward learnt Spanish to go into Spain with his mother, but has quite let it drop since, but he has been in his Kingdom Come here with a history of the Arab domination in Spain, compiled from the original Moorish chronicles. I have had plums selected . . . and see it is written very freshly and graphically. I have been provided with grammar and dictionary and find it so like Italian that it is not difficult to write the exercises, as we could not find a Spanish teacher here. . . .



In the evening we have begun upon Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon" and I have been reading Mignet's "French Revolution," too, which is the first account of it I ever read by a Frenchman, and the difference of tone is amusing. Scott makes the greatest efforts to be fair, but his remains the history of a generous enemy, while Mignet's is that of a partial friend. . . . I have been looking over Mr. Ford's account of Madrid and Seville in the "Handbook to Spain" and am quite sure we shall want all our time there.

The letters from Spain are full of vivid and detailed descriptions of the Spanish pictures, but these descriptions are not included.

## CHAPTER IX

### SPAIN

FIGUERAS. *Friday evening, Jan. 27, 1854.*

. . . Sunday was the most enchanting day you can imagine, clear and mild, the thermometer at 59 without a fire, which is a height we could not raise it to, in many places in Italy, even with all the fire we could compass, and the thermometer on the mantel-piece. All the way from Dresden to Turin we had hard winter weather, such as one must fight against, all the time, so that this delicious atmosphere at Genoa we were in a good state to appreciate. . . .

We wanted to take the diligence to Perpignan, as it is an uninteresting piece of road, but to our extreme disgust, we were obliged to start at eight in the evening and travel all night, which was my first attempt at night-travelling, so I stayed quietly in the house all day, to prepare for it. We had the three places in the coupé for our two selves, which was an alleviation, and stopped at Narbonne for breakfast about nine the next morning, after seeing a sunrise so beautiful as almost to reconcile one to such a night. The first light, too, struck on the snowy tops of the Pyrenees, making them glorious, and we travelled

straight towards them all the rest of the day, till Perpignan and found ourselves in a large dirty French town and a small dirty French inn. This morning we left in a carriage of our own, for the diligence was off at three in the morning, and exhausted nature refused to get up at that hour. It has been a most lovely day, quite startling for the 27th of January, and we are now fairly over the Pyrenees, in Spain. . . .

We passed through whole forests of cork-trees today, on both sides the frontier, which are a peculiarity, here. They are a species of oak, are quite green, now when all others are brown, which makes them beautiful at this season, though the leaf is small and the tree scraggy and crooked. They strip off the bark, every year, which renews itself as often, and on those just barked the trunk of the tree is left . . . the colour of rich Bordeaux wine, which is most curious in contrast with the rough grey bark which cuts upon it, and in its effect from a distance, glowing under the leaves. . . . The men and women begin to look Spanish, and we experienced peculiarly vexatious and characteristic treatment at the custom-house this afternoon, and had to pay well for our books. . . .

BARCELONA. Feb. 1st, 1854.

. . . At Gerona, the inn (*la posada*) was poor enough but still afforded, what we were very grateful for, a dinner and half a night's sleep! Sunday, I am sorry to say, came anything but "tranquilly on with its welcome rest," for we were roused at four, and off by diligence at five, in the

dark, chilly morning: this is by no means a luxurious method of travelling even when you are yourself, but it is the only mode in Spain, as posting is impossible, except on the road from Irun to Madrid, and *vetturini* are unknown. There is no regular tide of travel pouring through Spain as through Italy, with its line of march as well ascertained and provided for as that of the autumn torrents from the mountains, and the whole, here, is arranged for the use of the "natives," merely. The excessively early hours at which the diligences start are to avoid the great heats in summer, for at this season, they can be convenient to nobody. Sunday, the road was part of the way across country, and very bad; Edward thought the jolting and jouncing a vivid reminder of a certain road in Georgia, covered with un-extracted stumps! I don't think it was quite as bad as the Michigan corduroy, but next to that. . . . The people, today and yesterday, have looked hardy and active, . . . but cheerful. In some of the little villages, we drove through the principal street lined with shops, which were all alike, small square rooms with one whole side of them open to the street, so that looking in, in passing, you saw the whole interior and contents; the people all sat working, close to the street for the light and warmth, and it was an extremely pretty sight, from the variety of work going on, and the cleanly, thriving look of people and place. Catalonia is so far to the north, that perhaps it is not thoroughly Spanish, but it looks more prosperous than Italy. The men all wear the red cap with a long, square end hanging down to the shoulder,



which is very brilliant, and becoming to their black eyes and hair. They wind a bright coloured sash round their waists, and wear prodigiously short jackets, and trousers which seem to come up to their shoulders, nearly. . . .

The diligences, here, never take less than ten horses, and are conducted by the united energies of three individuals. The eldest sits permanently on the box, holds the reins, rather loosely, and does nothing more than drive the pair of horses next himself, and take the general supervision and responsibility ; then, the saddle-horse of the two leaders is ridden by a regular postilion, whom the six horses between follow, and the whole ten are constantly whipped up and screamed to, by a third member, who sometimes sits on the box, but springs down and swings himself up again continually, and a great part of the time runs by the horses as fast as they do, in order to get at them better, and keeps them up to a gallop, three-quarters of the time. And the manner in which, at this pace and with this length of team and vehicle, one gets round the corners of narrow village-streets, and whisks in and out of hotel courtyards, is absolutely amazing to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and, for some time, equally amusing. The beasts, both horses and mules, in Catalonia, by way of a speciality, are generally half shaved, all above a line drawn from their ears straight along their sides, and developing itself into some elegant curves at their tails—the result of which is the most hideous that you can conveniently imagine ! Their tails are tightly braided up,

too, which adds another grace, and their foreheads adorned with high standing bunches of red and yellow tassels, and so we go, at a gallop, and only stop to change horses. The succession of sounds which the drivers emit is not the least droll part of it. . . .

The principal street, called La Rambla, is the great promenade, a broad mall in the middle shaded by trees, the street and carriages running on each side. This mall is always gay, gayest and fullest at sunset, the women in their mantillas, and the men, often, in broad, bright-coloured woollen scarfs, which they throw over their shoulders in various fashions, letting the ends hang either before or behind, but always with a certain air. . . . The weather has been perfectly delicious ever since we entered Spain, the gardens quite green, and the whole country looking much more springlike, than wintry; which, after icy, snow-covered Styria and Lombardy, is a pleasure we appreciate. . . . We walked through the "Plateria," i.e., the street of all the jewellers' shops, to see the amethyst ear-rings, which are a speciality here, set in silver and some of them as long as my whole hand, from the end of the forefinger to the wrist! One cannot imagine how mortal ears can bear the weight. . . .

VALENCIA. *Monday, Feb. 6th, 1854.*

We left Barcelona Thursday, in the diligence, but, alas, not in the coupé, where all places were taken, but crowded enough in the interior, and went on to Tarragona. The country was smiling and pretty, but without any very marked beauties,

and not seen by us to the best advantage. . . . "Times have changed"; under the Romans, Tarragona was a city as large as Paris, it contains now only 11,000 souls,—not even Rome makes one feel the difference between past and present so sharply. No Roman buildings remain, as the city was utterly demolished by the Moors, and the very ruins have been used as quarries to build the mole, Cathedral, etc. ; in the walls of the town and of the Cathedral cloisters, you see stones with Roman inscriptions, still distinctly legible. . . .

VALENCIA. Feb. 6, 1854.

Having travelled through the whole length of Catalonia, we entered the province of Valencia. Just on the borders were the first palm-trees, and in spite of all drawings and description, I was astonished by their grace and beauty, the exquisite curves and slow, swaying motion of their feathery foliage like that of "waves that rock themselves to rest." . . . The road wound all day among fields planted with olive and carob-trees, with occasional orange-trees and palms, on a rich strip of level land between the mountains and the sea ; —the Moorish Paradise, a piece of Heaven dropped down to earth, they said. Valencia was the Moorish province and they brought the palm-tree into Spain ; the costume of the men is much more Eastern than European : a white shirt with full sleeves, and short, very full white trousers, which only reach to the knee, and have very much the effect of a kilt. . . .

At one o'clock at night we reached Castellon,

which Mr. Ford \* says is “a flourishing place, in a garden of plenty, and very uninteresting”—we saw nothing of it, as having travelled for 22 hours we wanted nothing but rest, and left it at half past nine the next morning. We could not go off at three with the diligence, so we took two covered carts, peculiar to Valencia, called *galeras*, one for the luggage and the other for ourselves, and performed the road in 11 hours, on our own account. These waggons are built without springs, “of most classical discomfort,” in fact, the sensation is probably as near like that of being brayed in a mortar, as one is likely to experience, but the day was “so cool, so calm, so bright,” and the way so beautiful, that on the whole it was enjoyable. . . .

When we arrived at Valencia at half past eight we found the gates shut for carriages, and baggage, and were only allowed to creep in, ignominiously, ourselves, and through a little bribery and corruption, to take our two carpet-bags with us, with which we walked to our hotel, Hotel del Cid, leaving the rest at the guard-house, and the waggons turning back. The walls are very high, strong, with striking battlements, and towers, and look more like real defences than any I ever saw, but what a useless, teasing thing to shut the gates of a peaceful, inland town like this, at eight o'clock in the evening!

*Sunday, Feb. 12th, 1854. ALICANTE.*

Dearest Bunny,

Tomorrow is your birthday, on which I hope

\* In the “Handbook to Spain,” one of the Murray guidebooks.



you will have a magnetic perception that Edward and I are drinking your health, with all the honours. . . . I am so glad that you are going to be 24, and nearly as old as I am—but I wish I could give you a few kisses. . . .

Monday morning, we meant to leave by sea, but found that the boat we looked for had been taken off and that there would be only one for a fortnight. Wasn't this a crash in our plans, we meant to have been last night at Seville! We felt rather stranded, but consoled ourselves under the necessities of the case, and went out to see the sights. . . .

The streets are generally winding and narrow, and the only vehicle is the *tartana*, the same as *galera*. It is the greatest proof of benumbed intelligences, for nothing can be more clumsy, awkward, or worse adapted to the narrow streets, where two cannot pass each other, and you must draw up at one end and wait, if another is seen approaching. The women all wear the mantilla and are generally very pretty; so far, in Spain, a plain woman seems to me the exception and beauty the rule. The old walls of Valencia are curious, regularly battlemented all round, with odd, picturesque, heavy gates. . . .

At Alcoy, we learnt to distinguish between a *fonda*, which means a hotel after our idea of it, and a *posada*, which means a place where you can sleep, but are expected to "eat yourself"—we, not knowing that there was only a *posada* at Alcoy, came very near eating each other, from starvation,

as only at ten o'clock did we finally obtain a little dinner. Friday, we left in a *tartana* again, for Alicante, and when I come to that road, I am baffled. . . . To say that it was a succession of pitfalls and paving-stones, is too mild,—chasms and precipices, rather, over and into which we were dragged for twelve hours, in a one-horse cart, without springs! Oh, 'twas an unimaginable day! In fact, it was a very bad mountain bridle-road, which would have been good only for a brook, or a chamois. The only alleviation of the road was that it finally came to an end. The scenery was most beautiful, all day, nor have I ever seen mountains, except the highest Alps, so picturesque and striking in their forms, bold and bare, too. Before the way was half over, we reached the highest point of it, and saw Alicante's castle-crowned hill, and in the distance the Mediterranean. The whole country between looked like a sea, lashed up by some sudden whirlwind, and then stiffened into rock, not pleasant to cross in a *tartana*, but most striking to behold. . . . Just before we entered the town, we met a number of very pretty, graceful women, going home after their day's work at cigar-making at Alicante. They walked like Queens, with a quick step, and upright, graceful carriage, every one of them, and had beautifully formed oval faces.

GRANADA. *Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1854.*

. . . Thursday afternoon, we went about nine miles in four hours, and stopped at a *posada*, the poorest place, kept by the poorest people, I ever

spent a night in. I told Edward that I was now going to begin, like Lady Bulwer in America, and say, "Oh, if my poor sisters could only see me now," and it really would have been a grand opportunity! This was the first specimen we have had of a regular Spanish *posada*, which are not arranged for travellers, but for the muleteers and drivers of asses and pack-horses, which, on these roads, convey everything that passes from one town to another. You drive into them through a great barn-door, and find yourself in a large stone-paved courtyard, with the stables and house built round it, and in the further recesses of this, in some corner, is the fire, under the only chimney in the house, an enormous hole in the roof, through which, when the smoke will let you, you may always see the stars by night, and sky by day. The fire is built in a basin of large stones set out in the pavement, the advantage of this being that a complete circle can be formed, and it warms more people. We asked for rooms, as usual, and were shown chambers, with a table and one or two chairs in each, shutters to the window but no glass, and not even beds,—which, on arriving tired, of a cold evening, did certainly look more dreary than any place I ever saw. The beds were made up on the floor, and comfortable the rooms could not become, but still, one slept and rested in them, and they could contain water and towels, and as one must dress by candlelight, at any rate, glazed windows were not so much missed. We passed the evening round the brush fire, with the family of the *posada*, our own driver, and one or two muleteers, in a picturesque circle,

which interested me very much. The one fire warmed us, and cooked everybody's supper. The favourite dish, which we saw prepared here and elsewhere, is a soup, of which the foundation is a sufficiency of olive-oil, to which salt fish, rice and red-peppers are added, and all boiled together for half an hour. They told us it was warming and excellent, and combines the advantages of costing little (in this land of rice-fields and olive-trees), being quickly made, and nourishing to those who can bear it! The people were perfectly uneducated and very poor, but they had the self-respecting manner which is almost universal in Spain, were kindly-affectioned one to another, and kindly in their manners to us, who were curiosities to them. . . .

Half an hour before sunset, we came in sight of Granada and the lovely plain around it, its renowned *Vega*, too large to be called a *heuerta*, and from a steep hill outside the gate, it was one of the most superb views you can imagine. . . . Today we have seen the Alhambra, which surpassed all my expectations, and was so wonderfully, exquisitely, intricately beautiful that we walked over it in a sort of trance of delight, such as Venice threw me into last spring. . . . The Alhambra belongs to the Queen,\* together with all the old, Moorish part of Granada, where all the houses pay her rent (a very low one), and the grounds are kept in order by her people. In extent it surpasses, very far, any other ruin I ever saw, as it does in its exquisite charm. . . .

\* Isabella II.



March 1st, 1854. SEVILLE, *Wednesday*.

We arrived here last evening, having come all the way from Granada per diligence, travelling incessantly for two nights and nearly three days—and I think I feel rather better for it, if anything ! Am I not a ridiculous humbug ? . . .

*Sunday*, March 5th, 1854. SEVILLE.

Mr. Ford's is Murray's most amusing guide-book, better over pictures and scenery than any other, and full of information, though Mr. Ford is always odd, occasionally coarse. . . .

We made an excursion on horseback, to see the Duke of Wellington's estates, taking about eight hours for it. I had a Spanish saddle, which is the vilest thing you can imagine, and came back so tired, that I went to sleep in preference to eating my dinner. . . . Saturday morning we went to the Alhambra again and to the Generalife, a little exquisite Moorish villa, with sunny gardens, on the hill behind the Alhambra. . . . We met the Prince de Joinville \* and all his family, just coming down as we went up. He is a great sketcher, and must delight in a Spanish tour, in proportion, but they left England on a visit to her sister, the Queen of Portugal, and arrived at Lisbon just in time to hear the cannon fired, which announced her death. . . .

I never left any place with such regret, in all our travels, but we had to go by diligence to Seville, and the diligence only runs between the two twice in the week, Sundays and Thursdays. It is an

\* Son of the exiled Louis Philippe.

instance of the way things are managed in Spain, that there is not even a straight road between these two cities, but that we were obliged to travel two sides of a triangle, and go up to Baylen, to which we must go again, on our way to Madrid from here. . . . We left Baylen and went on all night, seeing nothing of interest the next day until we reached Cordova. . . . We left there at eight and again went blundering on all night, with a sleepy Mayoral, and mules as drowsy. . . . We were glad to find ourselves fairly in Seville, and rooms ready for us at the Fonda de Madrid, a small, clean and good hotel, our rooms are very convenient, light and pleasant. . . . The thermometer is at 66, with the window open, and the weather beyond all praise. I am the only lady in the hotel, and find the *table d'hôte*, day after day, with nothing but men, so formidable, that today we are going to dine by ourselves, a thing not usual in Spain and rather difficult to compass. . . . In the evening, Edward had the joy inexpressible of going to a club, on his banker's introduction, where were English newspapers. Having been so long in a "desert-valley of Baca," he found "fountains" and returned refreshed, with the last information! I meanwhile read Condé's "History of the Arabs in Spain," which is extremely interesting. . . .

GIBRALTAR. March 19, 1854.

. . . We made a last visit to those lovely pictures, which I am sure I know, now, well enough never to lose the sight of them from my inner eye, which is a treasure to be thankful for.

If there were lithographs or engravings from them, I should send you all my favourites, but in backward, lazy Spain, there are none. I finally selected seven from the twenty-four, as distinctly the most beautiful and I really think I owe to these, new ideals of beauty and virtue; they have as much of the divine essence of Christianity, in their nobility and refinement, as any works of art I know, not excepting Titian's "Tribute-Money," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," "Delivery of St. Peter from Prison," or any others. Thursday we went down the Guadalquivir, a broad, beautiful river, as far as San Lucar, then to avoid the open sea, drove over to Puerto, and from there rowed across the bay to Cadiz, in a funny boat, like a filucca, with a great triangular sail. . . .

Gibraltar itself, as you approach it, looks like a mountain-island; the low and narrow strip of sand which connects it with the mainland is out of sight, or makes no impression on the eye, and the bold rock itself is extremely picturesque, and striking. . . . As we walked to the Hotel, I never saw so motley a set of costumes as we encountered on the way—Spanish smugglers, English sailors, Turks in full flowing Oriental robes, half-naked Arabs, two English ladies holding up their dresses to their knees over the whitest and stiffest of starched skirts, and walking with strides like grenadiers, three different uniforms from among the garrison, Spanish dark mantillas, etc., etc.,—of all which nothing was more odd than those two inexpressibly English ladies, with their frightful bonnets, nice silk dresses and enormous feet,

looking so clean, and so ungraceful, from top to toe. The looks of the soldiers delighted me—they are decidedly taller than the French or Austrian troops, and very strong, fine-looking fellows, who would be very awkward customers to deal with, for any army I have seen in Europe. I have never seen so many English soldiers before, and under present circumstances,\* my first impressions were particularly satisfactory. The value of Gibraltar and Malta to the English is great, at present, as half-way houses between England and Turkey, magazines of provisions, arms, etc.; they have not been so useful for a long time. . . .

*Wednesday.*

. . . I have looked in vain for the least sign of fraternization between French and English, which, when their fleets and armies are so near, fighting side by side, one would think natural, but no, the French talk together and the English talk together, and don't address a syllable to each other. They say, however, that the soldiers take kindly to the idea of fighting with the French instead of against them, tho' the officers are rather puzzled what to do with their colours, with Waterloo, etc., blazoned on them. Edward went to call on Captain Grey, Captain of the Port, a brother of Lord Grey (the Secretary for the colonies for so long). Yesterday Mrs. Grey called for me,

\* This refers to the beginnings of the Crimean War; so-called from the seat of final actions. Russia had proposed to Britain a division of territories of Turkey and seized Moldavia and Wallachia, with the result that Turkey declared war and Britain and France supported her; Austria and Prussia remaining neutral.



at ten o'clock, in a sort of open waggon, and we drove in our riding dresses to San Roque, while the gentlemen followed on horseback. We had a three hours' ride through the wood, which is fine and extensive, full of beautiful glades and views and lovely wild-flowers—the yellow laburnum perfectly scented the air, it grew in such quantities, blue lavender, a yellow and white cistus-flower, white heath. I never saw such a place for flowers, the yellow oxalis grows wild all over the rock, and geraniums, mixed with the aloes, along the hedgerows. We lunched at their San Roque house. Mrs. Grey was a famous beauty before she was married and is still an uncommonly pretty woman, very English, with a tall, strong figure, brown hair, hazel eyes, very red lips, and beautiful white hands. No American woman could possibly attain to such an air of repose as hers, under the combination of six children and a salary of only 800 pounds a year! and my admiration is still fresh of the blessed and marvellous temperaments and constitutions of these English women. . . .

Captain Grey thinks very poorly of the Russian fleet; he has seen both Cronstadt and Sebastopol, and thinks them both quite impregnable,—not a very good hearing. The only way with Sebastopol,\* he says, would be to attack it by land, in which case they would have a fight for the entrance to the Crimea, and a second for the fortress itself,

\* The Russian fleet took refuge in Sebastopol harbour. It was decided to attack Sebastopol by land, but before the allies could reach it they had to fight the battles of the Alma, Balaklava and Inkermann, totally defeating the Russians. They then closed on Sebastopol but had to besiege it for nearly a year before the final victory.

and the Emperor of Russia has 40,000 men at work fortifying the land side, at present, while the English troops have not left Malta. Admiral Dundas writes from Constantinople, that Omer Pasha's successes have been very much exaggerated by the papers, and thinks the Turkish army has more show and pretension than real efficiency, while they, the Turks, talk about "marching to Moscow," as if it were a mere trifle. I am firing off all these details at you, when I really don't know whether you think about this war once a week, or are the least bit interested in it. . . . Captain Grey is altogether opposed to the selection of such elderly men for Admirals of the fleets, and thinks the Captains and under-officers much more efficient than they, and that the French policy of discharging the Admirals at 60 is much better. He says Wellington and Napoleon stopped fighting at 45, and that men get "nervous about sailing," when they grow old, and have been so long on shore. Nelson died young, too, which was another instance in his favour. Of course, he looks forward with the greatest interest to the next three months, knowing all the officers on the fleets, and thinking, as every one else does, that this being the first naval fight since the introduction of steam, is likely to bring out novel results, and to be more deadly, than any yet has been. . . .

## CHAPTER X

### SPAIN

CORDOVA. *Monday, April 3rd, '54.*

Tuesday, I took a walk in the pretty Alameda, sweet with roses and geraniums, and read Mr. Ford's "Gatherings from Spain," a book which I want you very much to get and read. It is the most truthful and graphic description of Spain and Spanish things, that one could desire to find. . . . Mr. Ford was so long in Spain, that he entered into the heart of its customs and peculiarities. . . .

We spent the day in going to see Xeres, where all the Sherry wines are made, driving over a flat, wine-growing country, with the light soil which vines prefer. We went to Mr. Gordon, the English consul there, who is one of the largest wine-merchants, who escorted us over his enormous *bodegas*. They are not properly wine-cellars, for it is all kept above ground ; one is built just like another, lined with long rows of huge butts lying on their sides, one above another, and you walk, admiringly, down the aisles between these ; the *bodegas* are all of wood, high and light. The most interesting part of the visit, however, was the little specimen thimblefuls of the wines themselves, offered for our edification and improvement—and I could not help thinking how you

would all have laughed at me, gravely sitting, tasting sherry wines, in a wine-cellar.\* The first was Manzanilla, then Amontillado, then a Golden Sherry, then true Brown Sherry, and then two fancy articles bordering on the sweet; these six were progressive, in richness and colour, and the last was almost as dark as port. The price of anything like good wine is awful—the Golden was £70 the butt, the Brown, which was decidedly better, £100; the butt would bottle about 52 dozen, and duty, delivery, bottling and all, would cost £40 more, the duty being just the same, whatever the quality and original price of the wine. All this, Edward and I inquired into, with the anxious hearts of future housekeepers. . . .

We had a quick passage up the river, reaching Seville at half past five. The city is very crowded now, on account of the approaching ceremonies and processions of Holy Week and the Fair, and in spite of having written beforehand, we had great difficulty in getting rooms and finally were tucked into uncomfortably narrow quarters, in a private house. . . .

TOLEDO. *Sunday evening, April 9, '54.*

. . . In going to Toledo the only pretty thing was a gorge in a chain of hills which we crossed just before reaching the province of La Mancha. The next place of any size was Manzanares, four miles to the right of which is the village in whose prison Cervantes wrote “Don Quixote.” In the afternoon we entered New Castile, at Villarta, near which Don Quixote fought with the windmills.

\* Mr. Ford considered her one of the best connoisseurs of wine he had ever known.



We came on, over a bare and dusty road, to Toledo, which high on its brown rocks, and girdled by the Tagus, looked picturesque and delightful. . . . The Spaniards are certainly much cleaner than either the French or Italians, in large towns and small alike, and the women are very friendly and frank in their manners. And men who look very surly when silent often become amiable if spoken to ; as a general rule, though, the men are excessively rude in staring and speaking at you, in the street. I had rather walk alone in Paris, or Rome, than in Seville ; though neither of the others is much adapted for that kind of recreation. . . .

We saw the sword-manufactory, which was founded 1000 years ago, and where capital Toledan blades are still made—better, they told us, than the old ones. We saw the process of hammering out on a forge a long and slender blade from two hunks of steel and one of iron—they send the iron between the two layers of steel up to the very point of the sword, as without this, they said, it would be liable to break. The three men at the forge, wielding and shaping the glowing metal looked so picturesque that I thought the Greeks showed their usual nice perceptions of beauty in placing Vulcan among their Gods, and remembered Schiller's " Song of the Bell." . . .

MADRID. April 19th, 1854. *Wednesday.*

The day after our arrival in Madrid, Edward delivered his letters, to Lord Howden,\* the

\* Baron Howden of Howden and Grimston, Co. York (b. 1799).

English Ambassador, to Gayangos, a Spanish literary man of eminence, to whom Mr. Ford gave him a letter, who has translated into English an Arabic History of the Mahomedan dynasties in Spain, and who translated Uncle Ticknor's book into Spanish. . . .

Three days of rain shut me up, so I wrote letters and exercises, arranged our books, engravings, etc., and took a Spanish lesson each day. For the first time, to my extreme pride, Edward and I take lessons together, and I for once know as much as he does, somewhere near, of what we are about. I think there could not be a better proof of the ease of learning Spanish to anyone who knows Italian and French, than my case offers; for, except the two lessons I took in Barcelona, I have had none until now, but I can speak it well enough for all common purposes, and read it easily. . . .

We went for two hours to the Museo, where the gallery is too splendid. . . . chosen specimens of Murillo, Raphael, Velasquez, Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, Claude, Giorgione, Rembrandt—did one ever see such a place, before! I certainly never felt so overwhelmed by visions of delight! . . .

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Gayangos called, then Lord Howden. I being all alone, which seems to me as funny, as if I were still a junior member of a large family, and I still need Mrs. Granville Berkeley's advice of two years ago, "Remember that you're not that, any longer." Gayangos is

not particularly prepossessing in appearance, with a regular Spanish, sallow complexion, black eyes and hair; he speaks sensibly, with a grave manner. . . .

We took a walk with the Gayangos in the Prado, which is the fashionable promenade, where "all the world" walks, every afternoon, and that afternoon being Easter Monday and a holiday, was about as crowded as a London ballroom. . . . We dined at Lord Howden's, who gave the most elegant dinner, of 28 persons. I went in with Istúriz, the Spanish Ambassador to London, who is now here on leave, and sat between him and Mr. Soulé.\* . . . Among the rest of the company, were Soulé the son, Olozaga, a distinguished person in politics, and many others whose orders and crosses looked very imposing. Lord Howden speaks French and Spanish very elegantly, and most of the conversation was in these—all mine in French, as I could not venture on Spanish with Istúriz, and Soulé, I found, spoke French much more readily than English. Lord Howden is a man of about 50, handsome, distinguished-looking, and as erect as possible; he was a long time in the army, and has an admirable mixture of the military and diplomatic in his manners. I was particularly pleased to see the Soulés, who have excited one's curiosity in such an unpleasant

\* Soulé, Pierre (1802-70), a French American statesman, born in France, settled in Louisiana, elected to the United States Senate in 1849, sent to Madrid as Minister in 1853, where he became notorious for his duel with the French Ambassador, Turgot. He held advanced Southern views, was arrested in 1862 for disloyalty, escaped to Havana and returned after the War to New Orleans.

manner—and Lord Howden took advantage of our coming to invite them, for the first time since the duel, in which he acted as second to the Marquis de Turgot. Gayangos, who was standing with Edward when they entered, said at once, “Oh, there are the Soulés—there’s a reconciliation, then!” I did not know who they were, but observed that the lady was very much embarrassed, and was much struck by the fine head and splendid, flashing eyes of the gentleman. . . . I found myself next him at dinner, and we had an immense deal of conversation; he seems to me to be not only a democrat, but a demagogue, evidently a high-tempered and very excitable man. . . .

As to the duels, the opinion in Madrid seems unanimous, that there is a certain degree of excuse to be made for young Soulé, for his extreme sensitiveness at a remark on his mother’s dress, not intended for his ears—but that for Soulé père’s challenging the Marquis de Turgot there was not the smallest excuse. . . . It was a piece of bad temper on Soulé’s part, for which the unfortunate host pays by being lamed for life, after a long illness. It makes me cross, every time I think of it, that such a blackguardly thing should have been done by our representative. . . . The consequence has been that there have been no more large parties among the diplomatic corps during the winter, as no one wished to invite so dangerous a guest; and even Queen Cristina,\* who has been in the habit of giving large and

\* Queen mother of Spain.



frequent parties, has given few, and changed them into small ones, and the Soulés have had the most stupid time possible socially. . . . Lord Howden's dining them evidently made a great impression on the fashionable circles of Madrid. Mrs. Stopford, a stout, very English-looking lady, overflowing with polite speeches and general benevolence towards the whole human race, said she heard Lord Howden was going to invite her, and she was so thankful he didn't, for what should she have done, to find herself in the room with Soulé, —she should have been frightened out of her wits; that the Countess of Montijo \* had beckoned her across the room at a party, and said, "So, I hear you're a traitor and are going to dine with the Soulés,"—but she told her nothing in the world would induce her to think of such a thing!" I laughed and said I even sat next to him; "so I heard you did," she said. In short, Edward and I in unconscious innocence, were evidently made the pins round which a diplomatic movement was executed by Lord Howden, to the excitement of a fashionable clique. . . .

*Saturday, April 22d.*

Yesterday we took our lesson, went to the Gallery, and in the evening went in full dress to a Court Concert, which was to have begun at ten, but the Queen kept us waiting an hour and a half, according to her custom, and we did not get home from it till after two o'clock, and have had the pleasure of breakfasting about one, this morning. Lord Howden sent us the tickets, but

\* Mother of the Empress Eugénie,

I really owed them to my black eyes and hair and the introducer of the ambassadors, Biedma, who came up to be introduced to me, after the dinner at Lord Howden's, and told me no one would know me from a Spanish lady, which fact so excited his good-will towards me, that he sent Lord Howden the tickets for us, as he is master of the ceremonies at Court. I have been told the same thing a dozen times in Spain, by different persons, and now wear my mantilla with great assurance. We went at quarter before ten, and Biedma came up at once and gave me a splendid place on the front row of seats, with Edward just behind me, among the corps diplomatique, and Mme. Soulé had the next seat; at quarter past eleven, finally, the doors were thrown open, the orchestra struck up the *Marcia Real*, and in came the Queen,\* and her husband, the Queen-Dowager and her husband,† with one of her daughters, two Ladies in waiting, followed by the ministers, and about 20 gentlemen. I saw them as distinctly as possible. They stopped as soon as the two Queens were over the threshold, and courtesied, saluting the company, who were all standing, then again, when they reached the centre of the room, and again, before they sat down. They spoke to several of the ambassadors' ladies, among others, both Queens to Mme. Soulé, so that I could not have seen them

\* Isabella.

† Maria Cristina, and don Fernando Muñoz. Maria Cristina (1806-78) was the fourth wife of Ferdinand VII of Spain, who restored the right of inheritance to females, and on his death Maria Cristina was appointed guardian of her daughter, the young Queen Isabella, and Regent of Spain. She was a woman of low morals and a constant political turncoat. She married her chamberlain, Muñoz.

more closely, as I stood next her. They are both enormously fat, so that they only waddle instead of walking; Queen Isabella is particularly ugly, without one good feature in her face, small eyes, turned-up nose, thick lips, puffy cheeks, but she has a white neck and shoulders, and a particularly amiable expression and gracious manners, when she speaks; when she is silent, she is certainly one of the ugliest persons I ever saw, but her little nods and smiles when she speaks make her look pleasing. She was superbly dressed, as I hear she always is, and that she understands how to set herself off. The Court is in mourning for the Duke of Parma, so she had a grey silk with alternate flounces of black and white lace quite up to the waist, very fine and handsome, corsage trimmed to match, grey feathers and white roses in her hair, a pearl necklace and other pearl ornaments. La Reine-Mère had a pearl-grey satin, trimmed with black lace and grey tulle, and was fatter than her daughter, and waddled with even more difficulty. Her husband,\* who was common soldier of her guard when she first took a fancy to him, is rather a good-looking, tall man, dressed in plain black, with a splendid diamond star on his coat—the Queen's husband, who is called the King here, (unlike England), is a short, stout, ordinary-looking person, with fair hair, not in any way attractive. Maria Cristina's daughter was dressed in white tulle over white silk, with black bows on the waist—she is as thin as the other ladies are stout, but she is a handsome, elegant-looking girl, whom we both thought did not look happy. Mr.

\* Muñoz.

Middleton says all her daughters by this second marriage are very lady-like, well-educated girls, neither of which is in any degree true of this unfortunate queen, Isabella. There were about five or six hundred persons present, and a great number of nobles and notables, but not as many pretty ladies as one sees in the streets of Valencia and Seville. It is thought, I believe, that the upper classes in Spain have run out in looks, as in everything else. . . .

*Tuesday, April 25th. MADRID, 1854.*

. . . I am delighted if my letters have carried over to you any impression of our enjoyment in this most beautiful country—Granada, and Seville and Toledo I shall always have an affection for, as for Florence and Rome, Vacluse, Salisbury, and the English lakes, Nuremberg, Marburg, etc. One sees and admires so many things, which do not take hold of one's heart, nevertheless; but all these places I should feel at home in, if I went to them again, home being the place one loves. . . .

Murillo is to be loved and admired for what he did not do in painting, almost as much as for what he did, and with such rare gifts which brought their own temptations, he never used them except for "the glory of God and the relief of man's estate"—and he should have, among the band of great painters, the honor which singularly belongs to him, for this. . . .

Sunday, I went to hear Mr. Brackenbury read prayers at eleven, and met two or three other persons beside myself, himself, and his wife, in a



small, upper chamber. . . . After this we went to the bull-fight, the second of the season, which began at half past four and ended at seven, in which time nine bulls were cruelly killed, before the eager eyes of 12,000 people, and from which I came away, feeling nearly sick with the painful, shuddering excitement, and a firm determination never to see another. . . .

Mrs. Stopford got us invitations from Mme. Osma, the Peruvian Minister's lady, for Wednesday evening, and from the Countess of Montijo for last evening; she seems to know everybody and go everywhere herself. . . . At ten in the evening, we went to Mme. Osma's, with Mrs. Stopford. Their establishment consists of about 20 rooms in the palace of the Duke of Villa Hermosa; there were 7 saloons open on one floor, and all, opening into each other, superbly furnished and in beautiful taste, too, quite new and everything fresh from Paris. M. Osma is very rich, and a very nice-looking person, with no pretension, very much of a gentleman. His wife is a Spanish-looking lady, with rather stiff manners; he was five years ambassador in London, and seems to know thoroughly what is what. At 12, a supper-room was thrown open, tea at one end, lemonade and orgeat at the other, ices and cake all round, which is the most that is given here, at the grandest evening parties; the tea-service was regular English silver, tea-urn and all, and an English butler presided. I heard from Mrs. Stopford, that Mme. Osma had English, French and German nurses taking care of her children, which is Russian

style, and the most effective manner possible of teaching them all three languages ; and altogether it was an establishment as completely and elegantly arranged as any I ever saw. I had no idea that things had reached such a point of refinement in Peru.

We were introduced to the Princess del Paz, the widow of the infamous Godoy, Prince of the Peace.\* She is an old woman over 90, appearing in English fashion with bare neck and arms, and really producing, in a rich black dress, a marvellous effect. Her daughter-in-law and son live in Paris, but her grand-children were with her. Mrs. Stopford presented me to various great ladies, and would have done so to as many more, I believe, if I had not stopped her, and when the Comtesse de Montijo came in, to her. She looks strikingly like the pictures of her daughter, the Empress.† She has the same long nose and fresh colour still, and a peculiarly gracious, amiable manner, in speaking to you. This evening she was dressed in a white silk, with purple and white flowers in her hair, and a black lace scarf, which was not nearly as becoming as her dress last evening, in her own house, when she looked elegantly, in a beautiful French silk dress, high in the neck and open in front, brown, green and white, and trimmed with ruches of ribbon and tulle, and bows of the same. She has a beautiful figure, and

\* Godoy, Manuel de (1767–1851), Prime Minister of Spain in 1792, started a war with France disastrous to Spain, and concluded a treaty which procured for him the title of “Prince of the Peace.” The ill success of the war with England ruined Godoy, and he left Spain and died in Paris.

† Eugénie, Empress of the French, wife of Napoleon III.

all the appearance still of having been what she was, an uncommonly attractive woman. Her only other daughter is married to the Duke of Alba, and the mamma is considered a person "*muy sagez, muy fina, con mucho talento*"—very sagacious and subtle, and with a great deal of talent, and to have shown it in marrying her daughters. The rooms were filled with portraits of the Empress, busts, medallions, engravings, etc., one as a child, and one on horseback in a *maja* dress, a regular fancy-costume. We have heard her perpetually talked about, and all stories agree that she was a very clever and a very ambitious person, very fond of having her own way and full freedom, (which no one ever had more of than she before her marriage) and which she can have very little of now. Besides this, everyone represents her as extremely distinguished and attractive, and thoroughly amiable, and good-hearted. . . .

Wednesday, May 3rd, 1854. MADRID.

. . . Saturday we went to the Buen Retiro, an extremely pretty public-garden near the Prado, here we saw the Comtesse de Montijo, with her three grand-children, children of the Duchess of Alba, who was absent in Seville, and whom she had the care of, for the time. She had them all three by herself, in most grandmotherly fashion, with only one servant, a young boy, to help her see after them; she was elegantly dressed, in purple and black silk with flounces and beautiful white bonnet, and altogether looked quite charming, and was most amiable to us. She made one

of the children speak to me in English, one in French, and one in Spanish, and the eldest could not be more than six years old. We did not stop long to talk, for I saw she had her hands full.

We went to see the procession they call that of "*el gran Dios*"—when the host is carried to the sick who were not able to communicate on Easter Sunday. It was headed by music and by priests with banners, incense, and flowers; then came a large, very old-fashioned coach, covered with gilding and dressed with flowers, with three elderly priests in it,—we asked a man next us who it was in the coach. "*Dios*," he replied: a singular answer which meant that these three priests carried the host. Two military bands of music followed the carriage, and a regiment of soldiers, marching bareheaded, as did all connected with the procession.

The church bells were kept ringing, and the houses in all the principal streets were hung with coloured cloths, making them look very festive and brilliant. Every window in Madrid has its own little balcony before it, and they cover the balustrade completely, (just as much as we do a chair with a chintz cover) with cambric or woollen hangings, made and kept for the purpose. We stood to see this procession just opposite the house of the Marquis of Milleflores, the balustrades of whose six front windows were hung with dark green cloths, edged with gold lace, and with a different coat of arms, blazoned in the most showy embroidery, on each:—this is unusual, but cambric ones of red bordered with white, of



blue or yellow, are universal, and the effect of a long street decorated in this way, is more gay and brilliant than one would imagine without seeing it. I recollect such decoration is mentioned in "*I promessi Sposi*," and that I was quite puzzled by the description, which recurred to me, at once, when I saw this practical interpretation. As to the procession, it was too noisy and frippery to be agreeable, and I think it must be bad for any sick person to have it approach. Much more impressive to me is what one sees not unfrequently, when a single priest, in the rich, peculiar robe they always wear for this, attended by two little acolytes, passes hurriedly and silently through the crowded, noonday streets, carrying the host to some dying person, and every passer-by, man, woman or child, kneels, and remains kneeling, till he is out of sight, the men all uncovered. I think this is their most striking and reverent custom, and it always touches me ;—it is as if a spell was cast over them, changing for a moment the traffic into worship, and in the midst of the busiest life, bringing the solemn, still presence of death.

When we got home, we found the Comtesse Montijo's and Mrs. Stopford's cards.

The theatre hours, like all others for entertainment, are uncomfortably late in Madrid. We did not get home from the theatre till nearly 12, without waiting for the afterpiece. To balls, people go at 11, half past 11, or 12, as in London, and when we left the Comtesse de Montijo's the other evening, at half past twelve, not a soul besides ourselves had stirred, though it was a little

reception, of not more than twenty persons. All this, when one has a lesson at 10 the next morning, costs more than it comes to, in the way of fatigue.

Tuesday was a day dear to Spanish patriots, the Dos de Mayo, the anniversary of the rising against the French in Madrid, on the 2d of May, 1808, which was the signal of the general resistance throughout the country. The Spaniards exaggerate the glory as much as a country editor does that of our 4th of July, and say that “when all Europe was conquered, and lay subject to Napoleon and in the deepest state of depression, then the heroic and invincible Spaniard arose, and began the resistance which ended in the disgraceful defeat of the oppressor, setting the noble example which afterwards excited other nations to the same, and caused his downfall.” It certainly was a daring thing, for the people rose against the regular troops and paid a dreadful penalty afterwards, which did rouse all Spain,—but Spain was as entirely conquered by the French as ever a country was by an invading army, and by themselves, they would never have driven them out; every important city of the Kingdom, except Cadiz, was in French hands, and that was not, only because the English fleet lay in the bay, and protected it,—and nobody can read the Duke of Wellington’s despatches,\* without thinking that the Spaniards did almost as much to hinder, as to help. I can so perfectly imagine, after seeing the people, how their lazy pride would work, in such a case,—never ready, or up to the mark, and too self-opinionated to follow

\* Peninsular War.

advice. However, ever since the insurrection, funeral ceremonies have been performed every year on the anniversary of the 2d of May, and a procession of the troops and dignitaries walks to their monument in the Prado, with mournful music, and the troops fire a volley.

Tonight, we go to the Comtesse de Montijo's again. I want to know if you, at home, are all wearing your hair in double *bandeaux*, with a braid across the top, and behind, as low in the neck as possible; and bonnets which inside have all the flowers above, instead of by the side of, your face, and which rear up and off your head, and in fact, are frightfully unbecoming, because that is the fiat of Paris, at present, which I reluctantly obey, with many murmurs. . . .

We went Thursday evening to the Comtesse de Montijo's, and found pretty much the same persons there, as were the week before; it was the same regular weekly reception. She receives every Thursday, and has a ball every Sunday evening, to both of which we have been twice invited, but I would not go. She urged us very much to come tomorrow night, "come at 12 o'clock," she said, "and then it will be Monday," speaking English with a strong, foreign accent; but I was stubborn. She has as delightful manners as any one I ever saw, and was dressed in the third splendid silk with three flounces, black and blue, this one. All the other ladies, also, were dressed to the nines, in silks as rich as ribbons, with spencers or *corsages montants*—French

toilettes, completely, such as one never sees, by any chance, in England.

The Duchess of Alba, the other daughter of the house, was there Thursday, having returned from a visit to Seville. She is not beautiful, but pleasing, amiable, and ladylike in her appearance, and has a very pretty figure. Her husband looks like a stick, and is desperately attached to the gaming-table, I hear—but never mind, my dears, for the dukedom is older than the discovery of America, and what Spanish lady would not feel repaid ! They were at Paris not long ago, and the Duke of Alba told Mrs. Stopford that he should say Eugénie was as happy as she could be, and that when the two sisters and their husbands were alone, nothing could be more gay and agreeable than their intercourse. He ought to know whether she is contented, at least, which is a point much mooted and doubted. Everyone here speaks well of her, but her present life must be a great change from the one she led here, unlimited freedom, I should say. She was Countess of Teba in her own right, with a large fortune, ditto, living with a most indulgent mother, who let her do just as she pleased, and she seems to have been a sort of queen in this society. Whatever Louis Napoleon's other charms may be, there is no doubt he has a very imperious temper,—moreover, she refused him as president, (a fact), and no one supposes it was a love-match on her part, when he was emperor. . . .

This morning, we have taken a fond farewell of our Spanish master, who has been a very good one, and who departed kissing my feet and Edward's



hands, as usual, “*A los pies de usted, señora,*” and “*beso sus manos de usted, señor,*” being the regular Spanish, “good morning to you.” . . .

AVILA. Sunday, May 14, '54.

. . . We spent the last evening with the Gayangos, saw some curious autographs, a letter of Philip II to Don John of Austria, one of Gonzalvo, the Great Captain, etc., etc. . . .

From the Escorial to La Granja and Segovia, there was no way of going except on horseback, so off we started at 10 o'clock, Wednesday morning, with “a horse apiece for the children and one beside to spare” for the luggage, which is reduced to my dear bonnet-box, two carpet-bags, my dressing-box, and “a small box of books,” for which Edward pleaded in a truly plaintive manner ! The bonnet-box you must imagine established on one side the horse, and the other baggage making a *contre-poids* on the other, and all tied on with rope, over a pack-saddle. I had the regular Spanish saddle, as a sort of camp-stool, on horseback ; and the owner of all three animals led the way and the pack-horse. It was fine and clear when we started, and the mountain air was equal to champagne of the best. In four hours, we accomplished four leagues, stopped at our half-way house, a Venta, near the top of the Guadarama range, when unkindly the weather changed, and successive showers of hail, rain and snow driven against us by one of the fiercest blasts I ever felt, made it for an hour or so, anything but pleasant. . . . Who, except in this *pays de*

*l'imprévu* would have expected to suffer from cold as we did, on the 10th May? I never felt anything sharper, in the sharpest winter day at home. . . .

As we entered Segovia, we passed by almost the whole length of the noble Roman aqueduct, which is one of its great curiosities and ornaments. . . . We found a cold, dirty, khan-like *posada*—men for chambermaids, bricked floors, etc., being points of its attractions. We found that the conveyance we had depended on to take us from Segovia to Avila, had, in the most unprovoked manner, gone to Madrid, and there was no other, so we had to take our horses on to Avila, making a two days' journey, instead of one, as we expected. . . .

Nothing can exceed the contrast between the luxury of beauty in the churches of Avila, and the poverty and wretchedness of the people, and private dwellings. This *posada* is certainly the dirtiest place in which we have spent two nights in Spain,—Gerona and Reno, where we spent one apiece, were perhaps as bad. The streets are narrow, ill-paved, dirty and particularly gloomy,—and as we walked back from that exquisite Dominican chapel, yesterday, into the miserable town, I was struck again, with what I have often thought in Spain, that it and America are, absolutely, at the two opposite poles. We have not, in any principal city, a church equal to three here, nor do I know the poorest New England village, where there is anything like the private misery and discomfort which is universal, here.

Today, we are off to Salamanca, then to Valladolid, Burgos, Vittoria, Bayonne, Bordeaux, and Paris. I hope to reach Paris a week from next Wednesday.

BURGOS. *Sunday, May 21st, 1854.*

. . . We were to have been off in the diligence for Bayonne, this morning—so we went to bed, packed up to the last point of tightness, and on the extreme edge of expectation, waked when the clattering diligence arrived, and behold it was quite full, and we could not get any kind of place in it. All the diligences from here to Bayonne come from Madrid in this way, as they are slow enough to start no independent ones, from Burgos itself, so there is no security against this happening again, and using up more and more of my days in Paris. . . .

At five, we started for Salamanca, and were fortunate enough to get the whole berlin to ourselves. We travelled all night, which I liked quite as well as spending it in that filthy hotel, and arrived at Salamanca at a little after seven in the morning. The city looked beautiful as we approached it, with its high, graceful towers; it stood clustered together on the steep, opposite bank of the Tormes.

One remark of Mr. Ford's about Salamanca is rather an under-statement—"Salamanca has not even a tolerable *posada*"—it was the most uncomfortable we have been in, with only two wild-cats of girls, unwashed and uncombed, and speaking a perfect patois, to wait on us; in fact,

the ancient seat of learning and civilization is now one of the poorest-looking places we have been in, in Spain. . . .

I never arrived at a place more dusty, dirty, and uncomfortable than Burgos, at eleven on Friday morning. However, here we found a clean inn, and refreshed ourselves at leisure, and then walked to the beautiful Cathedral, pleased to be there on our wedding-day, the dear 19th of May,—which I know you remembered at home. . . .



## CHAPTER XI

### LONDON

PARIS. May 30, 1854.

We left Burgos by diligence and went over the pass of the Pyrenees into France, stopping at Bordeaux; and by train to Paris, settling at Meurice's. That evening I found Sally,\* and could have cried with delight at seeing her again. Her dear soft eyes and warm-hearted welcome went to the old place in my heart. We stayed till 12, when manners and morals sent us home. The next day I stayed with her from 1 till 6, which, as Edward said, was like a long draught to a thirsty person. I am doing everything with her, theatres, dressmakers, dinners, etc., and am indulging myself in her society consistently till she sails for America. She is too much like a sister to be let alone. . . .

Tonight Rachel appears again to the deep, deep joy of all Paris, and in "Phèdre." We tried for tickets on Friday, but even then all were taken. . . .

I must tell you our plans are crystallizing. We mean to look out for a house at once, rent it

\* Mrs. Henry Tiffany, a much-loved friend.

for four, five or six years, according as we can, furnish it ourselves and begin to live in it the beginning of next year. We shall be through the summer in England, then perhaps go to Switzerland for a month or six weeks and spend the rest of the time in Paris. I am so afraid of the objections our English brothers and cousins will feel to our starting to travel again, that I should willingly stay put at once, but Edward thinks I should hate London for life if I were to begin to live there in the winter and likes also to have me finish up my French education by three months in Paris. The plan itself is delightful, and I sometimes think I might as well give up the idea of being Edward's wife and at the same time living according to the ideas of his family, for the poles and the equator are hardly more unlike. I was delighted that all Mary asked of the combinations of "fate and freewill" in her last, was that we should have a home of our own within the year. . . .

You will see by the papers that Austria has sent another request to the Emperor Nicholas that he will get out of the principalities and as he certainly will refuse, it is hoped that she will not after that "*Menacer sans frapper, ni frapper à demi,*" so that people's spirits are up about the war. There is a *mot* of Rachel's about Paris, that at her last supper at St. Petersburg, a Russian officer said to her, "*Bientôt nous boirons notre champagne ensemble à Paris.*" She said, "*Je ne le crois pas, monsieur, nous ne sommes pas assez riches pour donner le champagne à nos prisonniers !*" . . .

PARIS. *Sunday, June 5th, 1854.*

. . . Spent the evening at Cousin Tom's,\* where I was delighted to find Mrs. Greene.† Miss Joy and Mr. and Mrs. William Story were there, too. The latter have been driven away from Rome by the loss of their little boy. This was their only son, and they thought him a particularly fine child and have left Rome because they were so anxious about their other child, so that they are truly to be pitied. From them I heard that the Brownings had accomplished their visit to Rome this last winter; but they said Mrs. Browning had been able to go out so little, and had been so anxious about her little son, as there has been a great deal of illness among children there, that they did not think she enjoyed it much. They said too that the Brownings were coming to England this summer and to spend next winter in Paris. Mrs. Greene was as cordial to me as possible, but as she went off to another soirée I had not much talk with her. . . . Thursday after the lesson, for which we have found an invaluable master for digging over one's Anglicisms of pronunciation, I took Edward to call on Mrs. Greene, as it was her reception-day. We found her alone and very pleasant and were getting along splendidly when in walked Mr. Greene and Miss Bessie, and I shuddered, foreseeing, what immediately took place, that the two gentlemen would imbibe an extreme aversion to each other after the first sentence. So there they sat, side by side, not looking at each other, one stern white

\* Mr. Dwight of Boston.

† Mrs. W. Greene of Boston.

and the other stern black, and then what should they do but rush into the war and politics! Mr. Greene told Edward that Silistria\* was taken, which it was not, and that Russia would combine against Hungary and Italy against Austria the moment she joined the Western Powers and evidently expected and hoped to see all Europe in a blaze, by the autumn, Edward firmly and fiercely opposed all the facts and arguments an indignant Englishman could muster—and the two wives sat putting in their feeble, conciliatory oars, until I seized a joke of Mr. Greene's, as an occasion to decamp.

Friday was occupied much in the same manner with French, shopping, Sally, etc., and in the evening we went to the Gymnase and saw Rose Chéri in a play which has *fait fureur* lately at Paris, "*Le Gendre de M. Poirier*," it is one of the best written comedies I have seen, and extremely well acted. . . . In the evening we took Sally to see Rachel in "*Cinna*." It was Sally's first sight of her and delighted her much. . . . Before I forget it, let me ask you not to send any more letters in Coutts' care, but to direct them to Edward, Athenaeum Club-House, Pall Mall, London, instead.

*Wednesday morning.*

The day was spent partly in Paris frivolities of shopping, partly with Sally, and in the evening we dined at M. and Mme. Say's, and as it was her weekly reception afterwards, and the people were

\* An important fortress under Turkish rule, baffling the attacks of the Russians.



all very agreeable, we stayed until after 11. M. Say is a white-haired old gentleman, an old friend of Edward's, with the most amiable and intelligent expression, Mme. looks steady and sensible. The company were all gentlemen at dinner except herself and myself and a Mme. Mountjoy, whose husband is president of a college in Paris. I sat between M. Say and him, and liked them both particularly. It was a very nice French dinner, without being an enormous or extravagant one. The two parlours were lighted, for the evening, with six Carcel lamps, and about 8 or 10 more persons came in, including three ladies. . . .

. . . After my calls, I made Sally a little visit and in the evening we went to see Rachel together, in "*Les Horaces*." This is her second best part, *Phèdre* being considered the first, and I never saw such a superb piece of acting. She seemed to suffer so that it made one suffer to see her, the reality could hardly have been more touching—and the last look she turns to the audience, when flying from her brother, just before he kills her, was awful—three agonies, of fear, remorse and hatred concentrated in that one expression—it really made me shudder and turn away. She seemed to me to give a meaning last night to the fable of the Medusa's head, which turned everyone to stone who saw it. . . .

As to our foreign representatives, I can tell you that the iron will enter deeper into your soul when you come abroad. Sally will tell you about the present incumbents in Paris. It is the most

ill-judged policy to apply to Europe, I think, where all other ambassadors are most carefully selected to be good representatives and where the ambassador is almost the only specimen of a nation, to a large class. . . . Just at present, it seems that there is more hope of bringing Austria and Prussia into the coalition against Russia, which is the most desirable of all things to peace-lovers, as the most certain to shorten the war. News from both the Baltic and Black Sea is looked for from day to day, though most persons despair of taking either Cronstadt or Sebastopol. . . .

LONDON. *Friday*, June 16th, 1854.

. . . We came back to our old quarters at the Brunswick Hotel and after a day with Sally and her children, showing them Westminster, St. Paul's, and Madame Tussaud's waxworks, we went with them to the station *en route* home, and I felt grateful to Providence for such delightful days with Sally and shrunk into my English shell again for a series of family calls.

To Eaton Square and saw Sophy,\* who has grown very tall, and looks charmingly with a fair complexion and her mother's deep blue eyes, full of expression. Georgy † was at the door on horseback, with Julia and Charley Adderley, the two eldest children, also mounted on little Shetland ponies, and all waiting with a groom for Mr. Adderley ‡ to come from the House for a ride in Hyde Park. Nothing could be prettier than Julia Adderley, who is about 11, a slender, tall,

\* The Hon. Sophia Leigh.

† The Hon. Georgina Leigh.

‡ Married the Hon. Julia Leigh. Later became Lord Norton.

erect child, in a brown habit and brown felt hat with a blue ostrich feather curling all around the front, matching her blue eyes underneath and setting off her long fair curls. The turn-out of the two children was complete to the last point. After a few words with Georgy we went over to the other side of the Square, to call on Mrs. Adderley, who was out, and then to Lady East, whom we saw, and who gave us interesting details of her last dinner at Lady Westminster's and her approaching court-ball. . . . Then we made seven calls and saw the Lyells. Sir Charles looked just as usual. Lady L. is in mourning for somebody and was disfigured as I never saw anyone, by a frightful cap with black bows standing out straight, all around her face. . . .

The next day the Leighs arrived, with four horses posting out to Ascot for the races and proposed to carry us off too and we went in such a hurry as you may imagine, but I certainly could not describe. It was a very nice way of going, the party being Mr. Adderley, Mr. Godley, Lord Leigh, Carry and Georgy and ourselves, two of the gentlemen in the rumble behind, and one with the servant on the box, and the race was an excellent specimen, which I was very glad to see. The Queen's party drove right up the race course, over the cleared green turf, and it is an exceedingly pretty sight. We went round in front of the Royal box before we went away and had a very good view of the Queen, Prince Albert, the children, the little King of Portugal and his younger brother, the Duke of Oporto—this last

is a fair, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy, anything but Spanish, the King of Portugal is dark and very nice looking, both of them were dressed in the Windsor uniform like Prince Albert. The little Princess Royal is very pretty, I think, because she looks so bright, partly, but the rest of the children are ordinary in their appearance and do not look strong. The Queen and Prince Albert look very well and rather stout. Lord Clarendon \* was among the attendant party; whom I never saw before and was surprised to see how thin and pale and grey he was—quite an elderly looking person. I never had so much talk with Lord Leigh as yesterday, who is the handsomest, most good-natured, least assuming person possible.

LONDON. June 22nd, 1854.

Saturday we took an early start, and drove to Hampstead to see Mr. Vaughan and Mrs. Jackson, but Mr. Vaughan was at Oxford, Mrs. Jackson not at home, so we took a long turn round London and called at Mrs. Prinsep's. She was just going out and in a great hurry, so we did not have six words with her. Then we returned to London and continued the occupation most worthy of irrational beings, of ringing perpetual door-bells and leaving perpetual little pieces of pasteboard. In the evening we went to Lord Overstone's where we met a great many acquaintances and had a very pleasant time. The Seniors, Mr. Grote,

\* The Earl of Clarendon, 1800-70. Diplomat and statesman, Ambassador to Madrid, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Foreign Secretary from 1852-58 under Lord Palmerston. On him fell the onus of the Crimean War and the peace of 1856 testifies to his foresight and ability.



Count Strzelecki, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe,\* the member of Parliament and his wife, Bigelow Lawrence, Milnes, etc. They were all very pleasant and cordial and I like Lady Overstone and Lord Overstone too; they are very sensible persons, with neither formality nor pretension. Their daughter and only child, Miss Jones Loyd † (about the richest individual in England, in prospect) has improved very much in her appearance and is to be very handsome as well as rich, I think. She is extremely modest in her manners and expression and is still kept in her washed-muslin dresses and considered a child, but I was very much struck by the grave, intellectual beauty of her face. . . . Sunday I went to the Abbey in the afternoon, and we had just sat down to dinner on our return and equitably divided the salmon between us when the door opened and Mr. Vaughan appeared to dinner. He was as agreeable as ever for four hours, but he seemed a little fagged. In addition to his lectures this spring, he had been one of a board appointed to draw up a report on the condition of the University, and he has been replying in a pamphlet to an attack of Dr. Pusey's on this report, and altogether has had a good deal of extra work, which he feels, as he is never a very strong person. His lectures have had uninterrupted success, attracting audiences of 700 to 800, a thing never heard of before.

Monday we dined at home and in the evening wrote out a few more notes for a new edition of

\* Lowe, Robert, afterward Lord Sherbrooke, an English politician almost unequalled among the speakers of his day in Parliament. He held office under Palmerston and Gladstone.

† Jones Loyd, Miss, afterwards Lady Wantage.

Ford's "Handbook to Spain," which he sent to request of us. Tuesday we breakfasted at Dean Milman's with an exceedingly pleasant party, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle,\* the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. Stirling,† the author of the "Spanish Artists." Lord Lansdowne was as kind and courteous to me, and everyone else, as he always is, a model of delightful manners, and I sat between him and Dean Milman, who is another most attractive person, nothing can be more charming than his intelligent, benevolent, expressive face, in such an old man. Mrs. Milman is much younger than her husband and a very handsome woman for her age, with quiet, lady-like manners. Lord Carlisle has just returned from a tour in the East (where he went to recover from his chagrin at being left out of this Coalition Ministry,‡ according to the *on dit*) and where he had the small-pox at Smyrna. People say, though, it has rather improved his appearance, of which, as I never saw him before, I cannot judge. I can perfectly understand the story of his sitting down on the fender at Geneseo,§ after Tuesday's breakfast, where he sat part of the time, with his forefinger in his mouth! He is one of the class of English gentlemen who would never do a thing ungentlemanly in its spirit, but constantly and always do awkward ones, such as pedants in

\* Carlisle, Lord, seventh earl (1802-64), statesman and author, well known in America as Lord Morpeth. Under Palmerston he was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† Afterwards Sir William Stirling Maxwell, author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain."

‡ Lord Aberdeen had formed a Coalition Ministry between the Tory, Free-Trade followers of Sir Robert Peel and the Liberals at the end of 1852.

§ The Wadsworth place in Western New York.

manners would never forgive. Stirling is not attractive at first sight, either in manners or appearance, and is going on so slowly with his "Life of Don John of Austria" (Murray tells Edward) that it will be a chance between his book and Mr. Prescott's \* "Philip II," which comes out the first. Stirling's subject would make one of the most interesting and freshest appendages of Mr. Prescott's, and rather diminish the novelty of the work if it appeared before it.

The Bishop of Oxford I never do like. He has a very fine head and a very bright blue eye, and is considered, as you know, one of the most agreeable men in London society, but he has the most Jesuitical mouth, and his manner, when Lords are in presence, richly merits his popular sobriquet of "Soapy Sam." The conversation was often general, always agreeable, and it was an untold relief to meet a set of persons who had something the same interests as myself and liked to hear what one had to say, with whom narrow-mindedness and intolerance does not mean virtue, nor going to a Queen's Ball form the ideal of honour, and who even admit the supposition that something is going on and that something may be learnt and seen out of the island of Great Britain. (What do you think of the progressive souring of my temper ?)

After the breakfast, the whole party adjourned to go over a large, new warehouse for French and Manchester goods, which has just been completed

\* W. H. Prescott, American historian, student of Spanish history. He wrote several important histories on Spanish subjects.

opposite St. Paul's, and which is built on a most ingenious plan for light and ventilation and architectural effect, one of the finest results of the Crystal Palace, evidently. On the same side of St. Paul's an old warehouse has just been pulled down, which opens a very beautiful view of the building and which great efforts are making to keep open, instead of having it built over again. It is a small quadrangular bit, which costs 60,000 pounds—a hopeful sign for improvement in the city. From all this I did not reach home until after 1 o'clock, and at two we were to drive out to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace, with Mrs. Adderley and Emma Leigh, so I had only time to go to my room and get a shawl and drive to Eaton Square. . . . We were there about two hours, which was not sufficient to see all the building. . . . There were about 12,000 people there in the course of Tuesday, and that has been the average of nearly all the shilling days, but very few people think it will pay, at that. And I think that among the “upper crust” there is such a general determination that it shall not pay, that they would be rather disappointed if it did. The not opening it Sunday afternoons is the greatest possible mistake, I think, in which Saye and Sele and some few other Liberals, I have found to agree—but generally the answer is that “that is a very serious question.” I only know that it is the most splendid enterprise I have ever seen accomplished, and I hope, with all my heart, it may succeed. . . .

We went to Stafford House (the Duke of



Sutherland's), ostensibly to hear an Italian lecture, but really to see the Murillos, in the Gallery: You might naturally think that as Lady Leigh is the Duchess of Sutherland's niece, it would have been easy for us to see the pictures without paying seven shillings apiece, but in England Edward's principle is the only safe one, never to ask a favour, more especially anything that can be construed into a social favour of anyone—and the nearer the relation, I was going to say, the less. So we heard the lecture, an hour's beautiful Italian, met Lady Frankland Lewis and Miss Percy, Georgy's friend, who was very polite and pleasant and is a most agreeable, intelligent lady, Mrs. Grote, who was as individual as ever, Milnes and one or two other acquaintances, and I saw one of the most elegant and beautiful women I ever did or shall see—Lady Hatherton—a perfect vision of delight, not very young, but so calm and classic and high-bred. The Duchess of Sutherland herself was there, all smiles and affability as usual, and dressed as hideously as I have always seen her—in a blue and white brocade open in front, a Honiton lace mantelet, all done up with little, fussy, pink-ribbon bows, and a cap of point-de-Venise, ornamented in the same frightful manner. She must have been very handsome before she grew so very stout. Her son-in-law, the Duke of Argyll was there, too, who is very small, with very small finely formed features and high, white forehead, and the most peculiar hair, not red, but the sort of reddish gold hair that you see in some of Raphael's early pictures and other Italian ones, Bellinis, etc., but which I never saw in real

life before. If it were not so peculiar and as fine as a cobweb, it might be called ugly. I heard last year of Lord Derby's having come in late to some party and apologizing by saying that he was detained in the House of Lords, where he was obliged to make a speech "to punish that naughty and saucy boy, Argyll,"—the Duke of Argyll being young, clever and a Whig. We left about 5 o'clock and had just time to call on Miss Gayangos and Lady Somers, whom we did not see, and nice Miss Sherrieff, whom we did, before dressing for dinner at Mrs. Merivale's. . . .

To Mrs. Russell Sturgis's to dinner, where I met Nelly Hooper,\* who arrived in London the night before. It is a specimen of Mrs. Sturgis's † capacity that she had a charming dress for Nelly, just the colour and style and everything for her, made up yesterday, and she herself had the most splendid white lace dress I ever saw and looked a perfect beauty. It was a very large dinner of 18 people, mixed English and American, in the French style. I went down with a certain Sir Adam Hay, whose second son has married Sally Duncan, which I discovered by accident in conversation, and mean to call on her. . . . Yesterday I missed Carlyle, Mrs. Prinsep, and everybody I ever wanted to see. After the dinner we went to an "At Home" at Mrs. Milnes', where I was introduced to Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence and saw sundry old acquaintances, among them Mr. Ford, who was very diverting. Today, I am happy to

\* Afterwards Mrs. Gurney, wife of Dean Gurney of Harvard.

† Wife of Russell Sturgis of Boston, one of the Baring partners.

say, we dine at home, tomorrow at Mrs. Adderley's and to Lady Lyell in the evening. Lady Ashburton sent us a very kind invitation to spend tomorrow and Sunday at Addiscombe, but we had two engagements beforehand and were obliged to decline. The foreign news which goes to you by this steamer is extremely satisfactory to the Western Powers; the siege of Silistria has been raised, by the Turkish troops alone, much to their credit! I wonder what Mr. Greene thinks about it now. The retreat of the Russians is supposed to be merely a defensive movement, because Austria looks so threateningly on her flank, but, at best, their military operations thus far have not been of the most brilliant. . . .

LONDON. June 29th, 1854.

. . . Calls from Sir Francis Doyle, Edward's very old friend, and Lady Ashburton, which we considered a great piece of good fortune. As we did not see her when we called and could not go to Addiscombe, we were very glad to see her thus. She is really a person worth seeing, for she has always something to say, and she is so very sincere that one can always believe her. Edward bought some engravings for her at Madrid, which we gave her, and which she seemed quite pleased with, portraits of Charles V by Titian, etc. In the country they have a portrait of Charles V by Titian and of Queen Mary by More, so that Edward thought it would interest her to compare them with engravings from the others, and was glad to have the chance of doing something for her. . . .

We dined at the Adderleys', where I met Lady

Leigh for the first time this season, who has a manner so much less formal and more affectionate to me than any other member of the family that it gives me real pleasure every time I meet her. She told me, as everyone else has done, how particularly well I was looking, better than last year, and after dinner really paid me an enthusiastic set of little compliments, founded on her never having seen me dressed before, at which little explosion all her daughters got up a chorus of the Leigh giggle, which rises like a fountain whenever anything is done, said or referred to with which they are not perfectly familiar, at any peculiarity of manner or expression, and which drives me nearly frantic, while Edward calmly quotes an old Latin line to the effect that "nothing is sillier than a silly giggle" and thinks nothing more about it. After dinner we went off to a small party of Lady Lyell's, occasioning Emma Leigh to remark, "Let me see, seems to me somebody knows Lady Lyell besides Cousin Edward!" There we met the Hozners, Dean and Mrs. Milman, Mr. and Mrs. Merivale, etc. Lady Lyell is going to move into a larger house and looked very bright and pretty. . . .

We lunched with Christopher Wordsworth,\* nephew of the poet, who wrote his life, Canon of the Abbey, whose sermons I have written to you about. He lives in one of the houses round the cloisters of the Abbey, appropriated to the canons residentiary, and the loveliest places you can imagine in the heart of a great city. You cannot

\* (1807-1885), Headmaster of Harrow (1836-44), Bishop of Lincoln (1869).



enter them except through the cloisters, and one would shake all this world's stir and smoke away from one, it seems to me and it never would touch one's home. Christopher Wordsworth's face, when you look at it closely, is as grim as Calvin's, and has all the ire and sternness of a religious controversialist stamped on it, in deep lines, which is just what he has and is—a person of very harsh, strong, sincere convictions, which prove to him, past doubt, that Edward and you and I are lost equally and beyond all hope and 99/100ths of the human race with us. Mrs. Wordsworth is one of the loveliest human beings, as meek and gentle, loving and sweet, in appearance, as her husband is stern and forbidding; she lives a life of “pure obedience,” I suppose, believing as well as she can all her husband tells her, but loving him more than she believes in him even, I am sure; she is exactly such a person as one's ideal would picture, to live in the home she does, as fair and pure and sequestered as the Abbey cloisters themselves. She was dressed in deep plain mourning, with a fair, fair face, large blue eyes and the remains of most delicate beauty. She is the most complete living embodiment I ever saw of St. Peter's “whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning, etc.” I felt like a regular Babylonian beside her with my lilac ribbons and French gloves, and I never shall forget her. I went to sit with her, and Dr. Wordsworth took Edward into one of the stalls near him and preached a sermon an hour and a quarter long on the duty of supporting liberally the ministers of religion and “manumitting the tithes which

Henry the VIII conferred upon laymen to the relief of many oppressed consciences and the advancement of the glory of God." Stoneleigh Abbey came into the possession of the Leighs in that very manner, and I couldn't help smiling at the idea of relieving Lord Leigh's "oppressed conscience" by giving it up.

We dined at Mr. Lowe's, a member of Parliament and the Government, who was seven years a lawyer in Australia, and has only been 18 months in Parliament, but has distinguished himself very much in that time by clever speeches.\* We had the most agreeable party—Mr. and Mrs. Grote, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Strutt,† Mr. Gibbs, tutor of the Prince of Wales, and Delane,‡ the editor of the "Times," one of whose contributors Mr. Lowe is supposed to be. I sat between Mr. Ford and Mr. Delane. There was a great deal of general conversation. Mr. Ford was infinitely amusing, and altogether it was a specimen of that best picked literary society of London. After dinner the four ladies had a set-to on politics and abusing the Government, Mrs. Grote expressing a "naive" desire to "pitchfork Lord John," etc., while I sat by much amused and instructed. Mrs. Ford is a very plain, very clever person, a sister of Sir William Molesworth, one of the Cabinet Ministers, and of a very old Whig family. Mrs. Lowe is rather loud and violent, not particu-

\* Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke; Chancellor of Exchequer (1868), Secretary of State (1873); chiefly famed as wit with bitter tongue.

† Afterwards Lord and Lady Belper.

‡ Delane, John Thaddeus (1817-79), a famous journalist, who became editor of the *Times* at twenty-three and exerted for many years an influence unparalleled in the history of journalism.

larly attractive, but such a sketcher, in pencil and colours both, that her volume of Australian sketches is something well worth seeing. Mrs. Strutt is always "the soft green of the soul" and played off for her benefit, I supposed, as Mr. Strutt is also a "mimber" and the Government have just served him a rather shabby trick. When the gentlemen came up, Mr. Lowe sat down by Mrs. Strutt and myself, and was started on the same train and I never heard anyone more amusing. Mrs. Strutt asked for a definition of a Whig, at present, which he said he could tell her shortly,—to be a Whig, "one must either be a member of one of the four divine families" (Elliot, Grey, Russell, and Howard) "or you must be their nigger." The short of all the irritation is, that this Coalition government differ very much and quarrel very much among themselves, and are only kept together by the outside pressure of the war, and the difficulty of knowing who is to replace them if they go out. Meantime many of the ablest among their own following, dislike their measures, and yet, from the same cause, keep quiet, but Mr. Lowe says "all the cleverest men in the House are sitting tongue-tied to please Lord John." \* After Mr. and Mrs. Strutt and Mr. and Mrs. Grote had gone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Ford and Edward, who are all Winchester men, began discussing (and the two former cussing) their school experiences. Mr. Ford was energetic on the misery of the gooseberry tarts which used to come in so sour that you could

\* Lord John Russell, Whig statesman (1792–1878), Premier 1846–52 and 1865–6. Created Earl 1861.

see the juice fizzing on the plate, like vitriol, consuming the pottery! I forgot to tell you that Saturday morning we had a long visit from Grote, who was delightful—discussed the Nebraska question \* and appreciated Murillo, in the most intelligent manner. . . .

We drove to Hampstead and found Mrs. Jackson at home, stayed about an hour and a half, lunched with her, and had a splendid talk. She is just as charming as ever and just as enthusiastic about Mr. Vaughan, and has been to Oxford to hear nearly all his lectures, which she thinks better than ever this year. She asked me about you all, and not formally, but as if she really wanted to know. Came home and found my home letters, telling me of Ned's engagement,† when you may please to imagine my feeling. Fortunately I had an hour to devote to crying my eyes quite red and giving them a little time to recover before I went to Milnes' to dinner. Here we had one of his funny, mixed-up parties. Edward sat in an *embarras de richesses* between Lady Ashburton and her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, while at my end of the table were the Bishop of St. Davids, Thirlwall,‡ Rev. Mr. Maurice,§ your

\* The Kansas-Nebraska Act, admitting the possibility of the introduction of slavery into two new Western territories, upset the balance of power between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding states, and led to the formation of the Republican Party to check the further spread of slavery.

† Her brother, Edmund Dwight, was just engaged to Miss Ellen Coolidge, her great friend.

‡ Connop Thirlwall (1797–1875), Bishop of St. David's-1840. Learned to preach in Welsh. Author of "History of Greece." Buried in same grave as Grote in Westminster Abbey.

§ T. F. Denison Maurice (1805–72), a leader in religious, educational, and social movements; wrote many books.



friend of Lincoln's Inn, Rev. Mr. Trench,\* the brother of the poet and the one who has written on philology, or rather derivations of words, and Aubrey de Vere,† a Roman Catholic convert; the other persons were, my aversion Mr. Spedding, Sir John MacNeill, formerly minister to Persia, a Lady Frances and a Mr. Russell, and a Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Percy, the lady a pleasant looking person, but the party was a mess of all characters, positions and opinions, which is the kind that Milnes most delights in and where he finds himself in his element.

After dinner the Misses Stirling, Archdeacon Hare,‡ who wrote their father's life, and Mr. Venables came in, and I had a highly diverting conversation with this latter, until we left, at 11.30 for a concert at Lord Lansdowne's. This was half over when we arrived, but it was impossible to get there earlier, as we were the first persons who started from Milnes'. It was the most beautiful entertainment, Mario, Bosio, Viardot, and three other men singing a delightful selection of music, which wound up with the prayer of Moses in Egypt by the whole, a splendid close. I never saw more handsome ladies nor more beautiful dresses, as everyone dressed their best for Lansdowne House. Among other notorieties I saw the Countess Walewska,§ Lady Palmerston,|| and her

\* Richard Chenevix, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

† De Vere, Sir Aubrey (1814–1902), an Irish poet, writer of verse, graceful, refined, fluent, and also of essays and Irish legends.

‡ Julius Charles Hare (1795–1855), chaplain to Queen Victoria.

§ Walewska, Mme., a Polish countess, chère amie of Napoleon I, by whom he had a son, Count Walewski.

|| Wife of the Prime Minister.

two daughters, Lady Astley and Lady Jocelyn, the latter a wax-doll beauty and Lady P. one of those wonderful looking English women, whom you can hardly believe the mother of two grown-up daughters—Lady Duff Gordon,\* too, a daughter of Mrs. Austin's. We met the Lewises and an immense number of acquaintances, the Overstones, Mrs. Prinsep, the Grotes, Seniors, etc. . . .

We dined at home on Wednesday and in the evening went to a party at Lady Overstone's, and a concert at Mrs. Adderley's. At the former place we met all sorts of pleasant people and best of all, the family themselves. They have done everything possible about asking us there, asked us to a dinner a fortnight off, when as ill-luck would have it, we were engaged and yesterday sent to ask us to dine alone with them on Sunday, when we are also engaged to the Frankland Lewises. They are the nicest persons, with "flowers and children and meat and melons" in the utmost plenty and perfection and yet without the least fuss or pretension. Mrs. Adderley's concert was all glee-singing, English music and very pretty, but I thought a dreadfully stiff and pokey set of people, not half as pleasant as I have met at many other places. . . . The Godleys were there, of course, the Adderley's shadows, and Isabel Percy and the Bishop of Oxford among the few others I knew out of the family.

\* Duff-Gordon, Lady, only child of Mrs. Austin, a brilliant talker, translator of innumerable German and other books.

*Friday morning.*

Yesterday we dined at the Leighs', and met a young party of their set. Lord and Lady Leigh came after dinner, and she has so altered since I saw her two years ago—she has been ill almost all the time and it shows deplorably. She is a person I should like, if I ever saw her, and do like, in fact, though I never do. This morning we have been to a breakfast at Mr. Senior's, and are now going to the Milmans' to hear a lady recite some poetry, and at 7 we dine with dear Mrs. Prinsep who has compassionately invited us to meet her sisters. "You will see all the children," she says in her note. . . .

*Friday, July 7th, '54.*

Not one chance has London left me this week to write my letter. Down came Mr. Ford, with a series of proof-sheets for his new edition of the guide-book to Spain, and Lady Eastlake\* for Kugler and corrections, upon the very time I had set apart for you, and as we leave London tomorrow, I was obliged to attend to these, at once. Tomorrow we go to Brighton, Monday to Ryde in the Isle of Wight, for a quiet three weeks. Edward is going to write a preface to the "School Evidence" and bring it out at the beginning of the winter-session, and I to rest, after this extravagant month in London. . . .

\* Wife of Sir Charles Eastlake (1793–1865), President of the Royal Academy (1850), Director of National Gallery.

## CHAPTER XII

### COUNTRY VISITS

BRIGHTON. July 12th, 1854, *Wednesday*.

. . . Friday, I breakfasted at the Seniors', where I sat by Mr. Lewis, and met Lord Lansdowne; went on to Dean Milman's and heard a Miss Tellewson recite poetry, in the most wonderful manner. . . . It was a remarkable performance, half speaking, half acting. We dined at dear, darling Mrs. Prinsep's, with Mr. Vaughan, and Mrs. Jackson, and of course had a splendid time. Some friends of Mr. Watts' were there, also, and among others, Mr. Doyle,\* the artist of "Brown, Jones and Robinson"; he is an Irishman, but not Irish-looking, pale and thin, and very modest and quiet. . . . In the evening I read the correspondence between Rev. Mr. Maurice and Rev. Mr. Jelf. . . . Mr. Maurice's argument on the word eternal is a very weak one, I think. As Carlyle said the other night, it just amounts to this, that a man may be damned eternally "in two minutes, and if there's any plain sense at all in words, there's none in that." I had a call from Lord Overstone and Count Strzelecki, who came

\* Doyle, Richard (1828-83), the caricaturist who made the design still used for the cover of "Punch." He illustrated "The Newcomes" and many other books of the time.



to ask us to come to see Lord Overstone's pictures, at luncheon, on Thursday. The Overstones have been particularly kind this year in inviting us. . . . I went to the Abbey in the afternoon and dined at Sir Frankland Lewis's, where I sat between Mr. Cornwall Lewis and Mr. Phillips (a painter and friend of Mr. Watts,) and after dinner, had a nice talk with Miss Isabel Percy, and quite enjoyed myself.

Monday, we went to Mr. Ford's at three, and stayed there two hours, seeing his sketches and pictures; he draws with as much vigour and effect as he writes, and his sketches in Spain and Italy are about the finest I ever saw. In the evening at eight, we went to the Carlyles', where we met the brother who translated Dante, and his wife. There is a family likeness between the two brothers; the translator is the older man, however, considerably. Mrs. Carlyle was as affectionate to me as she always is. . . . We dined with pretty Mrs. Strutt, where I sat between Lord Auckland \* and Lord Overstone and had a very nice time. . . .

Thursday, we lunched at the Overstones', who have one of the most splendid houses and finest collections of pictures, in London. One Murillo, which I would rather have than either of the Duke of Sutherland's, another very large one, and a superb landscape by Rembrandt, etc., etc. One is glad they have their pictures and their house, because they are such thoroughly nice people. Their immense fortune is rather a burden and responsibility than a pleasure to them; he has

\* Third Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

English shyness and sense together, and she is a modest person, not clever, but very conscientious, and caring only for her daughter and her husband. . . .

To Lady Ashburton's, where we met the Carlyles, Bigelow Lawrences, Milnes, Lady Morley, Lady Stanley, Lady Dufferin, Mr. Venables, Mr. Spedding, etc., a set of clever ones, as usual there. Lady Ashburton has been, like the Overstones, particularly friendly this year. A mere invitation means nothing in London, but she first asked us to Addiscombe, then to this dinner, but we were already engaged and then sent again, to ask us to come in afterwards, and has asked us also to come to the Grange, this autumn. I forgot to tell you that Monday morning I had a long, early visit from Lord Lansdowne ; he asked us to dinner on Saturday, again on Wednesday, which we could not do any more, and then he really came personally, toiling up two flights of stairs to see us, and stayed a good half hour, I think ; which, as I was alone, I felt a regular condescension. He has the most delightful manners possible, and is always the essence of kindness. He asked us to Bowood, but I doubt if we shall be in England, when he is there. . . . Here we are at Brighton, fronting the sea, on which the moon by night, and colours by day are wonderful to see. . . .

On July 8th, 1854, they left London for Brighton and after three weeks of quiet at Ryde made a tour, to Chichester, Hursley, Winchester and a round of family visits for a month.

They were kept out of London by the cholera

and went instead to Weymouth and Torquay till November 10th, when they went up to London to choose a house and decided on 3 Rutland Gate as their future home.

*Wednesday, July 19, 1854. RYDE.*

. . . We are very much obliged for the extracts from the "Courier," and I want to know who wrote them ? I do not at all think that, what he affirms, can be admitted, that the Northern States wash their hands of all responsibility in the matter, by allowing the law to be carried into effect, without interference,\*—on the contrary, that they do practically give their sanction to Slavery, and do very dirty work for the South, therein. It seems to me impossible to prove that our position is exactly the right one, and such as ought entirely to satisfy our consciences. But to say that more moral and material evil would be caused by pursuing a different course, is a very tenable proposition. We make a moral compromise in consenting to send back their slaves, and admit a lesser evil, to avoid a greater, and those people, who never will make moral compromises will always think this one wrong. I have been studying over the set of Nebraska speeches, but I cannot see how the passage of that bill puts the foundation-question in any different light from that it stood in before ; it is a piece of wrong-doing, supported by sophistical reasoning, on the part of the South, which naturally aggravates the North, but does not increase the size of their real stumbling block, that I see. Charles Sumner's speech is full of

\* The Fugitive Slave Law.

specimens of his own lovely taste in metaphors—"the Senate embracing a Plural Unit by the endearing name of country"—"a measure rushing on the bosses of the shield of the Almighty, in all respects" are pretty good, and would be pleasant spectacles to see, but when you come to such an astonishing piece of legerdemain as "Death mowing down the authors of a compact with inexorable scythe," and at the same time "counting sentinels out of a conservative hour-glass, which immediately begin to defile before us," Edward and I are rather frightened, and not sure that we understand what is going to be exhibited! How the "Times" and "Examiner" would knock about a man who made himself so absurd, in trying to produce an effect in the House of Commons,—and how much good it would do Charles Sumner! As to the "first-rate English statesman," Grote comes the nearest to what you want, of anyone whom I see, knows more about American politics, and cares more about them. He regrets extremely the Nebraska bill, because it brings up a discussion which he thinks was rightly settled by the Fugitive Slave Law, about which he has no doubt. He thinks the preservation of the Union of the greatest importance, and does not indulge in, or admire any morbid philanthropy about the slaves. . . .

. . . Chichester has a beautiful spire, like Salisbury, though smaller, and the views of it as you approach the town are very striking and beautiful. . . . In the Cathedral we saw a beautiful bust of Bishop Otter, Mrs. Strutt's



father,—a face so calm and fine as spread a silent benediction about the still memorial corner where the bust was placed. Canon Pilkington took us through the Bishop's garden and his own, which are the prettiest Cathedral grounds I have seen except at Salisbury, and which have the same ineffable charm that those have, as if wherever the shadow of the Cathedral fell, it grew holy ground. . . .

RYDE. July 26th, *Wednesday*, 1854.

. . . We have had ten days of uninterruptedly warm and fine weather since we came here, and have been taking starlight promenades on the long pier. It runs very nearly north and south, and we spelt over all the constellations we used to on the Walk\* as they shone with a double light, of sight and memory. . . .

WOODLANDS. *Thursday morning*, Aug. 10, 1854.

. . . Winchester is a delightful specimen of an English country town. The School and its beautiful chapel, the Cathedral one of the finest in England, adorn it, and the country round is beautiful. Keble† is rector of the parish of Hursley, and lives about five miles from Winchester, and Edward, by a brilliant inspiration, proposed and arranged that we should spend this Sunday at Winchester and see his church and him. He has built three churches and two parsonages

\* A flagged walk at the Dwights' old summer home.

† Keble, Rev. John (1792–1866), author of the "Christian Year," Professor of Poetry at Oxford. One of the founders of the Tractarian movement; wrote some of the more important tracts. Keble influenced the Movement by his saintly, generous, and affectionate character.

in this parish, almost entirely from the proceeds of the "Christian Year," and his own is an ideal church, Gothic, of course. It stands back from the road in a pretty tranquil churchyard, from which Keble's garden is separated only by a wall, covered with ivy. From the gate of the garden, to the west entrance of the church cannot be twenty steps. The church has no pews, and it is kept always open. If one were to devise with unlimited freedom a home and church for Keble, I do not think they need be other than these. Sunday morning, we entered while the bells were ringing their lovely chime, and were shown to very nice seats in the body of the church, Edward on the right of the centre aisle, and I on the left. In the slips between the side aisles and the walls, families sat all together, but not in the body of the church. It was a regular country congregation,—farmers in their white smock frocks, old women and young maidens their daughters, two bands of Sunday school children with their teachers, and just a few of the "gentry,"—and as decorous and attentive a one as I ever saw. But the service was very unlike that of an ordinary parish church, as it was read by the clergymen standing in the chancel, with their backs turned to the congregation, their faces to the altar, with two bands of choristers also seated in the chancel, and all the responses and psalms chanted. The chanting was very good and is always very delightful, and must have had much pains bestowed upon it, to bring it to so great a point of perfection. The reading in that way looks to me much more Romish than English, as well as various forms

and genuflexions, not usual ; and with all deference to Keble, I do not think wisely introduced. He is " a chartered saint," and has the right to do whatever he pleases within the rules of his church, but when he announced, in a very sad tone, a prayer " for the unhappy and prevailing divisions of the Church of England," I could not but think how very large a majority of the church would object, most seriously, to the changes he had introduced and sanctioned. There is such a very strong feeling in England, that Puseyism leads toward Rome, and after so many dreary instances of such an ending, it seems vain to deny the danger.

Keble looks between 50 and 60, pale, with thin, grey hair, with a most excellent, but rather a sad expression. Someone who knew about him, however, told me that he really is a very cheerful person, in daily life. Mr. Moberly preached, one of the best sermons I have heard in England. . . . He was a schoolfellow of Edward's at Winchester, a resident fellow of Balliol with him, and is now Head-Master of Winchester, and, in the vacation, lives on a farm in Keble's parish ; he is quite of his opinions, and intimate with him, personally. After the service, he came over to the little inn to see us, and was agreeable. . . .

At Winchester, Edward took me one of his old schoolboy walks (which they always called " going to Hills ") up to the top of a low, green hill crowned by a clump of lime-trees, which is the appointed play-ground of the Winchester

boys, called St. Catharine's Hill, and noted for fresh, fine air. It was a regular English walk, "thro' bush, thro' briar," over stiles and through corn-fields; Edward could have done it as well blind-fold! . . . We went to the afternoon service at the Cathedral, where they have beautiful singing, much better than at the Abbey in London, and where Edward met his old Master at Winchester, now Dean of this Cathedral, and Warden of New College, at Oxford;\* he is such a nice old person of nearly 80 years old, but with a voice as fine and strong as anyone's, and a pleasant manner. . . . We walked out to beautiful St. Cross, an establishment for thirteen poor old men, founded in William of Wykeham's time—as quiet as a Cloister, and with much the same charm, one of those lovely places which are not to be seen in any country but England, where Art and Nature are so beautifully combined, and all the charms of antiquity, order, and peace abound. . . .

We had a long and tedious drive to Woodlands,† only arrived at the exact dinner hour and had the pleasure of finding a dinner-party of ten persons waiting for us! It was of no use for me to attempt to dress, while trunks were not even upstairs, so I washed my face and hands, changed collar and sleeves for nice ones, smoothed my hair, and went down as I was, among the full-dressed ladies. Edward, whose operations were more simple, arrived about quarter of an hour

\* Mr. Twisleton was a direct descendant of William of Wykeham and as "founder's kin" had rights at Winchester and New College, Oxford. The Warden of New College was the Rev. David Williams, D.C.L.

† Country-place of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Twisleton.



later, as tidy and clean as possible, and reflected credit upon me, and I really did not care the least bit. Lady Cave and her daughter I had met before, and Mr. and Miss Peel. . . .

Yesterday we drove to Grove park, a most beautiful place of Lord Dormer's, near Warwick, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, elderly people, who seemed such nice ones,—I wished I could just stay with such a dear old lady, as Mrs. B. looked—kind and tranquil, instead of fussy and conscious. In the evening we went to a dance at Stoneleigh, where Georgy and Carry and Fiennes are staying with a large party ; there is a large ball-room, with a floor like Papanti's,\* and the space and ease made it a very pretty party. Lady Mandeville was there, a most beautiful person, who was a German Gräfin von Alten, whom Lord M. met at Nice : the next most pleasing person, I thought, was Lady Agnes Grosvenor, a younger sister of Lady Leigh's, a particularly graceful and elegant-looking girl, though not handsome ; she is a great friend of Georgy's, whom I have often heard speak of her, so that I was glad to see her.

Today, we are to go at 5 to the Meriden Archery Meeting, a moral torture to Edward, and on Wednesday to Hams and Stoneleigh, and from there to Adlestrop.

HAMS HALL. *Thursday, Aug. 17, 1854.*

Here we are, arrived last evening before dinner, Carry Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and Lord

\* A famous ball-room in Boston, with a spring floor.

Lyttelton, making the rest of the party. I have been using good part of the morning in talking to Mrs. Bracebridge about Spain, and walking about the grounds, playing sociable, with Mrs. Adderley, Carry, and the children. Now the luncheon-bell has just rung, and after luncheon we are to drive to Maxstoke, a ruined Abbey, to meet all the party from Stoneleigh. . . .

At Maxstoke I had a long talk with Miss Ellen Peel (the eldest daughter of a brother of Sir Robert Peel) whom I quite like. I was surprised to find in talking to her the other day that she had never heard of Carlyle's "French Revolution"—but it is only a sign of the slow progress of novelties among persons of her class, in England, which is constantly astonishing to an American;—and their close keeping to standard and clerical authors has its good effects, one of which is the absence of slang in their conversation. Saturday, after luncheon, we spent in driving about to various neighbours' houses, seeing beautiful gardens, greenhouses, and everything which makes English country life in the summer beautiful and attractive. . . .

After the service, Sunday, Edward and I drove to Stoneleigh Church, to see the monument which Lady Leigh has put up there to her husband, which is a very beautiful one, simple, rich, and in perfectly good taste. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge are the persons you have heard Tom Appleton talk about. He is goodnatured and has ideas, but rather muddled

ones. She is a very clever and agreeable person, real English cleverness, founded on the most accurate information, expressing itself in the most moderate and elegant language, and with nothing *outré*, nothing showy, and nothing pretentious about it ; something like Lady Theresa, and Lady Ashburton. They have been great travellers, have been in Spain, and in the East, in Greece, and everywhere else, and we had great sympathy over Spain. They have left this morning, and asked us to come to them. . . . The liberal housekeeping, here, is attractive after ———, where neither Edward nor I ever have enough to eat ! My appetite is not enormous, but it is completely spoiled by seeing tea, wine and sugar doled out and locked up before my eyes, seeing the butter disappearing and knowing that no more can be had, and having cold chicken and tart, etc., elaborately offered at lunch, when the disappointment would be extreme and spoil the calculated dinner, if you accepted. You have no idea how wearing these little peculiarities become in the course of a week's stay. You begin to wonder, yourself, how much you are costing them, and to wish you could pay at the end of the week ! I obtained some rather valuable information about London dinners, by the way ; they cannot give them under 15 shillings the person, and theirs average from ten to fifteen pounds, each ; cheerful, isn't it ? . . .

As for Ruskin, I am afraid you would like his books better than him. I don't know that he is bad in any way, but he is very odd. He is

separated from his wife, because he treated her with such absolute indifference, and evidently so much preferred living in his old study, in his father's and mother's house. This year, he proposed going to Europe, for some months, and did not even ask her to go with him. I have never heard any fault attributed to her. All this, with personal conviction, gained from the use of my own eyes, that he has such an exaggerated and partial view of things as renders him untrustworthy in his descriptions of them. This has diminished my affection for him, though I shall never cease to be grateful for "Modern Painters. . . .

STONELEIGH ABBEY. Aug. 23rd, 1854, *Wed.*

. . . In the evening we had a tremendous discussion among the gentlemen over Louis Napoleon, whom all such people as are high Tory and High Church, by some singular sympathy, approve of, which rouses Edward's whole indignation, as he thinks him the great enemy of Constitutional liberty, and cannot bear that his present success should put out of mind his treacheries and cruelties. He always maintains that if Louis Napoleon had used the same ability in making the free system work that he has used in overthrowing it, he would have succeeded as well, and would have laid the foundation of far greater welfare for France in the future. . . .

Monday, before we went, Mrs. Adderley honoured me so highly as to request me to write something in her album, which is a fashion still kept up in England. We arrived at Stoneleigh



about five. Lady Agnes Grosvenor was the only person here besides ourselves, and a Mr. Otway, a clergyman, came to dinner. Mary Cholmondeley is looking very well and pretty. Yesterday, we went to a tea-party of Mrs. Twistleton's at five, which coming between luncheon at two and dinner at seven, makes one of the most superfluous entertainments imaginable, and "this," as I heard Mrs. Twistleton candidly informing Lady Agnes, "was only an expedient for getting you over here again." Lady Agnes\* really is one of the most attractive young ladies I have seen in England, with a great deal of cleverness and cultivation under very quiet manners, and charmingly amiable.

. . . Friday evening we had an addition to our party, Lady Octavia and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, a sister and brother-in-law of Lady Leigh's. He is a Scotch baronet, lower in rank, therefore, than his wife, but with an enormous fortune. She has just been confined and is too delicate to appear; he is stout and rubicund, and looks "rather heavy-in-hand." . . . This morning we have all been walking through the wood on the other side of the river, where it is perfectly lovely. The present mistress has made some clearances and cut down some trees there, to let in the light. . . . Lady Leigh is a great China fancier, so that we have a new set for breakfast about every other day, with a little sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher to each person. At dinner yesterday we were sixteen, and everything was of silver, which I never saw in the

\* Married, 1st, Sir Archibald Campbell; 2nd, Phillip Frank, Esq.

country before, though often in great houses in London. . . . Tomorrow we go to Adlestrop. Lady Leigh is a person of a great deal of genuine feeling, and thoroughly unaffected. . . . This steamer will carry you the news of the capture of Bomarsund, the first success of the campaign. The Aland isles will be made over to Sweden, as everyone believes, as the price of her joining the alliance next year. Another week must bring some news from Sebastopol, and it is a terribly anxious interval for those who have relations at the Black Sea; for no one supposes that anything can be done in the Crimea, without very great loss of life. Thus far in this war, there have been a great many officers killed, in proportion to the number of men, and these losses come all upon the nobility and gentry, and one hears about them from their acquaintance, so that it seems to me as if it had caused endless sorrow already. The English officers have such spirit and daring, that they expose themselves almost more than is necessary, and are the first to any danger.

ADLESTROP. Aug. 31, '54, *Thursday*.

. . . I finished my last at Stoneleigh on Friday, where I had a nice walk and talk with Lady Agnes Grosvenor, who appeared to like me a little, which as I liked her very much, was "gratifying naturally." In the evening, her invalid sister, Lady Octavia, came down for the first time, and her husband sang, in the most splendid manner, —Italian, French, and negro songs. Of these last, there were two which I never heard before, "The dandy Broadway swell," and one of which

the chorus was, "Virginny am de place, boys, (bis) Where a sarcy nigger-neber-dare-sho-his-face, boys!" both which were excellent, and how an Englishman who never heard them, can have caught their air and accent so completely as he did, is a wonder to me. He sang, too, "Up wi' the bonnets of bonny Dundee," and some other Scotch songs, capitally. This was our last evening's entertainment. Saturday morning we left by rail and reached Adlestrop before dinner. . . .

We found a guest already here, Lady Carteret,\* the dearest old lady that ever was: she is 76 years old, but very strong and erect, tho' small; she is a little deaf, but so calm, and kind, and contented, that it is a delight to be with her, and she is a model for all old ladies. She was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Caroline and to the Princess Charlotte, and tells many stories of old times. Her husband died about four years ago, and she always speaks of him as "my dear lord"; they never had any children, and were devotedly fond of each other, but when he died, all the property went away from her, to a distant relation, down to her husband's portrait. She was a beautiful artist, and spent one whole day in copying it—then she put away her paint-box and brushes, and has never taken them out again. It is very, very touching to see a person so gentle and good in her widowed, deprived condition, and has been the greatest pleasure of my visit. She asked me when I should be in London next year, that she might call on me, and I shall certainly find her out

\* Widow of Baron Carteret of Hawnes, Co. Bedford.

through Lady Leigh, and hope to go and see her occasionally. Sunday, I went all day to church, and afterwards paid a visit to Heathy,—their Aunt Polly,\*—who is now established in the village, and whose rooms are a place of refuge for the children; there, she gave us a cup of tea, and we had rather a jolly time. . . . Monday was such a lovely day that it roused us to the height of an excursion to Wychwood Forest, where we lunched, drove about, and returned in the cool of the evening. It was rather a warm and fatiguing expedition, but Lady Carteret went through it all and was not too tired the next day. . . . Yesterday was another perfectly lovely day, which I spent in enjoying it, out under the trees with Georgy, very lazily. It is seldom that I have such a chance at Georgy, as when the other sisters are at home, it is impossible. They are every one of them so very jealous of her, that she shuns you, to keep out of trouble. . . . Today we are to drive to the Easts' to luncheon, and Eddy and Georgy have gone to Oxford. Eddy is the handsomest, most goodnatured fellow possible, and the comfort of Georgy's life. On Monday, Lord and Lady Leigh, Lady Agnes, and various others are coming here to go to the Worcester Music-Meeting, an annual meeting of singers of the three counties, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire, where they perform Oratorios in the most glorious manner. We meant to have left here on Friday, but Mary Cholmondeley begged us to come over to the Parsonage and stay

\* Aunt Polly was the much-loved old nurse of the Dwight family.



till Wednesday, so as to hear the "Elijah." Georgy urged and wished it so much that I did not like to refuse her.

The cholera is so bad in London that we cannot go there now for our house, so we shall go to the seaside again for a while. I do not enjoy tipping about from one house into another as much as we have done this year, but as I shall be travelling and going home we shall not be able to make family visits for some time again.

Edward is very well, but longing to be alone again with his books and quiet. I have been telling Georgy a great deal about you all this week, and cultivating her great desire to make your acquaintance. . . .

Sept. 7, 1854.

. . . Tuesday there was a picnic party to Wychwood Forest, to which I was the only addition from the parsonage. Lady Leigh was ill, Lord Leigh was lame, Fiennes and Mr. Temple were cross, Lady Agnes and Lady Frances silent,—and the party just as lively as you may therefrom imagine it. I had the drive home, on the box with Georgy, and your letter in the morning. In the evening we went over to the House, where I did duty by Lady Leigh. Yesterday we went to Worcester, and heard the "Elijah" most splendidly performed in the Cathedral. . . . This morning we left, Lady Frances, Lady Agnes and Georgy coming to the station to bid us goodbye. Tomorrow we go to Weymouth for a while.

*Friday morning.*

Today is a continuation of the lovely weather we have had for a fortnight, during which the farmers have got in a most bountiful harvest, so that the price of bread has fallen, which is always a subject of great rejoicing in England, among all classes. It has been all summer so very high—eleven pence ha'penny, for the four pound loaf.

. . . In the evening, we read Job and Ecclesiastes, neither of which are very helpful, I think; they do nothing toward solving the problems of human life, only discuss and exhibit them—which might be useful, if one were not too fully conscious of them and their thorns before. Do you know Charles Sumner's metaphor about "rushing on the bosses of the shield of the Almighty" is verbatim from Job,—although it is not there "a measure" that rushes, nor does anything "rush in all respects"; the beautiful application and extension is his own! Monday, I drew, and worked, and read, and walked with Edward. Custine's "Russia," the translation of which is just re-published, is an entertaining book, particularly just now. It is occasionally clever and lively, though the author is too vain and tells too many lies, according to his own statements, for anybody but a Frenchman! It is extremely difficult to get any good account of Russia, so few people travel there, and it is a country so difficult to understand. . . .

We have begun to receive a Spanish paper which we sent for at the breaking-out of the

Revolution, which is interesting, very, and shows a most hopeful change in the state of things since we were there. This is the prominent Liberal or Progresista paper, "El Clamor Publico," edited by a certain Senor Conradi, whose leaders are very sensible and clever. We read the paper all through Spain, and took it regularly at Madrid, and could not then enough admire the perseverance with which he went on writing for the people and against the Government, with all the force of truth and temper, although his paper was stopped three times a week, on account of these very articles. Now there is no Censorship over the Press, his friends are in power, and the paper full of reforms projected or effected. They have remodelled the post office department, which was in a dreadful state, and cancelled the contracts for railways granted to favourites of Cristina's, which have so retarded their progress,—two specimen improvements; and Espartero's government has had two great confirming successes in getting Cristina out of the kingdom, and in shutting up the political clubs, before they had time to become such monstrous movers of iniquity as they were in France, in their Revolution. O'Donnell \* has great energy and ability, and Espartero,† real integrity, and if they only continue to work

\* O'Donnell, Leopold, Duke of Tetuan, 1809–67, marshal of Spain. He fought with Espartero against Don Carlos, overthrew Espartero in 1843, turned Liberal in 1854 and joined Espartero, turned him out of office, and was himself in and out of office till his death.

† Espartero, Baldomero (1792–1879), Spanish general, statesman and dictator. In 1839, he expelled Don Carlos, in 1841 he became Regent, in 1854, with O'Donnell, carried on a coalition government for two years. He then resigned and retired.

together as well as they have done, the country must feel great benefit from what they are doing, in a comparatively short time. Now it remains to be seen what the Constituent Cortes, to meet in November, will do and how that will work.

News of the War there is none—but long waiting for the attack on Sebastopol, and intense expectation as to the result. From the Baltic, it is said, Sir Charles Napier\* is coming home, which seems a very odd thing, as it is early in the season to give up the year's campaign,—and the "Times" has a leader this morning saying very emphatically, that "his destination ought to be Sveaborg or Kronstadt instead of Spithead." Nobody understands why he is coming back, unless he is ill—and it will look very weak to all the rest of Europe.

Prince Albert's visit to Boulogne appears to have been very gratifying, and I can't help thinking how entertaining he must have been to Victoria since his return ! . . .

*Thursday, Sept. 21, 1854. WEYMOUTH.*

. . . Sunday evening, we began Milman's new book, the "History of Latin Christianity," which I dare say you have seen noticed in the "Examiner," which is always drawing contrasts between Milman and the Bishop of Oxford, very severe on the latter, and very complimentary,

\* (1786–1860), Admiral of fleet of Portugal constitutionalists (1829), placed Donna Maria on throne; brilliant defeat of Ibrahim Pasha (1840); he commanded the Baltic Fleet in the Crimean War.



though I think no more than justly so, to the former. Milman is eminently

“ liberal-minded, great,  
And gentle, bearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly, like a flower ; ”

while the other is a thorough man of the world, trying to appear as a Bishop should ; one is as High-church as he dares to be, because Puseyism is not fashionable, and the other as liberal as he can be, and consider himself, or be considered, a member of the Church. I was so struck with the difference between their faces and manners, when I saw both, at Milman's own table:—the Bishop of Oxford is such a tuft-hunter, which, when you see it in a man, destroys the idea of his being a clergyman, at heart. “ Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” The English clergy have a strong feeling against the American system of being what they call “ dependent on the people ”—whereto I always respond that I do not think it in any way as dangerous as their own by which they are dependent on the nobility ; which makes them look as if they had been touched by a torpedo ! . . .

## CHAPTER XIII

### LONDON

WEYMOUTH. *Wednesday, Sept. 27, '54.*

WE have been leading the most quiet, regular life this week, which I have enjoyed greatly. Breakfast at 9, lunch at 2, dinner at 7; in the morning the newspapers for both of us, and then painting and writing for me, a walk before dinner, and three hours reading from 8 till 11 in the evening. . . .

As to Mr. Vaughan's University plans and ideas, Edward had a note from him, here, the other day, in which he says, "Circuit passed off much as usual, but with more work and pecuniary profit, rather, than generally. All the while, I bore about with me the sense of that heavy blow which the Bishop of Oxford, in conspiracy with Gladstone, dealt to Oxford Reform \*—by an utter subversion of the Constitution as given and settled

\* The question of Oxford University Reform greatly concerned both Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Twisleton for several years, and in Nov., 1857, Mr. Twisleton was appointed Commissioner under the Act "for the good government and extension of the University of Oxford" in the place of Sir George Cornewall Lewis resigned on becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This work largely occupied Mr. Twisleton for the next five or six years.

by the House of Commons, and by the establishment of a clerical democracy, in its place. . . .

WEYMOUTH. Oct. 12, 1854.

. . . Dear Sisters, I am so endlessly beholden and indebted to you, for all your love, sympathy, thoughtfulness, and kindness, which could not be greater than they are, and which make Edward and me constantly "associate ourselves *de grand coeur*," (like the Emperor of Austria to Louis Napoleon) in the "sentiment" that I have the very best family that ever was created. . . .

I send you today the "Times" which gives the account of the Battle of the Alma. The troops on both sides behaved superbly, and showed the greatest gallantry. You will see what a tremendous position the British carried, and three of the regiments, the 23rd, 33rd, and 95th, suffered terribly, without swerving. The loss of officers has been particularly large; and includes one or two of Edward's acquaintance, among others a brother of Lady Doyle, whom the Ticknors know. It is known, now, that the bombardment of Sebastopol began on the 4th October, and no one doubts that it will fall. The defeat on the Alma was a complete rout; the Russians fled direct to Sebastopol, and it disconcerted all Prince Menschikoff's plans and arrangements the more, that he fully expected it would hold out for three weeks, as is known from his captured correspondence. The march of the Allies from there to Sebastopol is considered very clever, as instead of going straight to it, to attack it on the north

side, they have gone round to the south of it, and are shelling it from that, which it does not seem to have occurred to Prince Menschikoff that they could do, where the defences are inferior. The Allies are fighting now against inferior numbers, disheartened by defeat, while they are in greatest force and spirits, their artillery has high ground to work from, and one cannot doubt they will get it.

As to Austria, sensible and good judges think that she has done all that could be expected from her, and is inclined to do more, and the blame of her delay is all given to Prussia, which is hesitating and recalcitrating to the last possible point. The last Austrian note was very menacing to Russia and friendly to the Allies, and today, in the "Times," appears as a sort of postscript to it, a reply to Prussia's answer, which goes still farther and seems to threaten an open division of opinion and measures between Austria and Prussia, as there has long been a secret one. It is very critical for Austria, to take a decided position against Russia, unless she is supported by the rest of Germany, so that this young Emperor,\* considering present circumstances and former Austrian policy, is thought to have acted with firmness and spirit. If Austria had not taken the care of the Principalities off their hands, the Allies would not have got to Sebastopol this autumn, so that she really has helped them, very much, although not by openly-declared war. It is a great affront to Russia and no one supposes that Russia would stand it, if her hands were not

\* Franz Josef.



quite full already. The "Examiner" and the "Times" are both unjust towards Austria, I think, for her obligations to Russia were very great, her frontier exposed to Russia is very large, and her difficulties with Prussia and some of the smaller German courts are very intricate, and hard to arrange or surmount. There is no doubt that the feeling of the German people is all against Russia; the report of the fall of Sebastopol, last week, was received at Berlin with the utmost enthusiasm; and all the liberal and enlightened men over Germany would feel more relieved by a good blow struck at Russia than by almost anything, while all the nasty little courts, Dukes of Baden and Kings of Saxony, who go for divine right of kings and oppression and keeping everything still, and back, would be as much grieved. I suppose you saw that the Emperor of Austria had offered his cordial congratulations, when Sebastopol was supposed to have fallen, and all the Austrian ships in English ports ran up their colours, only the Prussian standing with bare masts. The fault found with Lord Aberdeen \* was, chiefly, by the Opposition papers. Though, as he said in a speech just made in Scotland, he did cling to the hope of peace with almost desperate tenacity. Since war was fairly decided upon, he has not been less vigorous in his policy than other Ministers, and all the suspicions of him before were really unjust. His aversion to war was only that of a good and

\* Fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1784-1860), a statesman serving his country from early youth as Ambassador, Foreign and War Minister. He headed the Coalition ministry in 1852, resigning in 1855 owing to popular discontent with the conduct of the Crimean War.

just man, which he eminently is, and of a man old enough to recollect the horrors and miseries of it. Perhaps he expressed it a little too much for his position as Premier, and gave rise to a false feeling in Europe about the English unwillingness for war, generally; but the result of his slowness was to unite all parties in one undivided call for it, so that there is not a single paper in the country against it, which was never the case all through the wars with Napoleon, Edward says, and also, to carry Austria with them as far as she has gone: two very important results of caution in keeping the peace as long as was anyway possible.

It was amusing that Nesselrode was the Aberdeen of Russia, and at the very time the papers here were flying out at the Premier, the Russian papers were accusing Nesselrode of being "bought with English gold," because he, too, strained every nerve to keep the peace. Lord Aberdeen is one of those who think it will be a very long, and dread that it may be a European war—and if Austria and Prussia divide, the danger of that will very much increase. The "Times" quotes such an article from the "N. Y. Herald," today, so bitter and jealous against England, and declaring that the "whole feeling" in the States is for Russia, and that the attempt to restrain her from getting Constantinople is an "outrage" upon the rights and destinies of nations. The bent of all that is very clear, that it would be an equal outrage to prevent our taking Cuba, but it is too bad that that should be taken for the universal voice. I don't think people will think this

campaign has been unproductive, if Sebastopol falls. It seems certain that the fleet alone could not take Kronstadt, against red-hot balls, with which it was known to be well supplied ; it would have been burnt up and gained nothing, and there was no way of attacking Kronstadt, like Sebastopol, by land. They have got Bomarsund, and might easily have destroyed Revel, but they did not, because it was an open, defenceless town, whose bombardment would have caused the greatest suffering. I suppose you see Lord Raglan's and St. Arnaud's despatches, in our papers. I am always afraid of tiring you with the war, but the excitement in England, now, is at its greatest height, and we think and talk so much about it, that it is only natural to talk to you, too, and I know you are interested. . . .

TORQUAY. *Thursday, October 19, '54.*

. . . We found the day's "Times" at the hotel and under the dreadful news of the loss of "Arctic," we forgot the luncheon and train and everything else. This was particularly inconvenient, as Edward had promised to spend the evening with an old acquaintance, but one could not blame oneself. The only name I knew in the Passenger List was Grant. Is it possible that "Mr. Grant, wife and child" meant Pat Grant? It is too common a name to jump to the conclusion that it was, but I cannot help thinking of them constantly, till I get my next letters. What a frightful, frightful accident, the last sacrifice to the Moloch of our days, speed, as a Liverpool paper justly calls it! Public opinion would never

justify a captain in going slow through a fog that might last half across the Atlantic. I suppose such accidents will never be wholly prevented. There is a rumour that the "Arabia" saved some of the other passengers, but this is not yet confirmed, so that I am longing for the next steamer. . . .

This affair having prevented our going on Saturday, we stayed till Monday and I had the pleasure of going to the Parish Church again, where they sing the same tune for the "Te Deum" which used oftenest to be sung in old times at the Stone Chapel, and where a delightful old man with a heart, preached, instead of a stick tempting one to cry out, "Lord, who shall quicken these dry bones that they may live!" I am glad to have lived to hear one Episcopal clergyman say that if the religion of the heart only is often a religion of delusion, the religion of the understanding only is without doubt a religion of death. . . .

*Monday, October 23rd, 1854. TORQUAY.*

. . . We left Weymouth by coach (Dorset being the county most behindhand as to railroads), glad to get away after such an unpleasant set of scenes.\* Dorsetshire deserves the description one of its inmates gave us of it, "the ugliest county in all England." At Honiton, I naturally expected that all the curtains of the hotel windows, dusters, towels, and so forth, would be of the

\* Some jewelry of Mrs. Twisleton's had been stolen by the hotel chambermaid, and they had had some painful scenes with her and the hotel keeper.



best lace, but I regret to state that it did not appear, on the surface, to be more plentiful there than elsewhere! there was but one shop, which signified itself rather ostentatiously to be "Patronized by Her Most Gracious Majesty." . . .

From Honiton, we took a fly and went through the village of Ottery St. Mary, as pretty and picturesque as its name, where Coleridge\* was born, and we stopped to see the old church, of which his father was rector. Two of S. T. C.'s cousins, Judge Coleridge and a younger brother of his, have places in the village still. . . .

Edward has been reading Archdeacon Wilberforce's book,† which he thinks very well written, and the most formidable argument against the position of the very High-church party which anyone has published. As far as one can judge from it, he himself, is, now, a Roman Catholic, though this is not distinctly declared. His younger brother did some years ago, what he has done now, give up his living, and is an avowed Roman Catholic. This is just a book to hit hard people like Keble, who are trembling on the brink of Romanism, with doubtful conscience, and who found all faith and teaching on Church authority, but will not affect any others, much. . . . It is enough to make their father mourn in heaven to see two of his three sons Catholics, and the other, the Bishop of Oxford, so near it.

News from the Crimea there is none, except the saddest. The cholera pursues the army in a

\* Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet.

† Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce. His book was "Enquiry into the Principles of Church Authority." He joined the Church of Rome this year.

frightful manner, and the deaths reported from that, and from wounds after the battle, are doubly distressing. I don't know whether you will have seen the story of the surgeon, Mr. Thompson, who was left on the battle-ground with the wounded Russians to do what he could for them until some of their own troops should come up; think what a position, with one servant only, the only person who spoke the same language, and with countless numbers of the dying and the dead! He performed his task, and reached the troops before Sebastopol safely, but was taken with cholera the same evening and died the next morning. No doubt his great fatigues and exertions had over-wearied him, and rendered him more open to the disease.

As to the probable length of the siege, I do not think there is any opinion worth having; of course it must depend very much on the degree of obstinacy in the resistance; and though they say the Russians are discouraged, and no doubt they are, more or less so, still "*s'il ne peuvent pas vaincre, du moins ils savent se faire tuer.*" Austria's position grows more and more friendly to the Allies, but Prussia is as *fainéant* as ever, and seems quite hopeless. . . .

LONDON. *Wednesday, Nov. 1854.*

. . . At Sidmouth I had such a pleasure in seeing a portrait of Edward at 21, which I recognized at once, and please to excuse me for saying it was such a charming one! I could imagine how pleased his mother must have been with it.

It was painted when he was with her at Bath, just after he had taken his degree at Oxford, by an American artist, but Edward has forgotten his name.

We reached home about 6 and spent the evening reading as usual. Saturday we meant to have gone to Winchester, to pass Sunday there, but I was very tired, I don't know why, exactly, so we gave it up, and spent Saturday and Sunday at Exeter, I, very lazily indeed, and Edward writing. . . . We left in the express train for London, which took us 193 miles in less than six hours, a splendid speed. It is the Great Western, the fastest line in England, on a broad-gauge road, and the last 53 miles is done in as many minutes. . . .

I devoted yesterday evening to Ruskin's "Lectures on Architecture" delivered at Edinburgh, which he has published with delightful illustrations. Parts of the book are good, but he is the maddest, most prejudiced creature that ever wrote on art. Think of his setting down Flaxman as having done nothing worth doing! and so calling him "a lost mind"—one applies the phrase to the judge rather than the judged. His anecdotes of Turner are extremely interesting, and quite free him, I think, from the charges of meanness and jealousy, so often brought against him. . . .

The European world is all on tiptoe for news from Sebastopol—no official despatches have been published since the siege began, and we get

favourable rumours from Constantinople and lies without end through St. Petersburg; but it is impossible to know what to believe, and we believe nothing, therefore. . . .

Edward has met several of his friends at the Clubs—Lord Overstone, Strzelecki, Sir Francis Doyle and Dr. Twiss, and Tufnell. I cannot imagine women's wishing their husbands to give up their clubs,—I only wish we ladies had some such way of meeting our friends. . . .

November 10, 1854. LONDON.

. . . In the twilight, I had a visit from Saye and Sele, who greeted me with his usual brotherly salute and really is a very kind brother to me. He is not bright or cultivated, and has various little p's, which make him not very easy to talk to—besides which he talks like a boy himself, and cuts up any conversation. But he is so thoroughly kindhearted, and unworldly a person, that I always feel the happier for seeing him—and he does love and admire Edward even to my heart's content. Saye and Sele has a child-like freshness and simplicity in him—and it is amusing to see him listen for and to Edward—and beautiful, considering that he is the elder, and the peer, and might as well wear the world's arrogance as any other—and makes me love him. His youngest son, Nathaniel Fiennes, has just entered the army. He is a spirited fellow, and even in these war-times was crazy to go, showing the "vocation," which it is fortunate that he and other such feel. . . .



Sunday, I read my beloved books all the morning, and in the afternoon we went to a little chapel in Regent St., and heard the new Bishop of Lincoln \* preach—at last, thank Heaven, a man fit to be a Bishop; he is not more than 40, to judge by his looks, very refined, and simple and earnest, with a delightful voice, and words that come from his heart without pretence and so reach yours without resistance; long life to him, for I am sure he will do good with every day of it, and such men as he are rare in these parts, and needed. His sermon was on baptismal regeneration, very orthodox, but else he would not be fit for his place as Bishop, but also very practical, which, on such a subject, is a far greater triumph. . . .

Monday, Mr. Senior breakfasted with us. We were walking down Piccadilly Friday morning when we unexpectedly met him, and when he, still more unexpectedly, invited himself to breakfast with us on Monday. He seemed to have no particular object, and I was reduced to consider it a mere *épanchement du coeur*. He is an intelligent, active-minded, talkable person, but not one of the souls that Nature tried her finest touch on. At the bottom of everything there is a little coarse commonplaceness about him, such as you like to shake hands with at arm's length. Edward could not find anybody to meet him, so we had him all to ourselves, broiled fowl, fried whiting, and muffins, at ten o'clock. . . .

We have had besides a new book by Mr. Prinsep, called "Tibet, Tartary and Mongolia."

\* John Jackson, afterwards Bishop of London.

It is chiefly an abstract of a French missionary's journal, but gives at the close a very curious account of Buddhism; it is a really interesting book, and if it were not, I know you would get it out of gratitude to the family. Edward's little pamphlet\* will go to Hatchard to be printed to-morrow, I hope and think; he is so particular and critical of himself that it has taken him long.

The great fact is that we have as good as taken a house. We have looked at many, large and little, far and near, and this is the smallest of all, in the best situation, Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park. . . .

LONDON. *Tuesday*, November 21, 1854.

. . . We looked again at two houses between which our choice seemed to lie, and decided, not on the one I wrote to you about in Grosvenor Place, but on another facing Hyde Park, in a block called Rutland Gate, No. 3, so you may imagine yourself directing letters in that way for me, for the next seven years, as we have rented it for that time. . . . It is as good a house as two persons could possibly want. The situation is also among the best, it is just two or three doors from Lady Theresa Lewis's house, and a long way lower down and nearer to everything than the Seniors'; the objection to it is, that it has the brick wall of a Riding School between it and the Park, which entirely shuts off the view of the latter from the dining-room windows; from the drawing-room, however, you look over this, and then have green grass, and trees, and open sky, which is what I so very much desired. This wall

\* "Evidence as to Religious Working in Common Schools of Massachusetts."

is a very distinct and striking objection, but it is solely owing to that, that we get the house at the rent which enables us to take it, 230 pounds ; as soon as you pass the wall, the rent rises to 800 pounds ! so that, as usual, it is as broad as it is long. . . .

Mr. Twisleton and Mr. Vaughan both of them feel extremely anxious, and think that with so small an army as the English, it is almost unfair to them to expose them so to be slaughtered, that it was not exactly what they bargained for, though their spirit and gallantry is beyond everything. Everything, now, depends on the timely arrival of reinforcements, as they are matched against odds too great ; and the Government is blamed, on all hands, for not having had reserves ready at Gallipoli long ago, and for not having provided comfortable clothing for a winter campaign, which the Emperor\* has done, amply. Nobody knew that the stores of ammunition and provisions in Sebastopol were so enormous ; they remount new guns, as soon as the old ones are disabled, and feed their enormous army, without difficulty. Sir George Cathcart's† death is considered a great misfortune, as he would have been supreme in command, had anything happened to Lord Raglan, and most people think had a higher degree of military skill. He brought the Kaffir war at the Cape to a close, lately, and was on the Russian staff during the campaign of 1813-14.

\* Of Russia.

† (1794-1854), son of Earl Cathcart ; Wellington's aide-de-camp at Quatre Bras and Waterloo ; killed at Inkerman ; buried where he fell.

If you want an interesting book, read his observations on the different European armies, written then. Unfortunately, he had the highest opinion of the Russian, and thinks almost its only weak point is a lack of good officers. . . .

LONDON. *Tuesday*, November 28, 1854.

. . . I am glad G. Colville's letter interested you, and the papers—everything from the place where those brave men are fighting and dying so nobly is intensely interesting, and the details of it, and its consequences here among people I know have made me feel more bound to England and the English than ten years of peace would have done. The accounts of the battle of Inkerman you will see by this week's mail ;—it was a more bloody and desperate affair than that of the Alma, even. Their position was left a most critical one, until the arrival of fresh troops should give them fresh strength,—and as yet, we have no news of the arrival of any large numbers. The army was always small, has been thinned by half, and the Russians are three to one.

Parliament meets on the 16th, and Ministers will have to take it hot and heavy ; the Duke of Newcastle \* has not given the same satisfaction as Minister of War, about which he knows nothing, that he did as Secretary for the Colonies, for which he was especially well qualified : I remember Edward and Mr. Godley agreeing last June, that

\* Fifth Duke of Newcastle, 1811–64, in Parliament or Government from 1834 to 1847, Secretary of War, 1852, resigning in 1854, under a storm of discontent over the sufferings of the troops before Sebastopol, though the system, not the Minister, was to blame.



he ought not to have taken the office, that it was merely unpatriotic and selfish, to leave what he understood, for what he did not, because the second office was the more conspicuous and important, at the moment,—and now, a great many people are ready to say the same thing. The great blunder has been in not having had a reserve force all ready, at Constantinople or some place as near, to support the expeditionary army, which has made it, for them, almost an exterminating warfare. It is a misfortune that neither Louis Napoleon nor Prince Albert, who are able enough in their own way, have any military genius, or experience. Failure would shake Louis Napoleon more than anything, for if *la gloire* forsakes the French eagles, they will say louder what they begin to say already, that he has driven away all their best generals, that Lamoricière, Changarnier,\* or Cavaignac † would have managed affairs better.

The private letters of the men continue to be touching beyond anything, and more vivid than anything. I want so to send you every one which I like ! The best point of the whole now, seems to be the cordial, hearty goodwill between French and English, and their genuine admiration of each other's fighting.

Lord Raglan ‡ has been made Field-Marshal,

\* (1793–1877), French general, distinguished in Algeria and Franco-Prussian War.

† (1802–57), French general, distinguished in Algeria. Candidate for Presidency of French Republic.

‡ Lord Raglan (1788–1855), was appointed commander of the English forces in the Crimea. Most unfavorable comments were made on his management of the troops, though he personally was much loved. He died of a slight attack of cholera and misery of mind at the sufferings of his troops.

for this last battle; the Duke of Cambridge\* had an attack of cholera, and was sent to hospital. People are extremely indignant at hearing that he was to have been made first in command had anything happened to Lord Raglan, as he has had no experience whatever, and to have preferred him to Sir George Cathcart would have been such obvious favouritism, that he gets no pity; they are only glad he is out of the way. Lord Raglan in private letters continues to speak hopefully of the final prospects of the siege, and between him and Canrobert,† there seems to have grown up a real friendship. . . .

LONDON. Dec. 7, '54, *Wednesday*.

. . . The news of this week is weighty enough. A tornado swept the Black Sea on the 14th November, which caused a tremendous loss in shipping, estimated at a million of pounds gone to the bottom: The "Prince" went down with all the winter clothing for the Crimea and the hospital stores for Scutari, to say nothing of an enormous quantity of ammunition and siege-stores, of which there is now every danger that they will run short. It is the greatest catastrophe of the war, thus far. To balance it, Austria has at length joined the Allies, openly, and some people think Prussia must follow. . . .

They crossed to Paris, December 8, 1854, and spent the winter there, returning to London the end of March and settling in their own house, 3 Rutland Gate.

\* Grandson of George III. Cousin of Queen Victoria.

† French Marshal (1809-95).

PARIS. *Saturday*, 16th December, 1854.

The last ten days in London were very busy. We made a few calls, just before leaving, on the Milmans, Grotes, Merivales, etc. There is no end of Mrs. Merivale's curiosity about one, all done in such a parliamentary manner, after all, that you have only to blame yourself for feeling it. Mr. Merivale and she are both clever, but neither of them first-rate, and she, I don't think would be called clever, but only fairly intelligent, at home; they lead a regular English life, (he in a permanent office, under Government, ten months of the year in London) with a moderate income, and three or four children; and prejudices in proportion; Mrs. M. is a strict churchwoman, has the true, inborn reverence for rank, to which neither she nor her husband has the slightest claim, and they wish to be, and be considered, models, and to have whatever they don't or can't do "taboo" to the rest of the world. . . .

Saturday, we breakfasted at Milman's, with Macaulay\*; we missed him there in the Spring, and Dean Milman kindly remembered us this time, which was really rather a favour, because Macaulay no longer dines out, and only breakfasts with his intimate friends, so that I have never seen him before, and may never again. He quite talked up to his reputation in amount, and I think in quality, too, not expecting the deepest style from him. His conversation is as fluent, and full of easy, entertaining information, as his

\* Lord Macaulay (1800-59), author of "Essays," "Lays of Ancient Rome," etc.

writing is, and he talks off chapter upon chapter. In the course of the morning Ruskin was demolished, the source of pleasure in architecture discussed, Italian architecture upheld against Gothic, and chit-chat anecdotes of persons and manners, present and past, made up the rest of the conversation, which wound up with an attack on Carlyle, not begun by Macaulay, but which he closed, by a most inimitable parody of the style of the French Revolution, applied to the coming opening of Parliament, at which it was impossible to help roaring with laughter,—and before one had done laughing, he left skilfully, having said his best thing. I do not think there is as much depth or heart in his conversation as in Carlyle's, or Grote's, or Mr. Vaughan's, as I don't think there is, either, in his writings, but I was not prepared for the easy charm of his manner. You hear of his overbearing and drowning other people's conversation, and so he does, constantly, but in such a smiling, natural, kindly way, and as if he really could not help it, that it is not in the least irritating, and your attention is so attracted to him, that you forget the other person, and think he must be equally ready to be forgotten. He is a shorter and stouter man than I supposed, with a splendid head and forehead. He has bright blue eyes, full of life and of an open and intelligent expression, and a particularly delightful smile. Altogether, the impression he made on me was not a whit more powerful, but much more agreeable, than I expected. Carlyle said once to Edward that there was "something very brotherly about him," and that was just what struck me



most. His manner is perfectly easy, unaffected, kind, and genial, and his talk is not pumped-out, but “springs like a fountain, and so overflows.” I thought he was determined not to go till he had equalled himself, and talked more and better than anyone else, and he certainly succeeded. Comparing him with Mr. Vaughan or Dean Milman, you would say he was thinking more of himself, and of the effect he was producing, not so entirely of his subject; but his desire to please, and his confidence in himself give him such a winning and fluent address as is very rare anywhere, and most rare in England, and which sets off what it presents.

I cannot tell you how much I like the Milmans; nobody is better informed or more thoroughly and variously agreeable than Dean Milman, and with all his ability and cleverness, he has a kind of benignity about him, which fits his age and character, and comes from genuine kind-heartedness, and thoughtfulness for others. He is completely individual, and one will see nobody else like him, when he is gone. His wife makes no pretensions to be brilliant, or pretensions of any other kind, but is always gracious, amiable, and attentive; she must have been very handsome when young, and has still a fine figure and looks attractive,—and understands how to dress herself at once suitably and elegantly.

Friday morning I went to the house and made the last arrangements with the woman to stay there, and then went out to bid Mrs. Carlyle goodbye, who had been ill, ever since we were there. . . .

## CHAPTER XIV

### PARIS—LONDON

MONDAY we arrived at Paris after the usual delays and vexations. We talked a good deal about the war with a gentleman in the same carriage, a ci-devant Orleanist apparently, and we had an old soldier, who had been at Wagram, too,—but there was not a spark of the enthusiasm visible in either which is universal in England on the subject, and flames out, at every least opportunity. The gentleman remarked on it, himself, and attributed it to the way in which the press is kept under, which prevents their getting any intelligence except official. The difference between the daily papers of the two countries is excessively striking, when one first comes to Paris, and must produce a great effect. About the Empress, Edward asked if she was *aimée*, and he said, “*On n’en parle pas ; elle est très jolie femme, et une jolie femme fait toujours plaisir dans la France—mais on ne la regarde pas tout-à-fait comme Impératrice.*”

We went, at first, to the same sky-high apartment in the Hotel Windsor which we left in June. . . . We looked at a good many apartments and finally took one, No. 4, Rue d’Alger, very near

the Hotel, being just on the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, and *au premier*. . . .

We have not made any visits, yet, and I have seen no one; we have had three French lessons, and begun to take them every day, from 5 till 6, and dine at half past six, and read, as usual, in the evening. We walk in the Tuileries, the most delightful place for a walk, and not twenty steps from us;—and I have been “pitching into” supplies of bread, butter, wine, lemonade, chocolate, wood, etc., etc.; we have a disagreeable *concierge*, and consequently are determined to have as little to do with her as possible;—tomorrow we shall have been here a week, and are going to settle up with her, and start again more entirely on our own foundation. We must return a call from Mr. and Mrs. Close, today, and then I wish to find out the Brownings. . . .

Letters arrived from America towards the end of December, telling of the serious illness of Dr. Parkman, her sister Mary’s husband. It was typhoid fever, caught from a poor patient who had said: “Doctor, I would die easier if you would hold my hand.” After some days of suspense, a letter recording a slight improvement was received, but after this a week elapsed without news and Mrs. Twisleton writes to her sister Elizabeth: “I hope you may never any of you know what it is to be so tortured by uncertainty and anxiety for so long—and to feel all the time that your pain is nothing, compared with what those you love best may be suffering.” On January 3rd she hears through a friend, Mrs. F. Shaw, that all is over, but still receives no letters

from America. Of the week that followed she writes: "I never passed such a dreadful week, for I could neither eat nor sleep, my head ached incessantly . . . and when at last the letters came, I grasped at them. . . . read them with floods of tears. . . . I have so lived in the thought that I should come home to see all my beloveds as I left them. . . ."

PARIS. Feb. 1, 1855, 4, Rue d'Alger.

. . . Last Thursday evening, on opening the "Times," we saw the death of Sir Frankland Lewis, whom Edward has known a long time, and whom we both liked very much. This makes Edward's friend Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and gives him a larger income and a very nice country-place, at once, which will relieve Lady Theresa. But he was very fond of his father, and will feel his death very much. The person most to be pitied, however, is poor Lady Lewis, whose whole position, fortune, home and everything else is lost, with her husband, in true English fashion. I am very sorry for her, and the more that I do not think she is a sufficiently attractive person to stand nearly as well alone. I remember commenting to Edward on her prospects, when we were there, and how certain this change was to happen before long, for Sir Frankland Lewis was then 72, and much older than herself. Now, as long as her husband lives, Lady Theresa fills the same place; and then all will go to the son of a younger brother, who is a clergyman. There is something infinitely dreary to me in the family relations which this system disturbs—but those who have been brought up under it do not feel it as I do. . . .



The dissensions in Parliament which had been continually increasing since the outbreak of war now culminated in the fall of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, and Lord Palmerston formed a new one.

English ministers this week have been a mess, which the "Times" has been trumpeting and exaggerating in all its leaders, in a most morbid and injudicious manner, considering the crisis and that all Europe pricks up its ears to hear. Lord John has damaged his reputation in many quarters a good deal, by his manner and time of throwing up office, and Edward felt really distressed after the Duke of Newcastle's speech, and some other attacks upon him, because he has always had the highest opinion of and reliance upon him, as a statesman, for his truth, fair-dealing, and honour. But he does not think, now, that these are touched, only that he made a great mistake of judgment, in what he did. Lord Panmure, the new Secretary for War, was long in the House as Mr. Fox Maule; he has held the office before, and is said to be a man of the energy and good sense which is so pre-eminently necessary now, to help England out of this bog. The members left out of this cabinet of Lord Palmerston's are Lord Aberdeen, Lord John, and the Duke of Newcastle. Gladstone stays, as they would be very much afraid to throw him into the Opposition, and Sidney Herbert stays, as Gladstone's man.

*Wednesday evening, Feb. 21, 1855. PARIS.*

And such is the tyranny of the body over all my capacities, that I do not take any credit for

being more cheerful tonight, but attribute it solely to Dr. Moffat and his doses of brandy, which have recruited me to a wonderful degree, so that I really feel nicely, and better than I have since I came to Paris. The weather continues its unexampled severity, but I no longer shiver from morning till night ; and am to continue my hot brandy and water, nightly, as long as the cold weather lasts. . . .

Last Thursday, we went to dine and spend a short evening with Lady Caroline and Mr. Burges, persons whom Edward knew in Ireland, and who have asked us an endless number of times this winter. English ideas and manners are so different from ours about going out in mourning, that though it was an effort to go, I thought it better. I went in my plain, black, high-necked dress and collar, having repeatedly said that I was not going out, at present, and not being in the mood to care at all whether people in low-necked velvets said they “never saw such a figure,” or not. I should say also that Lady Caroline has lost her father since she came to Paris, and is in deep mourning herself, but this does not prevent her receiving company every Thursday, nor her husband from going to all the balls at the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville. She is a quiet, ladylike person, whom I like ; her husband is a good-natured, bustling, shallow, harmless sort of person, and they have two dear little daughters, about 14 and 16. Irish people always have such an idea of Edward, and it is a pleasure I don’t so very often enjoy, to see him well appreciated.

He was so long in Ireland, and in a position which showed his full capacity—and I had such a number of compliments for him as quite raised my spirits.

*Saturday, Feb. 24, 1855. PARIS.*

This is a little supplementary note to ask you to address your next letter to No. 3, Rutland Gate, Hyde Park, London. . . .

The English Cabinet is in a mess again, owing to the secession of the Peelites—Sir J. Graham, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert—and it does not seem yet in any way certain who will take their places. Edward does not think the Government will be seriously weakened. He had a note from Saye and Sele day before yesterday, in which he says Lord Lansdowne inquired after Edward and said, “We are much indebted to him for his valuable work.” Does it seem funny to you that I show such a true English reverence for the opinion of a Cabinet Minister! The thing is, I begin to see how the wheels work.

Our bitter cold weather has ended in a fall of snow, and a great thaw, and the streets are like marshes. I never knew a worse winter at home than this has been at Paris, continued severe cold, with no sun, snow and damp thaws, glassy streets, and now sludge inexpressible. M. Thiers \* fell on the ice and broke his arm in two places, the other day; and I have been since exhorting Edward to cork soles. . . .

\* A distinguished historian and, later, President of the French Republic, being elected, February 17, 1871, first President of the Third Republic, for three years. He was one of the most influential political leaders France has produced. (1797–1877.)

PARIS. *Thursday, Mar. 1, 1855.*

I have been three hours a day taking practical lessons in chemistry. Edward has found a laborious individual, a working chemist, who admits us into his laboratory. We have been separating water into its elements, ascertaining the properties of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas, so far. The experiments are so simple and beautiful, and one remembers so readily what one sees, compared with what one reads. Edward wanted to do this in the beginning of the winter, but I could not undertake it as long as the excessively cold weather lasted; we are going four days in the week as long as we stay. But don't tell anybody, or they will think me learned and blue. With these lessons and my French lessons, English business, and family letters, Sally's errands, etc., I have had every moment very full, and that is the best method of living, up to the end of one's strength, that is, the easiest. In the evening, we have been going on with Hallam and Hume, in the reign of Elizabeth, and I have begun a *cours* of Pickwick with Edward, as he has at last roused to a sense of his deplorable ignorance of that fount of wisdom! I read to him half an hour between dinner and Hume, as a sort of fancy-work, before the regular duty begins!

Public news this week is bad and good: the upset in the Cabinet is not yet re-established, a French steamer has gone down with 400 soldiers on board and the loss of whole crew. The Russians



have made an attack on Eupatoria,\* which has been perfectly unsuccessful, in spite of the diminished strength of the English. One half the public at least, blame Lord Raglan extremely. Layard and all his following, and the "Times," think him totally unqualified and incompetent. . . .

We were greatly astonished at Sir G. C. Lewis's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer: six weeks ago he was not even in Parliament; but his father's death brought him in for Radnorshire, which Sir Frankland Lewis represented, and that made this appointment in the present dearth of public men, possible. He has been Secretary of the Treasury, and will be likely to fill well the Chancellorship, though hardly brilliantly. Lord Clarendon will be pleased to have his brother-in-law in the Cabinet. . . . Milnes † has been offered a Lordship of the Treasury, the very lowest office possible, and has declined. He has always been *lié* with Lord Palmerston, who has offered him this, but would not dare to offer him anything important, because there is such a general impression that he has no discretion or judgment. Edward is almost the only person who always stands up for Milnes. He is perfectly well and perfectly lovely—do forgive me, but he is so good to me, and that slipped off my pen. He touches me, now, by the way he goes into every detail about you all, and all your affairs, and sits and quietly cries when I read him your letters, which

\* A seaport town of the Crimea, scene of a battle between the Russians and the Turks, February 17, 1855, with the Turks victorious.

† Lord Houghton.

is what he never does about anything. I really think he loves you better than anyone in the world except me, (which is a prejudice)—and doesn't think you at all like the rest of the world. . . .

PARIS. March 8, 1855.

. . . I have been so, so busy these last days. Sally sent to me to do a host of commissions for her, two dresses, bonnet, mantilla, muslins, etc., to be bought, made, and got off as fast as possible. I received her letter the 25th February, and the box is packed and sent this morning, the 8th March—will you please give me a little credit for quickness? . . .

With all these to do, I have had three hours a day of chemistry four days in the week, one every day of French, and our history as usual in the evenings, and not a few things to do for the house, both here and in England, and commissions from Mrs. Twisleton. I do think I never was so busy every single instant, and last night, I told Edward I would read no more Hume this week, for I must have the evenings lazy and quiet, if my head was not to break up altogether.

The public news this steamer takes you is striking enough—the sudden death of the Emperor of Russia,\* the birth of a daughter to the Emperor of Austria,† the beginning of the Committee of Inquiry in the House of Commons.‡ Everyone hopes that the death of the Emperor will lead to

\* Nicholas I.

† Franz Josef.

‡ On the conduct of the war in the Crimea.

peace, but nobody yet knows the dispositions of Alexander II, though it has been repeatedly said that he was more pacifically inclined than his father, heretofore. *On dit* that L. Napoleon has objected to the Committee of Inquiry, in such a manner that it is probable Parliament will be dissolved to get rid of it—that he said if it was proceeded with, the allied armies might continue to act for the same object, but could no longer act together ; but this may not be at all true. . . .

FOLKESTONE. *Sunday, March 25, 1855.*

. . . I never felt anything so exhilarating as the change of air has been. I left Paris one woman, and arrived at Boulogne another, and have felt perfectly well,—and well-er than for some time,—ever since. . . .

LONDON. *April 6, 1855.*

. . . We saw the Carlyles on Saturday and then spent the evening there Wednesday, with Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood (sister-in-law of Mrs. Mackintosh), Mrs. Gaskell,\* who looks a delightful woman, Miss Jewsbury,† and Mr. Darwin.‡ Mrs. Carlyle was sumptuous, in a black velvet and Roman scarf, and is so much, much to be liked ;—Carlyle has grown a beard, moustache, and whiskers all in one grand, grizzled and grisly conglomeration, looks hideous, and is more tiresome and unreasonable in his Jeremiad, perhaps, a little, than ever. . . .

\* Author of “Cranford.”

† A novelist and a familiar friend of the Carlyles.

‡ Charles Darwin, author of “Origin of Species.”

3 Rutland Gate, LONDON.

*Thursday evening, April 12, 1855.*

. . . We have had three most agreeable days at Broughton—nobody is so amusing as Mr. Ford, no one more agreeable than Mrs. Ford, no host more good-natured and cordial than Edward's kind, kind brother—and I have pleased myself with reflecting on Mrs. Tyler\* struggling with unknown difficulties at the house, here, and done my best to forget everything! We arrived at our own door about four, which was opened by the blue-eyed Mrs. Tyler in her best cap, apron and smiles. . . . The kitchen-maid was active and cheerful, the housekeeper ditto, and Lucy, a host, as usual. Edward's study, our chamber and his dressing-room, and all the servants' rooms are ready, and we have accomplished dinner, and an hour of Hallam this evening. Our carpets and papers, and everything that is done, look very pretty. . . .

3 Rutland Gate.

*Friday morning, April 20, 1855.*

. . . Georgy has come to town, and is coming to lunch tomorrow, Mr. Vaughan to dine, Sunday. Carlyle has been in, one afternoon, and made us a long visit,—he having the first chair, I, the second, and Edward the study-table! . . . We dined at Lady Lurgan's† last night with a large party. Society I find a bore, in addition to so much work, but the weather is divine, which makes me well. Edward and I are both enchanted

\* Cook-housekeeper at their new home, 3 Rutland Gate.

† Wife of a cousin of Mr. Twisleton's. She was Miss Emily Browne, a daughter of Lord Kilmaine.



with our house, and I feel a great deal more at home than I ever did before in London. . . .

*Friday, April 27, 1855. 3 Rutland Gate.*

Our first little dinner with Mr. Vaughan went off so nicely on Sunday, and gave me not the least trouble, and he has agreed to come to us, regularly, Sundays, which, considering the distance from Hampstead, is very good of him, and such a pleasure to Edward. I have had Mrs. Jackson to lunch one day, and Georgy another,—and both are so very loving to me, that I should be wicked not to feel most grateful for it. I have had a long visit, too, from Lady Lyell, and a most friendly one; and she sent to offer us tickets for Sir Charles's lecture before the Royal Institution on Massachusetts boulders, but we are engaged to dine at the Fords, and could not accept. Mr. Ford has sent me a quantity of real Spanish chocolate, such as I have not tasted since Spain; I shall bring some home to you. Tomorrow we dine at the Adderleys', Monday at Lord Lansdowne's, and Tuesday with a Mr. Augustus Smith, proprietor of the Scilly Islands, and a very nice person. I wear my black dresses and go, because it is the custom of the land.

*3 Rutland Gate, April 30, 1855.*

. . . Friday, we dined with Mr. Ford, and I sat between him and Mr. Dickens.\* The party was made for us, to introduce Edward to the Editor of the "Quarterly," Mr. Elwin, and to

\* Charles Dickens.

Mr. Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, both of whom they were talking of, when at Broughton. Mr. and Mrs. Murray, the Publisher, were there, the Earl of Zetland \* with a niece, a certain Sir Stafford Northcote,† evidently clever but not talkative, and the Duke of Wellington. Thackeray and his daughter were expected, but did not come, which left gaps both in the table and conversation. When we went up after dinner Mrs. Ford looked at his note, and found he had accepted for Saturday, but she had not observed it in time. The dinner was a most elaborate production of the culinary art, made as Spanish as possible, for our benefit and that of Mr. Dickens, who is thinking of going to Spain, and whom Mr. Ford obliged therefore to taste everything eatable and drinkable, and called "The Victim." Dickens has cut his hair and cultivated a moustache, since he was in America, and looks so different that I did not know him ; but I did not think him agreeable or quite at his ease. He ran the conversation on America, so much, like Cobden, as if I could not be expected to speak on any other subject,—and in a flattering tone, which I felt to be very hollow, and wanted to say to him, " Now, I know what you wrote to Lord Jeffery about us,—so wouldn't it be better to let this alone ? " Mr. Ford cannot eat his own dinners,—in consequence of having already eaten so many, I suppose—but he caters for others, magnificently. Mrs. Ford was very agreeable, as I have always found her. . . .

\* Second Earl.

† First Earl of Iddesleigh (1818–87), Chancellor of the Exchequer in Disraeli's Ministry ; Foreign Minister, 1886.

The talk was a good deal of Layard, who has injured himself very much, in the opinion of gentlemen, by these letters to Lord Hardinge and his unfounded, unretracted insinuations ; and latterly, about Dr. Arnold,\* who came to Rugby during Mr. Vaughan's last year there. He seems to have felt very strongly the influence of his earnest, excellent character, and the change from the routine and formality of the former master to the vital spirit Dr. Arnold waked up ; but he thinks he was not a first-rate scholar, though very frank about his own deficiencies, so that they never did him any harm with the boys ; and as to his efforts where we should think them most essential, Mr. Vaughan merely says that he does not see that Dr. Arnold's system has produced finer characters than that which went before. Mr. Vaughan's conversation is always brimful of power, thought, and interest. . . .

Monday I dined at Lansdowne House, where we met Lord and Lady Hatherton, she such a beauty, of forty-five years old ; I saw her once come into a lecture-room,† and was completely fascinated by her, so that I was much pleased to have the opportunity of seeing her at leisure. I went in with her husband and sat between him and Lord Lansdowne, but took no fancy to my new acquaintance. Lord Lansdowne was perfectly charming, as he always is,—*der liebenswürdigste alte Mann* ; he is always wonderfully kind and benevolent to me, and I count my conversations with him rather precious, as he is so old, and

\* Head of Rugby School.

† At Stafford House.

I think every time may be the last—and I shall not find such another dear kind old friend. The rest of the company were Lord Shelburne,\* the Comtesse de Flahaut† and her daughter, Marochetti the sculptor, and some persons not interesting. . . .

. . . We dined at Lady Ashburton's yesterday, with a party of twenty-one. I sat between the Bishop of Oxford, the greatest Sham I know, and Mr. Lowe, who is genuine at any rate, but restless this spring, since thrown out of office; Lady Morley, Lord and Lady Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell,‡ Mr. Stirling,§. Delane the "Times" editor, and others. After dinner, the Carlyles, Mr. Venables, Mr. Spedding, Thackeray and his daughter, Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Hather-ton, and generally, all the Ashburton set—Henry Taylor,|| Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, Miss Baring, and Mrs. Mildmay.

Yesterday, we went out to call on the Carlyles, and made a long visit. Mrs. C. we found sitting alone with a frightful cold in the head, and she started up when we came in and said, "Well, it's quite fearful—I was at that moment thinking of ye, when the servant said Mr. and Mrs. Edward

\* Eldest son of Lord Lansdowne.

† The Comte de Flahaut, brother of Lady Lansdowne, was French Ambassador at Berlin, Vienna, and in 1860–2, London.

‡ Viscount Cardwell (1813–86) was a lawyer, politician, follower of Sir Robert Peel, Secretary for the Colonies (1864), for War (1868). Instituted short service system and Army Reserve. Raised to peerage (1874).

§ Afterwards Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, married in late life the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a famous beauty and poet.

|| Sir Henry Taylor, poet, author of "Philip van Artevelde."



Twisleton—I was thinking if ye had grown treacherous too, like the rest of the world—I thought about yer husband, and then I thought of yer clear, black eyes, and I said, ‘is it possible!’ ” so we agreed that that was very fearful, indeed, and scolded her, thoroughly,—and after making her a visit, E. went up to see Carlyle in his hole at the top of the house, and I waited, part of the time while other people were there, and part of the time with her alone, and I wish I could write out her conversation for you. Her fun is fun beyond any, though it is sometimes rather bitter, and if you could hear the stories about London life which she and Georgy tell, two people so different, yet agreeing so thoroughly in this, you would think “Vanity Fair” and Becky Sharp were mild under-statements of the truth,—and thank God as I do that you never had, nor could have, nor shall have, anything to do with it. Remind me when I get home to tell you what she said about Lady Stanley of Alderley, and the Miss Farrers, one of whom came in while I was there—I don’t think I shall ever forget.

She and Carlyle have been having some photographs taken of them, and before I came away she showed them to me, and gave me one of each, at which I was no little pleased, as they are true to the life, the best I ever saw, and will give you as good an idea of them as anything except seeing them could, and almost as good as that. Nobody has been kinder to me than Mrs. Carlyle, and nobody but Mrs. Jackson or Mrs. Prinsep has given me such a warmhearted greeting as she always does since I came away; it seems to me

sometime, as if all the love and charity and goodness and unworldliness, in England, were among the heathen, while “those who profess and call themselves Christians” are hard, and cold, and selfish, and you don’t know what a trial it is. . . .

The pleasant relations between Mrs. Twisleton and Mrs. Carlyle are shown in the following extracts from Mrs. Carlyle’s Journals for this year :—

22nd April, 1855.

Mrs. Twisleton came to-day. Speaking of a complication that some people had said should have been righted in this way and some in that way : “ I wonder,” said the little practical woman, “ that it never occurs to anybody, that in such cases, a little self-control and a little self-denial would keep all straight.”

19th June, 1855.

First, dear, diamond-eyed little Mrs. Twisleton came to say good-bye for the season.

## CHAPTER XV

### LONDON—AMERICA

*Thursday afternoon.*

. . . Edward breakfasted with Milnes Monday morning, and met Lord Stanhope,\* Lord Dufferin,† Gladstone, and Mr. Gregg, the author of the “Creed of Christendom.” Hallam was expected, but sent an excuse, and is seriously ill. Lord Dufferin had just returned with Lord John Russell from Vienna, and they had a very pleasant breakfast.

Yesterday, Tuesday, we lunched at the Overstones’, where we met Lord and Lady Hatherton,—beautiful, gentle Lady Hatherton,—Lady Eastlake, the Baron von Usedom and his wife, the Russian envoy-extraordinary, Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord Elgin,‡

\* Fifth Earl of Stanhope, 1805–75. His historical works are numerous and valuable. He secured the passage of the Copyright Act, in 1842.

† Lord Dufferin, 1826–1902, diplomat, statesman, ambassador to Russia, Turkey, Italy, France, Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of India. A man of great personal charm and considerable literary distinction.

‡ Eighth Earl Elgin, 1811–63, diplomat and statesman. He was sent to China with an army in 1857 and hearing en route of the Indian Mutiny, went to India to the assistance of Lord Canning. In 1860 he went again to China, captured Peking, and concluded a convention which lasted till 1890; Governor-General of India (1862), Postmaster-General.

Strzelecki, Lord Stanhope, Lady Morley, etc. Lord Overstone had just received a copy of Powers' "Diana" from Florence, a beautiful thing which I saw when there—so Lord Stanhope scolded about "the want of taste of the Americans," in giving the commission for Washington's statue to Crawford, "a very second-rate sculptor," instead of to Powers, "a man of real genius," until he was shooed up by Lord Overstone because I was at the other end of the room. You may depend upon it that Lord Stanhope would not have been so fierce with Mr. Sparks, if he had not been one of the many aristocratic English who dislike us *en masse*.

*Friday, May 18th, 1855. LONDON.*

. . . After dinner at Lady East's, we went to Milnes's, where we met the Milmans, Fords, Lady Eastlake, Carlyle, etc., and I was introduced to my distinguished countryman, Mr. ———, whom I thought thoroughly odious in appearance and manners, and whose conversation consisted of a strain of vulgar compliment toward me and my family:—tell Ellen and Ned that they came in for a heavy dose! . . . In the afternoon I read Fénelon, and after dinner, we went to the Somers', where we met the Percys, Lady and Sir Charles Eastlake, Lord Lansdowne, and other few,—to tea and to see Mr. Watts' frescoes, which cover their dining-room walls, and are splendid. Lady Somers was more beautiful than anyone else can be. I could think of nothing but a splendid full moon, so radiant and benignant as she was. They have let their house for three months, for



900 guineas, and left on Monday. The guineas will help pay the bills of furnishing, a process not yet completed, and it is a common expedient in London for making or saving a little money. . . .

Yesterday, I called to see Lady Leigh, who has been very ill, and on the Wadsworths, who are at the Brunswick Hotel, but did not see them and dined at Mrs. Drummond's. I went in with Count Strzelecki, who is always amusing, and afterwards there was a party and the Merivales were there, who most kindly offered me a ticket to see the great show today—the Queen distributing Medals to the wounded from the Crimea. I never saw a more splendid scene, and it was as touching, almost, when one saw the many maimed and halt that went up among the long file. It was in the open space behind the Horse Guards, a dais for the Queen in the centre covered with scarlet, and scaffoldings in various directions for spectators. Mr. Merivale had three tickets from Lord Panmure, and capital seats. The troops were all out, the music splendid, and one saw all the heroes and dignitaries, civil and military: the Duke of Cambridge, Lords Cardigan and Lucan, Admiral Dundas, Lord Gough\* from India: and just near us, were Lord Palmerston and Gladstone and his wife, none of whom I had seen before; I can't say the gentlemen are as handsome as their portraits make them! For this, I had to get up at half past seven, was off at

\* Viscount Gough (1779–1869). Brought first Chinese War to a successful conclusion, 1842; defeated Mahrattas, 1843; and by final defeat of Sikhs added Punjaub to British Empire.

nine, and did not get home till nearly two, so that you may easily imagine me tired. . . . Tonight is a party at Lady Eastlake's, and to-morrow is our wedding-day, and the Queen's birthday, and I am to go to the Drawing-room in the morning, and to Lord Lansdowne's in the evening—all go, and never stop! I did not a bit want to go to the Drawing-room, but I found E. wanted me to—I did not go last year, and it's thought proper—so I have trimmed over my white dress and train with mourning colours and am going. . . .

*Friday, May 25, 1855.*

. . . Saturday morning the hairdresser came at ten, and the whole day was spent in the operation of rigging up for and going to the Drawing-room. It was a beautiful sight, but a great crowd (being the Queen's birthday, or rather the day kept as such) and very fatiguing. I met all sorts of people, and just after I had reached home, and disentangled myself from my finery, Mr. and Mrs. Charles arrived and made us an admiring visit. We dined at home and went to another full-dress crush at Lansdowne House in the evening. Sunday morning I had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon from Mr. Harkness. We lunched at the Fords' . . . Tuesday, after inviting him in vain to dinner and keeping up a vigorous correspondence, I did get Mr. John Forbes\* to breakfast, which was an extremely comfortable fact to me, and it was delightful to see him. . . .

\* Of Boston, a very old friend.

*Thursday afternoon, May 31, 1855.*

We took Georgy and Sophy to a quartette-concert at Willis's rooms, which only brought me home in time to dress before dinner and go to Mrs. Carlyle's directly after. I was so glad to go, for it was forever since I had seen her, and nobody else takes her place. The unfailing Miss Jewsbury was there, and some Scotch people. Has Mary read Miss J's last novel? I have not, and I remember she disliked "Zoe," but Mrs. Carlyle is so fond of Miss J. that I think there must be some good in her. Wednesday, Mrs. C. came to lunch with us, and we had a nice long visit, after which I took her home, then went on distant errands, and finally dined with Mr. Carr and the Twisletons, with the Merivales, and yesterday I dined at Mrs. Sturgis's, where we met the Wadsworths, Mr. Buchanan \* and Miss Lane,† etc. I was in hopes Mrs. Shaw might be there, but it seems she comes today. Miss Lane I have never seen before, but have heard so much of her that I was pleased to have the chance; she is remarkably pretty and ladylike, and what with her, Mrs. Wadsworth and Mrs. Sturgis, American beauty had reason to be pleased with its representatives. The Wadsworths are very kind and amiable to me, and are having a very good time in London; they were at a ball of Lady Clarendon's the other night, at one at the Austrian Minister's, and tonight go to the Queen's Ball. Miss Wadsworth ‡ seems bright and pleasant, but is not a beauty, by the

\* Afterwards President.

† His niece.

‡ Later married one of the Suffolk Adairs.

side of her mother, who looks splendidly, and in England is not stout. . . .

June 8th, 1855. LONDON.

Sunday afternoon, Edward went out to Mr. Vaughan's and I, poor wretched little I, had visits from Carlyle and Sir George Lewis,—which, having lain awake all night, I found rather overwhelming ; and we dined at Putney, with Lord and Lady Monteagle, who are out of town at a villa, this year.

Wednesday, I had such a company day—Mary Quincy and Jeannie Revere to breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Charles and Emily to lunch, Georgy and Emma and Emily to dine, and Fiennes in the evening. The girls were so goodnatured in the morning, and so easy to entertain—a complete contrast to those in the evening. There are so few English girls who do anything towards entertaining themselves, whereas American ones expect to do half at least, and do it so pleasantly. They admired my house, and told me about having seen you the last thing, dear Bunny, and were so affectionate and expressive, that Edward was perfectly enchanted with them, and bloomed out into treating them as if they were my most intimate friends :—instead of only following out the friendly, sympathetic, unsuspicious manners of their own dear country, with an old acquaintance. They had been to the Drawing-room to see the ladies, and had such a curiosity about the Court-dress, and how it was arranged that I took them upstairs after breakfast, got



out mine, and showed them on Mary Quincy, all about it—Edward looking on and thinking it all great fun . . . We are going to give on the 20th a dinner to as many of the family as we can accommodate. I was firmly determined to begin with them, and have them before we left, and having received the dinner-service, set to work at once. Sir James and Lady East were engaged, which will give you an idea of what London is at this season. We asked on the 6th for the 20th, but three weeks' invitations are not uncommon in this month, for Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are the days for the Members of Parliament, and the Easts were engaged to Lord and Lady Bridport. We have Lord and Lady Leigh, Saye and Sele, the Adderleys, Godleys, Charles Twisletons accepted; and have asked young Lord and Lady Lurgan, and Sir Baldwin Walker. . . .

I hope you have the lovely spring weather that we have now, but I fear it is growing hot at home faster than you like. I have the prospect of a quiet week, next week, which I am going to accept and enjoy being lazy, for I have been very tired some days of this, and I am determined to let things go, now, and not become what Aunt Polly calls "clean tuckered out," if I can help it, before I go home. It is such a nuisance not to sleep, and makes me so pale that everybody scolds, particularly Edward and Lady Lyell, who wish me to be a specimen on my return. Lady L. is angry because I have not grown fat, which she says she promised you I should.

Goodbye, dear darling. Edward's best love to all, and a heart-full from your Ellen.

*Tuesday, June 19th, 1855.*  
3 Rutland Gate, LONDON.

. . . We have had about three warm days, not more,—and this morning I am seated in wadded skirt, flounced silk dress, and with fire, in the warm south drawing-room, and only beginning to recover the chills of getting up and dressing! The patience and courage of the vegetables in these kingdoms is wonderful. I, not having so much to “grow by, contented,” long for a little warmth, and think Boston will be delightful towards the end of July. . . .

Wednesday, we went to see Mrs. Austin,\* who had called the day before, and whom I was anxious to meet. She is a delightful looking person; we asked her to breakfast with us Monday, and she was so gracious as to say she would stay over Sunday, on purpose. After this, I made an assault upon Mr. Kenyon's † door, which I had been long meditating, to find out about the Brownings, whom I shall exactly miss. I went out to Little Holland House, where I met five sisters, Mrs. Prinsep, Cameron, ‡ Dalrymple, Jackson, and Lady Somers, and anything so beautiful

\* Sarah Taylor Austin, 1793–1867, a woman of marked literary and social talents, translator of many German books, friend of everyone interesting or worth knowing. For a charming account of her and her daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, see “Three Generations of Englishwomen,” by Janet Ross.

† Kenyon, John (1784–1856), poet, philanthropist, friend of all the poets and celebrities of the time, especially the Brownings.

‡ Mrs. Cameron lived later in the Isle of Wight and was celebrated for her photographs of all the leading people in England.

as this last, or so sweet and loving as the others, one must see them to imagine. We dined at Mr. Bates' \* where we were to have met Mr. Fillmore,† but he was summoned by the Queen to dinner,—and Van Buren,‡ the next day. “Abbott and Bigelow” were there with their wives and somebody who accompanies Mr. Fillmore, etc. : the house is in great style. . . .

We dined, at a dinner of 36, at the “Star and Garter,” Richmond, given by Lady Chantrey, where were Saye and Sele, Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane, and the Milmans, and I went in with the Dean. Wednesday, I made Edward go with me directly after breakfast to Covent Garden Market, to buy the fruit and flowers, and we met Mrs. Drummond on the same errand, who could not recover from the joke of seeing him there, such a complete Benedict, the married man ; afterwards I went to get a draught of refreshment by a visit to Mrs. Carlyle, but she was out,—so my plan failed, and I arranged flowers and saw to things generally pretty much all the afternoon, and the family-feed ‡ came off at eight ; we had 14. Edward was satisfied, Mr. Charles T. highly complimentary, and I am delighted to have it over, and to prove that I can make people eat here, and pay off my debts. To-day, Thursday, self and servants have been recovering our fatigue. . . . Came Mr. John Forbes, who is tomorrow at Liverpool, and off on Saturday. Wilder § break-

\* An American banker.

† The ex-Presidents.

‡ Her first dinner-party for her husband's family.

§ Wilder Dwight, son of her cousin.

fasts with us tomorrow, and I mean to take him to the Abbey and St. Paul's afterwards, if I can. At three is a concert to which Lady Lyell has lent her house, and for which a severe moral obligation obliged us to take tickets—and Georgy—so I am doing up all I can of my letter tonight. I shall be just as hurried, every day I have left, and cannot help it—two more dinners at home, of fourteen each, and only one more letter home ! Think of that !

Mrs. Twisleton always said she rose greatly in the estimation of her husband's family, when they found a set of Crown Derby on her table at the first family dinner-party she gave. They asked her where this came from and she answered, "from her old home," and they said, "Why, it's Crown Derby !" To which she innocently replied, "Well, we used it every day at home," and they then settled their minds about her !

It is hard to realize now how little social relationship there was between England and America at that time. Certain literary and political people had gone over, but Mrs. Twisleton's was almost the first marriage from Boston society, and English ignorance about us was great. Mrs. Twisleton was going over Broughton Castle, her brother-in-law Lord Saye and Sele's place, with the housekeeper, who said to her maid, apropos of a wide gold bracelet which she always wore, "That's the badge of her tribe, I suppose." Seventy-five years later, that sounds almost impossible !

They sailed for America on July 5, 1855, and spent the summer with her sisters and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. Sam Parkman, and Miss Elizabeth Dwight, at Pride's



Crossing, Beverly, with visits to Newport and Lenox.

The following letters show her happiness at being again with her sisters and the letter from Mrs. Higginson gives a charming picture of Mrs. Twisleton and her sisters at Beverly.

BOSTON. *Sunday, July 22nd, 1855.*

DEAREST GEORGY,

I know you will be waiting to hear by the time this reaches you, that we have arrived in safety, are well and I too happy to live in seeing my sisters. This day, the Sunday's stillness among the beloved presences and places, is sinking deep into my heart, and I feel ready every moment to clasp my hands and say "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable Mercies." Dearest Georgy, they are just the same. And they do not think me at all altered. Most people say that I look as if I had been away three weeks instead of three years. But I am so lost in wonder and pleasure at finding myself wrapped around again by the same atmosphere of truth and purity and peace which I have always so vividly remembered. My sister Mary looks perfectly heart-broken, whom I left heart-whole and happy, and I miss very much her husband's kind, bright face, but in her sorrow she is just the same person acting in the same spirit. They all ask me so much about you and long to see you. "How I wish you had brought Georgy," they each say as I talk to them and they slowly understand that you have always been my confidante and helper and friend and sister for three years. My sister Lizzie, too, looks sad after her hard winter, but I think it

will pass away soon. I think my brain is still rather giddy with this wonderful excitement of return, but my distinctest idea is that I love you with all my heart and I wish to hear from you as soon as possible, how, where and what you are. Tell me particularly about both the Lady Leighs, please. They were neither of them well when I left.

Till I see you again,

Ever yours,

E. T.

PRIDE'S CROSSING. August 20th, 1855.

#### MY JEWEL OF A GEORGY,

You do not know how I want to hear from you, which I hope I shall when the next steamer's letters are delivered. I wish for you about ten times a day and all my family are constantly asking why I did not bring you! We are here at the most lovely sea-side country place, if you could understand the combination . . . which words are my description of Heaven. The drives and rides and walks in the neighbourhood are all that the most various beautiful combination of woods and waters can make them. And in each the scenery of my country, dear New England, looks fairer than ever to these wandering eyes, which have looked since on so many other kinds, but not on that exactly; and you may imagine the oceans of conversation and comfort which we have together. My darling eldest sister Anna Mills is ill, but as sweet, patient and lovely as ever. Any one else would complain and give up, but those are two things she

never does. Mary is sorry and forlorn but so brave for herself, so wise and helpful for others. Lizzie is an angel of goodness to everyone about her, but she has had so much sorrow and trouble since I went away bearing the freshest burdens as well as her own, that she is sadder than I ever knew her. So I am thankful I can take her back to England with me for a year. My brother and his wife seem as happy as possible, and I am feeling out my new relation to them both, which still seems very funny to me. Edward is very well and very happy, and my sisters all grow very fond of him. Lizzie sends her love to you and so does Mary. Please love me till I get back and believe me,

Ever yours most affectionately,

ELLEN TWISLETON.

P.S.—We sail in the “America” on the 10th of October from Boston. Wish us safe over the seas. I dread the passage very much—not the danger, but the sickness.

BOSTON. September 23, 1855.

DEAR GEORGY,

I received two days ago your charming letter of September 6th, which I was very glad to get. Edward wasn't at all alarmed by your letter for he knows so little about illness,\* but I was and was thankful to hear again so soon. What an anxious and sorrowful Summer this has been to you and to Emily,† while I have enjoyed so much!

\* Illness of the Dowager Lady Leigh, and death of Mrs. Newcombe, cousin to Mr. Twisleton.

† Mrs. Gisborne, eldest daughter of Lord Saye and Sele.

As for my visit, it has been beautiful as a dream. And my regret at its close is swallowed up in thankfulness. I shall come back so much stronger and wiser and happier to live in England. My sisters understand my possibilities and impossibilities, in all directions, so much better through questions and answers than letters could ever have made them. And they know Edward so much better for this long sight of him! How long and weary we wait for news from Sebastopol. Doesn't your courage quail before another winter there? For England needs to win it and win back her old reputation with it; and that is worth anything to her children. I am happy to think I shall see you by this time next month, at any rate, be on your ground again, and am

Always your most affectionate,

ELLEN TWISLETON.

*Letter to Mrs. Vaughan from Mrs. Henry L. Higginson.*

191 Commonwealth Avenue,  
January 21 (1904).

DEAR ELLEN,

As I was reading over some old letters and tearing up what I did not mean to keep, I came across such an enthusiastic and girlish description of your aunt Ellen Twisleton, written by me in Aug., 1855, almost 50 years ago, that I thought it might perhaps interest you for a few moments and bring up her personality to your memory. Do you remember her?

"We (that is my mother and myself) arrived at Beverly at about 1 o'clock, at Mrs. Parkman's. It has a beautiful view towards the sea. The



first person we saw was Mrs. Twisleton. She was beautiful, very beautiful. Dressed all in white. We went up to her room, to take off our things. A very charming, pretty room. Then we went downstairs, into the parlor.

“Mrs. Twisleton spoke to me at once about Nellie (Ellen Hooper). She is very fond of her. What happiness to have such a friend as that! Then she and mother had a delightful conversation. I listened with open ears and eyes. Mrs. T. said how when one had left one’s most intimate relatives and friends, one very seldom formed new, real friendships—how one missed the giving and receiving of that entire sympathy. How one had to give oneself in little pieces to the people about one. She said she felt this very much, but she added, that there was one great consolation in being away from one’s country and in being too old to form very close new friendships, and that was to have ‘captured a husband to whom you can give your whole heart and soul for ever.’ She was just perfectly charming. Then she said how delightful it was to receive letters from home, which didn’t tell you about politics, or about matters of general interest, but about matters of close personal interest, about one’s friends, about their pleasures and occupations, just as if you were at home. I can’t tell you half the pleasant things she said and she seemed so fond of mother. Then aunt Mary came down, with Lizzie Dwight. They looked delicate, both of them, especially aunt Mary. I then talked to Lizzie Dwight, while the others talked about the war and all sorts of other things and now and

then we listened to their conversation, for Mrs. T's talk was very interesting. She has so much enthusiasm, so much heart, so much *esprit*. She said she thought Americans had too much to do, especially the women, when we compare them with women of the higher class in England. In America men of talent rarely devote themselves to politics, because they have to earn their living and they are busy getting rich and can hardly cultivate that sentiment of loyalty and republican honor which is needed. If the great middle class in America live with greater ease, that ease is bought at the price of making life more arduous, more preoccupied and of depriving the government of the honor of having great men in the important offices.

“Then she went up to dress. Mr. Mills and Mr. Twisleton came. I think Mr. Twisleton very charming. He makes fun of his wife in such a delightful way and seems to adore her, and she does him. When she came down again she was even more beautiful than I had imagined. She was all dressed in black—black lace in her hair, and a black lace waist and beautiful gold ornaments, and a little more color in her cheeks. Indeed she was very beautiful. She seems to to be so fond of her sisters—she can hardly prevent herself every now and then from holding their hands. When mother kissed her, she said, ‘Now let me have another, you must not always steal kisses, but let me steal too.’ ”

Then I gave a description of the dinner and how we are seated and a little more of the talk—

“At dinner there was some talk about the probability of the existence of beings higher than ourselves, to come upon the earth after us. Not angels, but a race superior to ourselves, as we are superior to other races.

“Mr. Twisleton and aunt Mary liked the idea, but not Mrs. T., for she said she wished to belong to the highest race and could only allow such a superiority in Heaven! ‘I can’t allow it, I wish to belong to the highest order of human beings!’ Then Mr. T. said, ‘Why, Ellen, think, the superiority might perhaps be only as great as that of the New-Englishmen over the old!’ So they laughed and talked and then we left. Mrs. T. drove with us to the station and remained until the train arrived. She talked with mother about aunt Mary. How she loved her! She said, ‘I think Mary is heroic, and I feel almost as if I could give her even my own husband.’ ”

I must have been about 18, I think, and evidently was much touched by this beautiful and lovely creature. It was just a bit of pretty memory, and I thought you might like to see it.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ENGLAND—ROME

ON her return from America, in October, 1855, she took back with her her much-loved sister Elizabeth, the "Bunny" of the letters, for a year's visit, which was an immense pleasure to her. In 1857 came the failure of the house of J. K. Mills and Company in Boston, at the time of a panic. This involved great loss of property to all the family and a cutting down of Mrs. Twisleton's income, which brought many difficulties of restricted expenditure. In 1858, Mr. Twisleton stood for Parliament for Oxford, but failed of election by a small number of votes. He was constantly occupied in writing for Smith's Classical and Bible Dictionaries and leading Reviews and in association with many of the distinguished men of the time. Their friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle deepened in every way and they were much together. Mrs. Twisleton made many new friends who greatly appreciated her, and Mr. Twisleton's family came to love and understand her more than ever.

There are many loving letters to Mrs. Twisleton from Mrs. Carlyle, Miss Boyle, a clever agreeable woman of society, Miss Emily Faithfull, a philanthropist and lecturer on the emancipation of women, Miss Sherieff, very intellectual, Mrs. Codrington, Mrs. Astley, an exquisite etcher, Lady Belper, "the Dove," who named her youngest



child Ellen, after Mrs. Twistleton, and was a devoted friend.

Her chief affection was given to Mr. Twistleton's cousin, the Hon. Georgina Leigh, whom she called her "English sister," and who fully merited her love.

Her life was very full, intellectually and socially, but her health became precarious, and there were constant efforts to improve it. They went twice to Malvern for the water cure, and to other baths, but there was no lasting improvement. In 1858 her sister Elizabeth came to England again, after her marriage to Mr. J. Elliot Cabot, and they all spent the winter in Rome together, and the summer in Switzerland. Mrs. Twistleton greatly enjoyed her new brother-in-law. She kept up a large correspondence, but unfortunately all the letters from June, 1855, till June, 1860, have disappeared. During the Civil War, until her death, she was deeply concerned for her beloved country, and her letters are filled with anxiety.

Some letters to the Hon. Georgina Leigh are included here to show the affection for her English family, which had grown up in Mrs. Twistleton's heart.

ROME. March 25, 1858.

MY DARLING GEORGY,

I had your letter of the 18th. If I do not write oftener it is not because one has grown indifferent to other things here in Italy nor because I needed to be reminded of dear Adelstrop, but this winter I have written no letters except home and all the home letters from home have been so sad and dispiriting. It would be too long for any letter if I were to enter into details, but if I tell you that in a few weeks my eldest sister, my

brother and my uncle . . . lost nine-tenths of all they had and that such was the suddenness of the crash,\* that they hardly yet know where they stand, you will feel how heavy hearted I have had to be through many hours and days. . . .

My brother has saved me personally from actual loss, but nothing could prevent our feeling the great depreciation of all investments this year, and I am afraid our returning in the Autumn is rendered very doubtful by it. You have been long enough a lady of independent property to realize vividly, I think, that the simple statement that six months' income nil and six months' uncertain means using up very fast all one has laid by. And housekeeping is not very likely to be undertaken. Darling Georgy, you did not expect such a deluge of bad news, with so dear and trusted a friend I do not like dealing in half the truth and this has kept me involuntarily I know from writing. I cannot tell you how I mourned at leaving England, under this uncertain prospect of return, nor how my heart yearns towards it. I have almost a fatal facility of loving both places and persons and nothing more than this forced separation could have made me feel how many chords and fibres of tenderest affection have taken fast hold of dear old England. How rooted again the transplanted had become. And all Winter I have felt the sort of inertness which comes from sadness and have not had a free mind to give to new persons or places.

\* This refers to the family losses in the financial crisis of 1857-8.

ROME. Winter of 1858.

DEAREST GEORGY,

. . . What can I do about Edward's going into Parliament except bring all our expenses as low as possible. That I am determined to do. Although he is not very patient under little, every-day economies. It is a perfect mystery to me, how Fiennes \* can afford what Edward cannot afford; unless he is willing to run into debt, which his uncle is not for anything. Another difficulty is that his own supporter wrote that Edward's chances would not be good at Banbury which Edward thinks a great deal of. Perhaps Fiennes thinks his chances would be better, though I do not see why. I do not need to tell you that I desire more than anything of the kind to see Edward engaged as it would suit him best to be. But this year has been a discipline of suffering and ought to teach me not to be impatient about these, if it has taught some lessons of submission. Still I am bent to do the only thing I can about it, and Edward knows it. But you would not want us to do anything unworthy about it I know. What does Carry † think about it all? She doesn't trust herself to paper on the subject though I was more venturesome to her. But they must know what Fiennes means and can do. Do write again about it. I am so thankful that we now think we can come back to London this Autumn. I felt so dreary at staying away another Winter, away from our home and so very far from news. Without Lizzie it would have

\* Lord Saye and Sele's eldest son.

† Lady Saye and Sele.

been doubly hard and very mercifully for us I do not now think it will be necessary.

I treasure your good Christian words. Good bye and God bless you, my Darling.

ELLEN T.

*Saturday evening, February, 1860.*

MY DARLING GEORGY,

How can I write to you anything of what I feel for you all ! \* Eddy's and Sophy's letter we have just received, and to-morrow Edward will go to London, and at least I shall hear about you all through him. He has such a hope he shall see dearest Lady Leigh again, which I have told him he cannot count upon, but at any rate he will see the rest of you. I do not speak to you of hope, dearest, for indeed I fear this relapse after her so long and suffering illness, can leave us but little, for the life that is so precious to us all, and my whole heart is with you and with her. It comes upon me with such a shock, for I hoped all danger was over ; and I feel what it must have been to you, to be summoned back from Stoneleigh. I know what the awful hours are through which you are passing, and only can send you my love, and the prayers that follow your every step. . . .

Ashgrove, MALVERN:

*Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1860.*

DEAR, DEAR GEORGY,

I do not know how I have passed almost two days without a word of answer to the note from

\* Last illness of the Dowager Lady Leigh.



you that Edward gave me Monday night every word of which is truly written on my heart. I never can tell you half the love and sympathy I feel for you. . . . You did so touch me by sending me that lock of hair and giving me the name which I feel the right to, though it is none the less generous of you to acknowledge it, of dear Lady Leigh's "daughter in heart."

I am sure she would not have wished it otherwise than that you should have been away from her that short time. You acted for the very best and therefore there is nothing to regret. Few daughters have been so much to a mother as you were to this, few have the power to be, on few is laid the burden and you have many who are witness, besides your own heart, how faithful—in what love and duty you answered to it. And I know it will be a life-long blessing to you, making you stronger for every other duty and truer to every other love. And you were rewarded for it in her intense and grateful affection which was for ever expressed to me about you when I was with her. The last time I was ever to see her dear face on earth she talked to me half an hour about you, pouring out the whole of her Mother's heart of love for you, of anxiety for your welfare and pride in your character. Your note was such a blessing to me with its inheritance of love and understanding all I should feel. God bless and keep you and give you His Peace.

Ever your faithful and affectionate,  
ELLEN TWISLETON.

Ashgrove, MALVERN.

*Sunday, February 11th, 1860.*

DEAREST GEORGY,

\* \* \* \* \*

Thank you most tenderly for every word of your letter to me, which I have kept by me and read over and over. It has hurt me so not to be able to write you before, something like an answer to your so precious words, but I have had a very suffering week and pains like one bound hand and foot with pain. I couldn't give up a visit to you. When should I have seen you all if not now? It seems so dreary and strange when I think you will not be in London and all things are so uncertain. I would have run any risk sooner than lose this opportunity. I thought it so very kind of Lady Leigh to ask me to stay at Stoneleigh. When Edward gave me her message I fairly cried for I was so longing to see you, and yet it had never crossed my mind that Lady Leigh would think of it. I had been sitting all that day wholly unable to occupy myself in any way or do anything but live your life and think your thoughts and read over the wholly blessed words which I fancied might have given strength to your heart, and pray for you from the bottom of mine. Oh! how I thought of you, in that visit to Adelstrop.\* Everything there has the mark of her dear thoughts and active will so stamped upon it. Dear Mary † too, I feel deeply what the change will be to her. She wrote to me

\* The home and Dower House of the late Lady Leigh, who died on Feb. 5.

† The Hon. Mary Cholmondeley, eldest daughter of the late Lord Leigh, and wife of the Vicar of Adlestrop.

so kindly and from Julia Adderley I had such a touching beautiful note. I do so inexpressibly value the affection of you all, and I feel so one with you as I cannot say. Sometimes the shock of a great grief like this, seems first to reveal to one, how silently and by slow degrees one's life has grown into living harmony with that of those about one. More perfect than one knew. Never think of me, dearest Georgy, as a "charge" but as a sister who keeps in her heart the same dear memory, whose love for you is more blessed to her because linked hand in hand with this other and will always be ready for every love and service she can render. God knows what you have been and done for me which will make me ever grateful to you. I was so sorry both for you and Isabel,\* that she had to go to Torquay. It seems as if at this moment I could see the very look and smile with which your dearest Mother used to listen to Isabel—a look so bright and pleased. Is it not strange in Life that the dead often seem more near to one than the living and how long, how long it has been thus in my life. How often I have said what you do, that it is not death that is fearful but life and its awful responsibility. Death is but one deed more to be done, and every day we are doing what makes our death that which it is to be. To feel and remember things unseen is my nature, or else God's Prophets early taught me the lesson.

Dearest Edward is so full of tender affection for you as I hope you know.

\* Miss Isabel Percy, of Guys Cliff.

Please give a great deal of love from us both to all. I shall see you very soon,

Ever yours,

ELLEN TWISLETON.

LONDON. Nov. 10, 1860.

. . . I have had visits from Mrs. Wm. Grey and Miss Sherieff, Mr. Bunbury and Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. and Mrs. Senior, Lady Lyell, Tom Appleton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hall, without making a single visit, or letting anyone know I was in town, except Lady Lyell, which rather astonished me. So with two visits from Sir James \* besides, I have not been too lonely. Gertrude,† Therese Harcourt,‡ and the Nichollses are the only people I have been to—the two first confined to their rooms. Edward has been to see the Heads, Carlyles, and today has gone to Lady Theresa. . . . I am sure you will sympathize with loyal anxieties when informed that the Prince of Wales has not arrived yet!—three weeks out—and obliged to spend his 19th birthday at sea, which must have been trying to the young man! The Queen has sent out a ship with coal to meet him, but as they did not mean to steam over, but to sail, it is only a long passage. I don't see any cause for anxiety, because it is not like a single ship, there is a little squadron, which could not have wholly come to grief. Still it is a bore for the Prince and his Mamma and

\* Sir James Clark, her physician, the best London surgeon, who was devoted to her.

† Mrs. Astley.

‡ Wife of Sir William Harcourt.



everyone is sorry though etiquette forbids the papers to say anything about it. . . .

*Sunday, Nov. 17, 1860. 3 Rutland Gate.*

. . . I am so glad Mary is feeling really better. I was delighted with the parody she sent—Edward's fine sensibilities were shocked and astonished at first that "a brother poet living in the same town" should have written it, and thought somebody would be sure to tell Mr. Longfellow (which I don't think there, they would here) but afterwards I made him read "Excelsior" and then this over, and he recovered and laughed with the most wicked. . . .

*3 Rutland Gate. Nov. 24, 1860.*

. . . Edward has dined with Biblical-contributors this week, again, and talked Hebrew and Arabic to his dear heart's content; he is well and happy and good, as usual. Dean and Mrs. Milman have been to see me again. Lady Lyell, Mrs. Lyell, and Miss Homer, Lady Nicholls and Georgy, and Sir James twice, and Mrs. Carlyle once; and I have been out to see Lady Mary Herbert, whom I missed when she called, and Gertrude Astley, who goes from bad to worse.

The slavery question in America was now becoming acute. Abraham Lincoln, head of the anti-slavery party, having been elected president, the Southern States at once seceded from the Union, adopting the title of the Confederate States of America; and war began with the capture of Fort Sumter by the secessionists in April.

Barrow Green (Mr. Grote's house).

Jan. 3, 1861.

I thought every American had deep in his heart, deeper than anything else almost, a feeling for the Union, and established as a fact in his mind, that all our power and greatness, vis-à-vis other countries, and all our peace and prosperity within our own borders as well, depends on it, and that each one would feel it something like rending soul and body apart, should we split asunder. And I am perfectly amazed at the sort of calmness, almost amounting to indifference, that both papers and letters from the North seem to show. . . . Mr. Grote \* can't and won't believe it—he thinks it so incredible that this great majestic fabric of government should turn to a ruin without an effort to save it; and he agrees with me that once divided, the precedent of dis-union once established, we shall split again and again, and become a series of separate states, with a future of confusion and discord impossible to foresee. With all the effort one can make, it is something impossible to realize—to live to see one's great, free prosperous and happy country come to this. I have read Mr. Grote all my last letters from home, as he was most anxious for news. He feels it more than anyone else, except Milnes,† I have seen—said it was “a cruel pang.” Like all other lovers of liberty, he has always felt such an interest in our progress, and pleasure in our prosperity. He says he thinks the slavery-question has been

\* A warm believer in America.

† Milnes, Lord Houghton.

allowed an undue weight, as it would naturally have settled itself by geographic limits—which is the democratic idea. I cannot conceive how the practical details of secession are to be settled in peace—and if we are to fight, why not to prevent secession, instead of to aggravate it ? . . .

We went on to Bowood.\* Lady Shelburne is always kind and just the same. Lord Lansdown too is most kind, but has grown so very deaf that it is impossible to make him hear so that everyone in the room will not hear too, and when you have a party like this, it is very formidable, and one is divided between dislike of letting him sit in silence and dislike of screaming before the others. His own family say very little to him, because they will not speak loud ! I was very glad to come here and change the air. Mrs. Grote is very kind and Mr. Grote the most high-bred and superior of men. Dr. Smith, of the Dictionary, and a Miss Durant are here besides. They seem to have asked sundry people who were all engaged at this visiting season.

I almost envied you your Christmas all together at Mary's, and am sure you enjoyed it, in spite of fate and fortune. Edward is well, but quite as down as I am—for a wonder ! . . .

*Saturday, March 2d, '61. LONDON.*

. . . I am glad Sir George Lewis's letter interested you ; he is the best friend Edward has, I consider, and almost the only person he much cares to see and talk to, now Vaughan has departed

\* Lord Lansdowne's place.

from our life.\* By the same token, I send you an extract from one of his letters last winter—you were with us during the whole period covered by his reproaches and are as likely to be amazed as we were by the catalogue. I copied it, for you, at the time, but something made me not send it. Now, I came upon it accidentally in sorting papers, and it does give such a good idea of the irascibility and injustice of the whole proceeding, and is so adapted to make one doubt whether he ever cared about Edward at all, that I think it worth sending—and besides have a lively curiosity to know what you, Mary, and Elliot say! This was after two equally disagreeable, faultfinding letters, which had received the most forbearing answers from Edward. . . .

I went to lunch with the Milmans yesterday. The Dean has been very ill with gout in the stomach, very dangerous, and I fear likely to recur, as he is seventy years old. I wish sometimes I had any friends of my own age, except Georgy and Gertrude,† for Gertrude won't stay long—however perhaps I shan't either, so it is not necessary to provide.‡

About the time of the separation from Mr. Vaughan, Mrs. Twisleton had to suffer a complete

\* Mr. and Mrs. Twisleton both suffered very much from the break with Mr. Vaughan, referred to here, due on his part to an unsuccessful love affair with a relative of Mrs. Twisleton's.

He behaved ill to them and later showed himself lacking in fine qualities, made an unworthy marriage and separated himself entirely from Mr. Twisleton.

† Mrs. Astley, a very gifted person.

‡ She was becoming very much more ill, and in fact lived only one year longer.



disillusionment about the ladies of Little Holland House.

Their charms blinded her at first to grave defects, which, when recognized, inevitably brought about a separation.

March 16, 1861. 3 Rutland Gate.

. . . Sunday afternoon I had a long visit from Mrs. Grote, who came to make Edward take the place of Classical examiner at the London University, which would give him two hundred a year for two weeks' work twice a year, but he doesn't want it. Tuesday she came again and brought me one of her little Spitz dogs to take care of for a fortnight, with the amusing directions for the care of him which I enclose, and a message from Mr. Grote that "Daphne was so fascinating a dog, that unless Mrs. Twisleton would promise to give him up again at the end of the fortnight he did not think it would be safe to lend him to her." This I thought unnecessary, but begin to doubt, for the little thing is so gentle and intelligent and full of fun that we shall both get fond of him in less time than a fortnight. Mrs. Grote has given him such a good education, too.

I have dined out at the George Clives, Adderleys and Lewises this week—swear I will not go out three times in any other one week in London. . . .

3 Rutland Gate. March 23, '61.

I can sympathize with your joy of flowers this week, for Lady Belper has had a great box sent to me from Kingston, and I have had a lovely letter from her, too, this week.

Lady Lewis and Mrs. Grote came in and were affectionate and cheerful, and I went with Mrs. Grote to see the Seniors, who are going to Paris as usual to write a journal. Tuesday, after lunch, Mr. Astley came. We dined at Lady Eastlake's, with the Countess of Rothes and Mr. Waldegrave, Sir Roderick Murchison,\* Mrs. Ford, the Mont-eagles, etc. . . .

Thursday, in spite of breakfast in bed, I could do nothing till after lunch, then Headland (the doctor) came and would not say I might go home this summer and I gave it up. Afterwards Mr. Fearon came, the clergyman who lives near the Belpers, and we dined at the Grotes' with Lord Broughton, Seniors, Layard, and Lord Overstone, and a party after. . . .

3 Rutland Gate. May 11, '61.

. . . The first news left us very anxious about Washington, but the second tidings, later in the week, reassured us, and we think this up-rising of the free States magnificent, and most necessary and just, and hope and pray with all our hearts that treason may be thoroughly chastised. One feels one is in the midst of a foreign people, by the ignorance of some, and the apathy of most, and the want of real sympathy in all. You will see how poor the "Saturday's" articles are, the "Times" is worse, if anything. But for the first time in my life I don't care a pin,—and if both Houses of Parliament contradicted and sneered at me, collectively and severally,

\* British geologist (1792–1871).

it wouldn't affect either my opinions or feelings, in the least. I feel about this, as I often have about pictures or works of Art, which everyone disliked or differed from me about—I am not often blessed with such complete conviction on any other subject. I wish I were, because life would then be perfect peace! And Edward and I agree exactly about America.

I have had a great joy this week in Mrs. Grote's sending back my beloved little dog.\* I was sitting after dinner, thinking how dreadfully I missed her, and what I was to do, when the door opened and in she came, springing, leaping, bounding for joy and affection, and looking, to my foolish fondness, perfectly lovely! The fact is, she is the only approach to a companion in illness that I have ever had in England—and now that my head is so bad, she is just about as much of a companion as I can bear for many hours in the day, and my eyes are strong enough to watch her, when I cannot do anything else with them, and she gives me so much love in return. I am afraid you will all despise me, for being so taken up with a dog, since “none of our family” ever were—but I remember that Mrs. Browning loved Flush!—for Daph is quite my Flush. I hope Mrs. Grote will not take her away again, because it will wring my heart.

The three Commissioners from the South have seen Lord John this week and requested that Mr. Adams should not be received as Minister from the U.S.—stating that Washington was

\* “Daph” remained with her till her death.

undoubtedly in the hands of the South at that moment! Did you ever hear such impudence in your life! Lord Lansdowne told Edward before we went to Malvern that they "would be received, but no encouragement would be given them." . . .

I have been to two evening parties this week, Lady Wensleydale's and Lady Lewis's, which I half-enjoyed. I mean if I could have stayed just half as long. Today Edward breakfasted with Sir George Shaw Lefevre.

I must not write anything more, but be sure that we care about and feel and think about nothing but home affairs. I think you want more ready and experienced officers, at Washington, to respond to your offers and preparations at the North—and Seward seems to me wholly unfit for this crisis. . . .

3 Rutland Gate, S.W.

March 29, '61, *Good Friday*.

. . . Any gratification we might have felt at Lincoln's Inaugural was speedily quashed by the news of the intended evacuation of Fort Sumter. I see by the "Times" and "Post" that the Republicans approve of the measure, and consider it necessary to keep the goodwill of the Border States, but to the outside world it must give a shabby and defeated appearance to the new administration. Merivale and Sir G. C. Lewis say Lincoln's speech was "childish," but they would not like the flourish of sentiment at the end, and would think it did not face up enough to the disastrous facts of the situation.



I do not believe we can judge well of the state of things here; and have "shut up," myself, and declined to talk on the subject—the American view is so different from the English, and I cannot decide between the two. We shall not have any esteem or admiration from them for some time, at any rate, but that I have made up my mind to . . .

I wrote to you Saturday before going to get Georgy, whom I found very busy and dusty, in their new abode,\* 17 Eccleston Square, she has taken a room at the top of the house, "to be out of the way," as she says. Sophy has presented her with a clean carpet, and I have no doubt she will make it pleasant and livable. . . . The next morning I was dressing for church, and looked out of the window and saw Georgy walking across the Park with the footman to go to church with us, which looked so pleasant, as if London were a home and had somebody in it that loved and belonged to us. She stayed all day and went home with Edward at half past ten. Carlyle came just after church and stayed an hour, and shocked Georgy most dreadfully by his sceptical conversation. She grew quite white, and would hardly bow to him when he went—and threw herself at my feet with, "I don't know how you live, Ellen, and hear such things—I couldn't bear it—I think it would kill me!"

Emily Faithfull and Eastwick came in the afternoon, and I enjoyed my day, though quite done up in the evening with fatigue. . . .

\* After the death of the Dowager Lady Leigh her four unmarried daughters and two sons had to make a new home together.

*Letter to Mrs. Cabot from Edward Twisleton.*

GREAT MALVERN. April 6, 1861.

. . . Ellen and myself will be delighted if your sister Anna\* will come over to us, and I have written to her the accompanying letter in this sense. It sharpened the edge of Ellen's disappointment for this year that she could not be of any use to her sister in her trouble of body and mind; and it will give new life to Ellen, if Anna will come. . . .

Saturday, April 20, 1861.

3 Rutland Gate.

. . . Thursday and Friday and today I have had my breakfast upstairs, then done my chores between twelve and two, and gone out for two hours in the afternoon, until today when Georgy Nicholls came just at twelve and invaded my little time and strength, so that I could do nothing till after luncheon, missed the time for writing to you, and have sent away the carriage to do it this afternoon instead of going out. It is no matter, for the wind is chilly east, and I am just as well at home. Georgy Nicholls walked across the Park on purpose, and is very kind, and really cares more about me than most people ever will, so I did not like to refuse her. . . . Last evening Edward read me the article on "Essays and Reviews" in the "Edinburgh" by Arthur Stanley,† which did my heart good. I hope you will get that number which has Sir George Lewis's

\* Mrs. Mills.

† (1815-81), Canon of Canterbury; Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; Dean of Westminster (1863).

on Lincoln's election and upon Tocqueville's Memoir also in it. Venables and Milman told Edward that Stanley's review had been everywhere attributed to him, which was not uncomplimentary. . . .

June 14, '61, *Friday*.

. . . Sir George Lewis told E. what, do not repeat the authority for, but what is alarming, that Lord Lyons writes home that Seward\* seems bent upon insulting him, and he finds it almost impossible to keep upon terms with him, so constant and violent is his abusive language about England. Now, you see, if Seward plays that game, next autumn and winter, when, if our war is prolonged, great distress must ensue in the manufacturing districts of England, I think there would be great danger of a rupture. I don't feel the least respect for Seward—I have seen and talked to him—and I believe he is just as selfish and cunning and unprincipled a politician as Buchanan and he has it in his power to do us as much harm, unfortunately. Surely nothing could be more unwise than for us to pick a quarrel with England before we have settled our own internal difficulties. . . .

They went to Langen-Schwalbach for Mrs. Twisleton to take the baths, which did her no good.

LANGEN-SCHWALBACH. July 10, 1861.

. . . I never saw Anna seem more cheerful or happy; though her dear face will not lose the

\* William H. Seward, Secretary of State in Lincoln's Administration.

marks of what she has suffered, she does not suffer now, and what she daily does for me, in thoughtful love and active help is not to be told. One of the saints and angels on earth has left it for heaven in dear Mrs. Browning.\* I feel deeply thankful to have known her. . . .

3 Rutland Gate. *Saturday*, Oct. 5, 1861.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,†

I received Wednesday this week, with very great thankfulness, the news of your safe and happy confinement, and hope you will have as good a recovery, and that all your blessings, of inward content and outward prosperity, will remain with you, "through fruitful years of still increase," and none take their flight. Give my best love and congratulations to Elliot. I wish I had a telescope through which I could see you and your babies.

(*Letter continued by Mr. Twisleton.*) Dearest Lizzie, I also must add a line to do something more than "acknowledge the Baby"—viz., to tell you how glad I am that you have passed safely through your highly unpleasant crisis. Ellen has not had a good week:—indeed, yesterday, she had a very sharp attack of pain, which began at 2 o'clock, and continued 12 hours; and she did not get to sleep till 8 this morning. This is most distressing, indeed it is a dreadful affliction, though she bears pain well. She has since been out of pain; but Sir James Clark being out of town, she has not been able to have her best

\* Mrs. Browning died at Florence, June 30, 1861.

† Her sister, Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot.



adviser. Ellen thanks Anna and Mary very much for their letters, and wishes she could answer them. She encloses a note from Lady Lyell and Sir James, which she thinks they would like to see. She brought on this pain by going out in a Bath Chair for an hour, but she does not think she could add anything today which would make this letter pleasanter to them; but she hopes she may feel better next week. . . .

We are still in a state of suspense and expectation respecting the operations on the Potomac. It is a period of intense anxiety as to how McClellan will turn out as a General in comparison with Beauregard; and I need scarcely tell you, Lizzie, how heartily I hope that the result may be what the North desires. . . .

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.

*Friday, November 7, 1861.*

MY DEAR, DARLING BUNNY,

Oh, dear Lizzie, I shall be so delighted to have your baby named Edward Twisleton, and it is so dear of you and Elliot to think of and to wish it. I have always wished so some baby would be named after him, and none would be so welcome a namesake as yours. If your son may be as upright and tender and generous as my Edward, he will be a blessing and a crown to you, and no one knows that better than you! you darling, though I think it one of the great blessings of Anna's visit that another of my sisters knows him thoroughly. . . .

Chivers opened the door, and there came in, all framed and beautiful, Richmond's picture of

Edward, and such unexpected pleasure it gave me—a noble, living, spiritual likeness of my dear husband! Only think, Bunny, what a joy every person who has seen it agrees with me that it is one of the best likenesses and most beautiful drawings Richmond \* ever made, and the more I looked at it, the better I liked it, and thought I could never feel alone in the room with it. As soon as there are any photographs taken, of course I shall send them home. . . .

*Letter to Mrs. Cabot from Mr. Twisleton.*

ST. LEONARD'S. Novbr. 8, 1861.

DEAREST LIZZIE,

I feel proud to think that my name is to be borne by your second son †; more proud than if a Foreign Order had been conferred upon me. How could I be otherwise than pleased at my name's being associated with that of a Sister whom I love so much? You are, indeed, conferring a favour on me; and it is a great satisfaction to me to think, that when you call him by his Christian name, you will sometimes call to mind the hours at Rutland Gate which you have enriched by your presence and the memory of you.

Notwithstanding all her pain, I cannot but think that Ellen is better. Last night she read to me a Chapter of "Rob Roy," without suffering from it—a feat which she could not have performed before she went to Langen-Schwalback; and she certainly does look better. All who see her agree in this; and although it is almost

\* George Richmond, R.A., 1809–96, the famous portrait painter.

† Edward Twisleton Cabot.

provoking for a person really suffering from pain, to hear this constant remark, yet I do trust that the good looks are precursors of good health. I am the more inclined to indulge in such an expectation, as Dr. Gully says that in similar complaints, the pain is sometimes greater, when the ailment is going away than when it is coming on. I think she would be better, if the news from America were less unsatisfactory. . . .

*Saturday, Dec. 21, 1861.*

. . . You will have heard of the awfully sudden death of Prince Albert before this reaches you, the first intimation to the Public was in the Court Journal of Sunday the 8th that a Court dinner had been put off. Wednesday the first bulletin, and Saturday night at 11 he was dead. The praise and appreciation are ready and fluent now, which the English nation has stinted and grudged him all his life, when it would have made him happy—the Queen thus far has borne up wonderfully, and it has divided the interest of the public with the Trent affair \*—not more—and has not caused that to be hushed or forgotten for a moment. . . .

Carson † has been indefatigable as a nurse

\* Two Commissioners from the Confederate States to Europe were passengers on the West India Mail Steamer "Trent." Captain Wilkes of the N.S. warship "San Jacinto" stopped the "Trent" by firing a shot across her bows, took the Commissioners forcibly out of her, and sailed away with them. After an interchange of correspondence between Lord John Russell and Mr. Seward and the despatch of the British troops to Halifax, the men were given up and reached England soon after (Jan. 29th).

† Her maid, who stayed with her until her death in May, 1862.

—she and Anna slept in my room every night from Monday to Sunday last week sooner than have a nurse.

I saw Mrs. Adams \* yesterday, and infer that they, like ourselves, are in a most painful uncertainty what answer will come from home, although most earnestly hoping it may be for peace and concession. The vote of the Lower House of Congress and the speeches in Boston have been very depressing news this week, but it is at least a mercy that the President did not commit himself in his message. I send various odd letters and notes, which you will understand the drift of—everybody has been very kind—and Edward's love and devotion seem only to grow with every claim I make on them—but it is hard to bring one's husband nothing but trouble and anxiety—though he would not allow that to be a fair statement of the case and neither will you—but you know how I must feel it.

She became much more ill and suffered horribly. Her sister, Mrs. Sam Parkman, came out to nurse her, March 1, 1862, and she died May 18, 1862, deeply lamented, and was buried in the graveyard of Broughton Castle, Lord Saye and Sele's place. Her husband never recovered from her loss and after twelve sad and lonely years died in September, 1874.

His family and her friends long cherished her memory. She had made an indelible impression on them all, and is still remembered.

Mrs. Carlyle writes in her journal June 5, 1862, speaking of the deaths of “the three people

\* Wife of the American minister to the Court of St. James.



in all London whose friendship I had most dependence on. Dear little Mrs. Twisleton, so young, and so beautiful and clever, so admired in society and adored at home, is a loss that everyone can appreciate.

“And the strong affection she testified for me, through her long terrible illness, has made her death a keener grief than I thought it would be.”

*Note to above by Mr. Carlyle.*

“A very beautiful and clever little Boston lady, wife of Hon. Edward Twisleton and much about us for the six or seven years she lived here. I well remember her affecting funeral (old Broughton Castle in Oxfordshire) and my ride thither with Browning.”

The following extracts from letters of her sister, Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot, written in 1882 when she was in England with her son, Edward Twisleton Cabot, speak eloquently of how Mrs. Twisleton was remembered, twenty years after her death.

August 7, 1882.

. . . It was a great pleasure to be welcomed so warmly by Ellen's friends; to find that her radiant life is still remembered and its memory cherished by all who knew her. At Lady Belper's she comforted me telling me how Edward is honoured and remembered. His picture was the first thing I saw in her parlor, his bust in her dining room, and she ever holds him in the most tender remembrance. . . .

BROUGHTON CASTLE. Aug. 23, 1882.

. . . This morning I have passed a long time in the church and by the graves of those two precious and beloved souls whose lives so early burnt through their earthly forms, whose love was too intense, hearts too tender, aspirations too high for them to stay with us and who, I must believe, are living and rejoicing and learning somewhere in God's Kingdom, freed from pain and danger and death. Nothing can be more touching than the sympathy and affection with which we have been received here. It is Ellen's and Edward's last legacy to me. Such living love, such loyal memories, such faithful care of everything belonging to the precious past \* and such a heartfelt welcome to us. . . .

Sometimes I have wondered whether I had not overrated Ellen and Edward and formed imaginary characters, built more from my enthusiasm than from living realities, but when coming back I find how twenty years has made no dimness in the memory of Ellen's friends, how they one and all look back to her as the purest, best and loveliest, how they mourn her loss and miss her and long for her, and how they welcome Edward and me for her sake, I think I made no mistake, it was no vain fabric of my imagination, she was fit to love as I have loved her.

And it is no less so with Edward. He was,

\* All the books and the furniture from the drawing-rooms at 3 Rutland Gate had gone to Broughton Castle, by Mr. Twisleton's will.

in very truth, the nobleman in heart and life that I believed him, and his love for her was something unfathomable, and after her death his solitude must have been unendurable and I truly believe he died of a broken heart.

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